

ARCTIC DISCOVERY

AND

ADVENTURE.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "BRAZIL: ITS HISTORY, PEOPLE, NATURAL
PRODUCTIONS, ETC."

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The Religious True Friend, Intermaster Rev.

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CHAPTER I.

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THE Arctic regions are not likely ever to lose the deep interest they now possess for the English reader. The nation has, so to speak, invested too much in those dark and icy solitudes; it has too many memories, too many graves there, ever to cease to feel a mournful pride at the very sound of the words, Arctic discovery.

There are, however, other grounds for the favour that this subject finds in our eyes, besides the solemn recollection that under those eternal snows are lying, white and cold, the gaunt bones of multitudes who died in that simple, patient, and devout fulfilment of their duty, which most deeply moves British hearts.

They lie there, indeed, regretted with a tender respect and affection, that, to those like-minded, render their fate one for envy rather than pity, waiting till even that frozen sea shall give up its dead. But the stories of their courage and patient heroism are household words among us, and are far from the least valuable portions of our literature; so that a tolerably correct, though general knowledge of their discoveries, and of the general aspect of the sterile and gloomy regions they explored, is very widely extended. Every one knows a little; few would not like to know more.

The character of Arctic literature alone would to a great degree account for the estimation in which it is held. A pure, and lofty, and often devout tone runs through most of it, even from ancient times, that is singularly attractive.* The same spirit which dictated such names as Cape Hold with Hope, Good Providence Harbour, Cape Comfort, Land of Desire Provoked, the Islands of God's Mercy, and the many others, that seem fitter for the "Pilgrim's Progress" than the map or the log, made a gunner's mate begin his rude, ill-spelt story—"Courteous reader: That God may have the only glory," &c.; and end it—"For all which, all honour, praise, and glory be unto God, the sole author of it. He grant us to make the right use of it: Amen;" and gave the cheerful piety to the narratives of such men as Barents, Kane, Parry, and McClintock.

That there should be a sort of poetic unselfishness about these narratives, keenly appealing to

* Scoresby notices "the strain of piety and dependence on Divine Providence which runs through almost every narrative."—*Sc.* vol. i. p. 23.

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that hidden romance which lies unacknowledged in the most prosaic bosoms, is not astonishing. The element of commercial profit was early eliminated from the searches amid the barren wastes of polar snow. It very soon became quite clear that, except whale oil here and there, all that was likely to be got by slipping between crashing icebergs, boring through interminable floes, and wintering where the mercury froze solid, was scurvy, frost-bites, and glory. But that no money was to be made out of the task, or that its danger was profitless and extreme, did not and does not fail to add tenfold to its attractions, even to the quiet landsman. To the knight-errants and pioneers of mankind these considerations made, and probably will still make, the Arctic Circle and its mysterious contents as the windward station to a buccaneer, as Mexico or Peru to a poor hidalgo, as the holy city to a crusading baron.

Even apart from the excitement of danger, the grim wildernesses of the north are far from unattractive. Everything is on a gigantic scale. The vast forces that built up the lands we live in, and the marks of whose fingers we trace with awe, are there seething, wrestling, boiling before the shivering sailor's eyes. Nether fires undermine the ground he treads on. Glaciers, to which the European ice-rivers are icicles, creep slowly between huge volcanic cliffs to the shore, and break off into the countless fleets of crystal mountains that drift slowly south, and disappear in the tepid waters of the Gulf stream. Vast fields of frozen sea congeal into continents; or, breaking into islands, grind away the basaltic shores. For six months of every year the

light of the sun is replaced by the ghastly scintillations of the aurora. The faithful needle ceases to vibrate towards the pole.

It is little wonder that a veil of mystery still enshrouds the greater part of these northern wastes. For ten centuries men have been prowling round their everlasting snows, probing every sound and bay they could coax their ships into, sledging over fields of sloppy, broken ice, and harnessing their vessels to icebergs floating north. For 250 years, whalers have been pursuing their giant game, in almost the highest latitudes that have ever been reached; and, until recently, large rewards have been offered for important discoveries. Yet to this day, by far the largest part of the Arctic regions is as unknown as when the Swedes crept across to Iceland without chart or compass, guided by the landward flight of captured ravens.

It is proposed in the following pages to give a sketch of what is known of that dark and sterile area of the earth's surface which is enclosed by the Arctic Circle, its few productions, and its many discoverers. Small as the extent of the field comparatively is, a spherical circle of only 1,410 geographical miles' radius, the full history of the explorations that have been made into it is immense. A mere outline is all that can be attempted here. Very many narratives of great value and interest must be omitted altogether from notice, and many more but cursorily referred to; and many others, perhaps the most amusing of all, will be silently consigned to the companionship of "Hans Pfaal's Journey to the Moon," and the "Voyage in Search of the North Pole," by Benjamin Bragg, Master Mariner.

A.D. 861.—One thousand years ago, a Scandinavian pirate, in his prowlings round the eastern shores of England and Scotland, was caught in a gale from the south-east. Struggling vainly against it, he was driven past Cape Wrath, past Shetland and the Orkneys, past the Faroe Isles, on a shore the like whereof he had never seen. Though not the winter season, every mountain was covered with snow, and inland, icy peaks, glaciers, and ridges hoary with ancient frost, stretched in almost unbroken succession. First of Arctic nomenclators, he, NADDODD, bestowed on his discovery the name of *Schnee-land*, or Snow-land. Then he returned to tell his brethren.

The sea-kings are the fathers of our Arctic enterprise, as also, according to some, of every other good thing we have in politics, morals, or religion.* There are, indeed, some obscure hints and awe-struck legends of icy regions, and a dark and wintry Thule in classic writers. Strabo, for instance, tells the story of a certain Pytheas who journeyed thither. And the Culdee hermits, as appears from the work of Dicuilus, an Irish monk, "*De Mensurâ Orbis*," written in 825, had wandered on further than St. Columba himself, even to Iceland itself. But in spite of this, and of the speculations of Saxo Grammaticus, and the venerable Bede, the Northmen are the heroes of the epic age of polar discovery.

* "All that men hope for of good government and future improvement in their physical and moral condition; all that civilized men enjoy at this day of civil, religious, and political liberty, representative legislature, trial by jury, security of property, freedom of mind and person, the influence of public opinion over the conduct of public affairs, the Reformation, the liberty of the press, the spirit of the age; all that is or has been of value to man in modern times, as a member of society in Europe or the New World, may be traced to the spark left burning on our shores by these Northern barbarians."
—Lüing's "*Heimskringla*."

In Naddodd's time they were at the height of their savage glory. They sailed up all the rivers, along all the shores, across all the seas of Europe, unchallenged and unquestioned. Wherever their black hulls appeared the fields were deserted, the warriors hid in the monasteries, the villagers in the woods and morasses. They sacked Paris, Aix-la-Chapelle, Beauvais, Meaux, and Bayeux. Their regular stations were, as the author of "The Narrative of St. Benedict's Miracles" complains, "so many storehouses for their plunder, near their ships moored to the shore, forming large villages; and in them they kept their troops of captives bound with chains." They depopulated provinces. The pope removed Frothaire, the Archbishop of Bordeaux, to Bourges, because, he said, "the province of Bordeaux was made entirely desert by the pagans."

From Alexandria to the Orkneys, from Byzantium to the Bay of Biscay, these restless adventurers plundered, burned, slaughtered, and explored. Norse guards stalked round the Greek emperor's palace. To this day, the traveller can trace the Norse runes scrawled on the lion of the Piræus.* A Norse crusader crowned the King of Sicily, defeated Spanish and Moorish hosts, bathed in Jordan, and entered Constantinople on a horse shod with gold. Norse chieftains conquered and ruled in English counties, and built circular forts to overawe the Celts on the basaltic knolls of the Hebrides. First of all historic races, Norsemen crept across the Arctic Circle.

* There are two of these lions, which now stand at the entrance to the arsenal at Venice. The Runic verse is carved on the body of one, and commemorates the capture of the Piræus by Harold Hardrada, who afterwards fell in the battle of Stamford Bridge.

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A.D. 864.—GARDAR, son of Suaffar, a Swede, was the first who achieved this. Naddodd's story of the snowy land was too great an attraction to be resisted, and Gardar started thither forthwith. Delighted with the climate and aspect of the country, he built him a house in Skial Fiord, as far north as he could. The spot still bears the name he gave it—Husavick. He spent the winter of 864 there, and the following summer sailed all round the newly-discovered island, the north of which just touches the Arctic Circle. In memory of this feat he named it "Gardar's Holm," or Gardar's Island. His name also, perhaps, survives in the town of Gardar, in Greenland, now an icy ruin, but where once a bishop of Greenland led the choir in a cathedral church.

A few years later another Swede sailed for Iceland. He was FLOKI, a "vikingr mikil," a great pirate. On sailing, he offered a sacrifice to Thor, and so consecrated three crows or ravens. After passing the Faroe islands, and when out of sight of land, he let one go. It flew straight to the land he had just left. He held on in exactly the opposite direction. A few days later, he let the second fly. It wheeled and towered high in the air, and then returned to the ship. Still he sailed on, and in due time freed the third. This one flew straight forward in the ship's course. Rafna Floki (Floki of the Ravens, as he was ever after called) followed, and reached the eastern coast of Iceland. He explored its northern shores, and found there so much drift-ice that he also gave the island a name, the name it now bears.

Snow, and ice, and cold, only made these hardy seamen prouder of their discovery. They poetically

described it as a land "where the rivers were thick with fish, and the grass dropped butter." Their descendants to this day say of their native land, "Island er hinn besta land sem solium skinnar uppa" (Iceland is the best land the sun shines on).

A.D. 874.—Norway was then ruled with a rod of iron by Harold Harfager, and a number of his discontented subjects determined to emigrate to this northern land of promise. INGOLF and LIEF, two noblemen who were in disgrace on account of some murderous duels, or more probably from objecting to the new feudal system which King Harold was bent on introducing, led the expedition, and, with their followers, cattle, goods, and household gods, reached their destination in safety. The chief deities were the carved door-posts of Ingolf's old Norwegian dwelling. On them devolved the task of deciding where the adventurer's future home should be. With solemn ceremonies they were cast into the sea, and Ingolf landed on the promontory that still retains his name in its own, Ingolfshofde, and patiently awaited their re-appearance, vowing that where they were cast there he would build and reign.* In due time the gods floated ashore where the present capital Reykiavik now stands.

Ingolf was buried on a high hill, at his own desire, that he might still after death overlook the colony he had planted in life.

A.D. 890.—The Northmen were not much given to following tamely on each other's heels. It was not long before the idea occurred that if such great results

* See as to this custom, and generally as to the habits and life of the early Icelanders, Mr. Dasent's interesting introduction to "The Story of Burnt Njal."

had followed from sailing north-west, there might lie other snowy paradises to the north-east. Othere was the first to carry this idea into practice. He dwelt, as he told King Alfred, "the furthest north of any other Norman at Heligoland, and upon a time fell into a fantasie to prove and know how far that land stretches northwards, whereupon he made sail directly to the north for six days, 'as far as commonly the whale-hunters travel;' and then, after delaying till he had another fair wind, plain east for four days more; and lastly, after waiting again for a wind, went due south, to the mouth of a large river, whence he turned back." This great river was probably the Varanger Fiord, or the river Kola. Othere was thus the discoverer of the North Cape.

King Alfred, in his translation of "Orosius," has preserved the old sea-king's story. It appears that the banks of this great river were thickly inhabited by a people called Biarmes, fierce and treacherous. The other coasts he touched at were peopled by Finns and Lapps. At a true Norwegian's hands these miserable remnants of some old primæval race found no more mercy than the others, which, huddled away in corners or inhospitable desert nooks of the earth, are perishing, or have perished, from among men.* Othere accused and found them guilty of

* It is curious to see how frequently we come across traces of some ancient race, swept away into corners, and perishing before the conquering families of the Aryan race. The Cagots of Brittany, the Caquets of the Pyrenees, the Finns and Lapps of Norway, the Veddahs of Ceylon, the Trolls of Scandinavian fairy lore, the Pechts of the Gaelic legends, and many others too numerous to mention, all tell the same tale, of some old race, stupid and brutal, once strong, though now debased, not to be spoken of without some token of abhorrence, accused of all hideous crimes, sorcery, cannibalism, child-stealing, but evidently hateful from some other mysterious reason.

crossing the mountains to plunder the Normans (Norsemen), and doubtless treated them accordingly.

It is recorded of him that as a proof of the wonders he had seen, and the number of sea-monsters he had slain, he brought home a walrus tooth; the first item, probably, in the long list of the untold wealth brought from the desolate tracks of the north by the bold sailors of the Arctic seas.

Othere's tales of marvel and profit roused all Norway, Denmark, and Sweden. He is made by a modern poet to describe how at the North Cape—

"The days grew long and longer,
Till they became as one;
And southward through the haze
I saw the sullen blaze
Of the red midnight sun.

"And then uprose before me,
Upon the waters' edge,
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape
Whose shape is like a wedge.

"Four days I steered to eastward—
Four days without a night;
Round in a fiery ring
Went the great sun, O king,
With red and lurid light."

And still better—

"There we hunted the walrus,
The narwhal, and the whale;
Ha! 'twas a noble game;
And like the lightning's flame
Flew our harpoons of steel.

"There were six of us all together,
Norsemen of Heligoland;
In two days and no more
We killed of them threescore,*
And dragged them to the land."

* "Some be," he says, "forty-eight ells of length, and some fifty." To kill sixty such whales in two days is absolutely impossible, even for a modern well-appointed whaler. Nevertheless, Longfellow accurately quotes Hakluyt. In Alfred's "Orosius," however, it appears probable that the real statement may have been that Othere and his five friends slew sixty fish of all sorts,

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Such advantages were too great to be neglected, and the vikings soon visited every shore of the northern continents and islands that they could reach, and made temporary and even permanent settlements on some. Many coasts now quite inaccessible to us were familiar to them. To this day, in desolate crannies they have risked their lives to reach, boats' crews and sledging parties come across the signs of not only a chance visit to, but of permanent occupation of the land by these hardy colonists. Stones carved with Runic inscriptions have been found in Baffin's Bay in lat. $70^{\circ} 55'$. Regular yearly trips, we know, were made thence to Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Straits for fish, more than six hundred years before Parry explored these ice-bound and intolerably Arctic channels.

Even in Spitzbergen, where to spend a winter was more than the Russia Company could induce English convicts to do to save their lives and earn a handsome reward,* there was once a numerous Scandinavian colony. Captain Buchan saw several thousand graves there, in which the bodies were as fresh as the day they were buried. La Peyrère noticing this fact, long before Buchan's time, says that "nothing rots in this land. . . . Dead bodies keep well, but the living always fare ill. Nevertheless, Dr. Kane found his fresh meat putrefy in Smith's Sound with most inconvenient rapidity.†

whales included. Perhaps, though, without straining the sense, the difficulty may be explained by supposing that the whales were those smaller gregarious cetacea, whole *schools* of which are to this day surprised in bays in our northern islands, and driven on shore.—*Scoresby*.

* See the account of this experiment given by Edward Pelham, *post*, ch. iv.

† Martens says of Spitzbergen: "It is observable that a dead carcass doth not easily rot or consume; for it has been found that a man buried ten

ome fifty." To kill
ven for a modern
ly quotes Hakluyt,
the real statement
y fish of all sorts,

One of these Scandinavian Arctic colonies, that of Greenland, is of sufficient historical importance to render a separate notice of it necessary. It forms a kind of connecting link between the mythic or poetic period of northern travel and its sober historic stage.

A.D. 982.—About the early records of this colony there is as much dispute as is usual about all archaic history or legend. Even the date of its founding is disputed. The Icelandic chronicle states the first expedition to have taken place in A.D. 982. The Danish chronicle, however, quotes a bull of Pope Gregory IV. dated A.D. 835, addressed to Bishop Ansgarius, for the propagation of the faith in all northern countries, especially Iceland and *Greenland*. Now, as the expedition discovered Greenland, it is clear these dates cannot stand together. It is suggested, however, by high authorities, that the church dignitaries at Hamburg interpolated the words "and Greenland" into the bull in order to secure at once the souls and the tribute of walrus teeth (2,600 lbs. weight per annum) of the Greenland colonists.

Whenever it happened, the discovery and colonization of Greenland was on this wise. Two gentlemen of Norway, THORWALD, and his son ERIC RAUDA, or Eric the Red, had had the misfortune to commit a murder of such atrocity, even for Norway, that they were formally banished. They took ship from Jedren for Iceland, which was then a prosperous and (for that age) highly civilized colony. There Thorwald died soon after his arrival, and Eric soon had to begin his wanderings afresh. He gave way to his bad

years before, still remained in his perfect shape and dress; and they could see by the cross that was stuck upon his grave how long he had been buried." Lord Dufferin found in these latitudes dead bodies undecayed, though they had been exposed for years.

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habits again, and committed another murder, for which he was once more banished.*

A man named Gundebiorn had told him of an extensive and (to Icelandic eyes) delightful land which he had seen far to the west. To this refuge the fierce pagan betook himself, with some companions, leaving behind him a particularly bad character, not only for homicide, but for "various other misdemeanours," as one chronicle remarks.

It is rather difficult, from the crowd of apocryphal islands and channels that flit about "Gröynland" in the old maps, to determine exactly where Eric really landed. It was certainly on the southern shore, and close to a great island-mountain facing the shore. This he called first "Mukla Jokel," or "Great Icele," and afterwards "Huidserken," or "White Shirt," which was again changed to "Blauserken," or "Blue Shirt," from the strange blueness of its ice.

"Cerulea glacie concretæ, atque imbribus atris."

A lower hill on the main land he called "Hvarf," or "the turning-point." The island itself he named "Ericsun," "Island of Eric," and the harbour where he landed Ericsfiord, and remained there all the winter.

In the spring he explored the continent, and gave it the name of Greenland, on account of "the verdure of its pasturage and of its trees." On the east coast he built a house or fort, and called it Ostrebug, or East Bygd (building). In the autumn he built another, the Vestrebug, or West Bygd, on the western coast.

* Mr Dasent defends Eric's character, and declares his crime to have been manslaughter only.

Scoresby lays down Ericsfiord on the south-eastern shore of Greenland, near Nunarsoak. Lieutenant Graah, however, identifies Huidserken with the island now called Cape Farewell, a lofty peak, visible for eighty miles; Hvarf with Cape Egede, about half a degree north of Cape Farewell, on the east coast; and the Ostrebug with Herjulfness, between the two. The position of the Vestrebug it seems impossible now to determine, further than that it lay between $62\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ and 66° of N. lat.

Eric returned to Iceland in the spring. He had managed to make his peace there for his "various misdemeanours," and expatiated on the beauty and fertility of the land he had discovered to no unwilling audience. He reported that it abounded "in oxen and sheep, and all kinds of hunting and fishing." The Icelanders listened and believed; and Eric, as lord of Greenland, set sail for his dominions, accompanied by twenty-five ships laden with men and women, stores, cattle, and everything requisite, in those primitive times, to start a settlement comfortably.

The colony prospered, not only materially, but morally. Eric's son Lief, called, from his sweet disposition and his narrow escapes out of several perils, *Líéfr hin hapni*, or happy Lief, while on a visit to Norway, was converted to Christianity by the King Olaus Triggeweson (Olaf, son of Tryggvi), himself but a young disciple. Lief started the year after his father's expedition had reached Greenland, and with his new faith, and a priest, and some poor sailors he had picked up from a wreck at sea, arrived in what were now his hereditary dominions.

Eric must have been an unpleasant father and

sovereign. He would have neither new faith nor new colonists, and reviled his son for showing strangers the way to the country which he desired to keep secret from all the world. "But," as one of the chroniclers says, "the generous son softened the fierce spirit of the father. He told him of those duties of humanity which constitute a man, and then spoke to him of that charity which constitutes a Christian, and begged him to listen to the priest whom the King of Norway had given him." The father listened, and was converted and baptized, with all his followers. "This is all," concludes the writer, "that I have been able to learn of Eric the Red and his son Lief."

A good deal, nevertheless, is recorded elsewhere of this exemplary son, though the disreputable father does henceforth vanish.

Lief ruled as happily as ever for many years, and the colony so flourished that regular communication for the purposes of trade was kept up between it and Iceland, and their nominally sovereign state, Norway. A bull of that period constituted the Archbishop of Bremen metropolitan of all the north, especially of Norway and its dependent islands of Iceland and *Greenland*, a description which, doubtless, to Icelandic and Greenlandic pride somewhat resembled the honest Scotch minister's prayer for blessings "on the greater and lesser Cumbray, and the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland."

To his countrymen's three great discoveries of Iceland, the North Cape, and Greenland, prosperous Lief and his subjects added a fourth.

A.D. 1001.—BIORN, the master of a vessel trading between Norway and Iceland, was incited by his

father, one of Lief's colonists, to extend one of his trips to Greenland. His crew consented, and Biorn sailed westward from Iceland. A storm drove him southward out of his course. When the gale moderated he found himself off a shore which, unlike Greenland, was really "covered with wood." Not recognising any of the landmarks of which his father had told him, he turned northwards, passed Newfoundland and Labrador, and, coming in sight of Huidserken, met a boat which guided him to Herjulfness.

The account of a land of wood so near them was doubly interesting to the colonists, as wood was one of their most vital, and, at the same time, scarcest necessities of existence. Lief* immediately set sail southwards, with Biorn as pilot, to explore the new discovery.

After examining a considerable extent of coast, he sailed up a river to a lake, on whose banks he spent the winter. His winter quarters were called Lief's Booths, and Professor Rafn fixes their locality on the banks of Taunton River. About the woods that so plentifully clothed the hills hung, to the Greenlander's great delight, quantities of vines, loaded in summer with grapes. From this unlooked-for feature the country acquired the name of Winland, or Vinland. Scoresby thinks the district must have been Newfoundland, but it seems quite clear that it comprised Rhode Island and Massachusetts.† Thus nearly five hundred years before Columbus sailed from Palos, America had been discovered by the Scandinavians.

In his homeward voyage, Lief landed on Nova

* Sir J. Richardson says it was Eric himself, who purchased Biorn's ship, and sailed south.

† Baron Humboldt expresses this opinion in his "Kosmos."

Scotia, and named it, in true northern style, from the dense forests with which it was covered, Markland; *Mark* being the term for the mysterious and magically hallowed boundary of uncleared forest which enclosed the district conquered or appropriated by an invading northern tribe.

This abundance of wood was a treasure-trove to the Greenlanders, which they did not neglect. Regular communication, with an eye to beams, rafters, and firewood, was kept up between Greenland and Markland so late as the year 1347.

Lief had a younger brother, Thorwald, who was his father's and grandfather's true descendant, and has the credit of losing this noble southern acquisition to the Greenlanders. Being commissioned by his brother to form settlements in Winland and Markland, he came, during his voyage, across three skin-covered boats, each containing three savages. Apparently without any provocation, Thorwald seized and murdered the whole of them except one, who escaped. The exasperated tribes swarmed out like bees, and were only repulsed after a severe conflict, in which the brutal leader perished.

Thorfinn, his second in command, endeavoured to conciliate the natives. An untoward accident, however, rendered them only more decidedly hostile. He had forbidden the sale of any arms to the savages; but one of them stole a battle-axe. Delighted with his acquisition, and wishing to see if it would cut, he tried its edge on a friend's head, killing him on the spot. The indignant natives snatched away the murderous toy, threw it into the sea, and utterly refused to have anything more to say to the dangerous strangers.

Such was the hostility of these Skroëllingers, or dwarfs (literally *chips*, or *parings*), that every attempt at permanent settlement failed, and the rich southern land was finally abandoned for the barren, but more hospitable rocks of Eric's original dominions.

The Danish chronicle says, that after this the successors of Eric the Red and the first colonists multiplied greatly, went higher up the country, and found among the mountains fertile lands, meadows, and rivers. Indeed, both the Danish and Icelandic chronicles describe the climate and productions of Greenland in terms that are not applicable to them now. The first, especially, says that the air of Greenland is softer and more temperate than that of Norway, that it snows less, and that the cold is not so severe. But the "*Speculum Regale*" lets out that the land was "covered with ice, though the habitable banks of the Fiords abound in good pasturage; the colonist subsisting by raising cattle and sheep, and the chase of the reindeer, walrus, and seal, the climate being adverse to the production of grain."*

It seems probable that the climate has really changed a good deal. The eastern coast of Greenland has been long completely blocked up with ice. La Peyrère, commenting on the route from Norway to Greenland, as described in the Icelandic chronicle, mentions some islands called Gundebiurne Skeer, half way between Iceland and Greenland, as stopping the progress of the ice to such an extent that the sun could not melt it. Only twice, for hundreds of years, has this barrier of ice opened; once in the year 1271,

* Of Iceland, which is in about the same latitude as Ericsfjord and Gardar, and is somewhat under the influence of the Gulf stream, Captain Forbes says, "Grain will not ripen in their transient and uncertain summer Even their grass-crop is often destroyed by the polar ice."

as recorded by the Danish chronicle, and once again in 1816-17. Little or nothing is now known of the east coast of Greenland.

The old route, above mentioned, was "from Nordstaden Sundmar, in Norway, straight towards the west as far as Hovensund, on the eastern coast of Iceland. The navigation is seven days. From Snofels Jokel, which is a sulphur mountain in Iceland, to Greenland, the shortest navigation is towards the west. Half-way is the Gundebiurne Skeer."* Even in La Peyrère's time (1646) this track seems to have become, as it is now, impracticable. He says: "I do not pretend to say that any one undertakes the voyage to Greenland by this route." In the year 1586, two of Davis's vessels were completely baffled by the ice on the east coast of Greenland, one being destroyed; and in 1668, Captain Zachariah Gillam could not get within from thirty to fifty miles of the shore, except in one or two places, and even there it was quite inaccessible.

The old Greenland colony, nevertheless, saw some prosperous days before its extinction. In 1256 it revolted from the King of Norway, and was only reduced to obedience by the help of the Danes. Angrimus Jonas preserves the names of the rebel leaders who signed the submission.

Christianity early pervaded the whole country. The first bishop was Arnold, appointed in the year 1121, at the request of Lief's grandson. The last, and seventeenth, was Endride, or Andrew. When he was

* Iver Boty, the Greenlanders, says, "Item men shall know that between Island and Gronland lyeth a riffe called Gombornse-skare. There they wont to have there passage for Gronland. But, as they report, there is ice upon the same riffe, come out of the long north bottome, so that we cannot use the same old passage as they think."

appointed, the ice had closed round the devoted colony, and it was not known whether Henry, the former bishop, was alive or dead. Andrew was to succeed him, if dead, and bring news of him, if alive. The new bishop departed on his mission, but neither he nor his predecessor were ever heard of again, and with him perished the ancient church of Greenland.

In its palmy days, the colony had, in the East Bygd, a cathedral, Strossness, in the episcopal town of Gardar, eleven churches, 190 farms (or perhaps parishes), and two monasteries. The West Bygd had four churches and ninety farms. The Icelandic laws and representative constitution were those it adopted.

It was the black death that began the destruction of the colony. That fearful scourge of the middle ages reached even this chill and hidden nook of the earth in 1348, having already destroyed "a great part of the people of the north," as the "History of Denmark" records, and particularly the merchants and sailors (an exclusive class) engaged in the Greenland trade.

The ravages of the pestilence left the enfeebled colony almost at the mercy of its ancient and persevering enemies, the Skroellingers. By the year 1379 they had entirely destroyed the West Bygd, killing or driving away all the inhabitants, and taking their cattle.*

It seems that the ancestors of the ill-favoured, skin-clad, evil-smelling little folk, of whom our modern Arctic travellers speak with such good-natured contempt, were of a very different temper from their

* Iver Beer concludes his history with a lament that the Skroellings now possessed the whole West Bygd.

descendants. At any rate, they succeeded in destroying a prosperous colony of one of the most powerful and persevering races that ever existed.

A contemporary account shows the character they had earned very vividly. Some Friesland mariners having been driven on the coast of Greenland, saw some miserable looking huts hollowed out in the ground, and around these, heaps of ore, in which, as they thought, a quantity of gold and silver was shining. "This tempted them to go and take some, and each took as much as he could carry away. But as they returned to their vessels, they saw coming out from these covered holes deformed men, as hideous as devils, with bows and slings, and large dogs following them. The terror that seized these sailors made them double their speed, that they might save themselves and their burdens; but, unfortunately, one idler among them fell into the hands of these savages, who tore him in pieces in a moment before his companions' eyes." "The country," the chronicler proceeds, "is full of riches, whence the account has arisen that Satan has hid his treasures there, and that it is only inhabited by devils." This elfin gold and silver afterwards cost a good many more lives.

A.D. 1389.—To the pestilence and the sword was soon added the famine; and that by the very hand that ought to have cherished and protected the unfortunate colony. Queen Margaret of Denmark and Norway, in the year 1389, quarrelled with the few merchants who still traded with Greenland about the taxes, put them in prison, and threatened to hang them. They narrowly escaped, and no longer sent any goods or ships to Greenland. The queen sent an expedition, but it disappeared, and was never heard

of again—a circumstance which did not lessen the mysterious awe and horror that began to hang about the old colony, as communication gradually ceased between it and its mother country.

A.D. 1418.—It is needless to trace the gradual extinction of Scandinavian Greenland. The *coup-de-grace* was given in the year 1418 by a fleet, which there is considerable evidence to show was English.* The country was laid waste, and all the able-bodied settlers were carried away. A few wretched survivors were left, who doubtless soon fell a prey to starvation, wild beasts, or the dreaded Skroellingers.

Several feeble efforts, which need not be enumerated here, were from time to time made, from Norway and Denmark, to discover the fate of the colony, but all without success. In one, as has been mentioned, the last bishop of the see perished. Another, under Magnus Heiningsen, is notorious from the captain's excuse for not reaching the land. He said there were loadstones at the bottom of the sea, which kept his ships from advancing; but (he did not explain how) not from returning. He obtained little credit, and many absurd reasons were given for his repulse. One ironical writer suggested that it must have been the remora, or sucking-fish, which kept him stationary. But the phenomenon that frightened him is now admitted to be universally experienced, and to be attributable to the great clearness of the Arctic atmosphere. Captain Forbes says of the Snaefell's Yökul, in Iceland, that, though sixty miles distant, it seemed only two hours' sail. Scoresby says of Spitzbergen that "even the officers and seamen of whale-ships have often

* Amongst other evidence, there was a treaty in 1433 between Henry VI. of England and Eric of Norway, relating to the release of some *Greenland* prisoners.

imagined they could not stand in shore for an hour without running aground, and yet have found that, after three or four hours' sail, they were still remote from danger." Martens also remarks this. "The miles in Spitzbergen," he says, "seem to be very short; but when you attempt to walk them upon the land, you will soon be weary and undeceived."

Dim rumours have again and again reached Europe of some remains of the old colony still being in existence. Even in 1723, Egede, the missionary, was of this opinion. Amand, Bishop of Skalholt, in Iceland, in the year 1530, while going to his see, was driven near Herjulfssness, on the coast of Greenland, and saw people on the shore driving cattle to the fields. A Hamburger, who was driven on shore about the same place, said that he found fishermen's houses, but no fishermen. Boats were repeatedly driven on shore in Iceland, which were supposed to come from Greenland. Once an oar drifted to land, on which was carved in Runic letters, "Oft var ek dasa, dur ek dro thik" ("Oft was I weary while I drew thee").

Lindenau, in 1605, and Lowenorn, Egede, and Rothé, in 1786 and 1787, made unsuccessful attempts to reach the shore. But the ice has long closed over the remains of the Greenland colony. It perished so completely that the very remembrance of it had faded away out of the world till the time of Columbus's discoveries. Then, in the new search for ancient records of travel of any kind, men found, to their astonishment, the chronicles, mouldering unnoticed, almost unknown, in their libraries, of voyages bolder than the *Periplus of Hanno*, and of a colony that had just expired within a few days' sail of Europe, to which Syracuse and Marseilles were trifling.

Even to us it is a strange idea that many of our modern discoveries were places of familiar resort to our Scandinavian predecessors. Many spots were homes to them which are now unvisited, except by some wandering Esquimaux with his team of dogs. Disco Island, in 70° N. lat., far up the west coast of Greenland, and near the head of Baffin's Bay, was well known to the old colonists as Djarney, or Bear Island. Greipar, a little further south, 67° N. lat., was the regular summer station of their sealers. The priests of Gardar sent out a ship which explored a considerable part of the north-west passage.

A.D. 1170.—There is one vigorous and pugnacious principality that claims the sovereignty, or at least the first discovery, of these icy wastes from the Norsemen, as it claims the British crown, as it contests with Columbus and the Spaniards the glory of discovering America, with the Jews antiquity of race, and with England, Scotland, and Ireland the authorship of "Robin Adair." Dr. David Powel asserts that MADOC, son of Owen Gwyneth, Prince of North Wales, in the year 1170, left Iceland far to the north, and arrived at "a land unknown, where he saw many strange things, and returned for more people to inhabit this fair and large country, and departed again with ten sail of ships."

A.D. 1380.—A little more trustworthy than Madoc's claim is that of the ZENI, which nevertheless has been stigmatized by Sir J. Richardson as "a compilation of reports, mostly fabulous, collected probably in Bristol or Scandinavia." Certainly it was published (1558) just when the popular mouth was as wide a-gape for travellers' tales, owing to the recent discoveries of Columbus, as it was a hundred years later for tales of

popish plots, when Titus Oates was in his glory. Legendary as the history may be to a great extent, it cannot be passed by quite in silence. Besides, as Lord Bacon says, "a mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure."

The title of the book is, "The Discoverie of the Isles of Frisland, Iseland, Engroueland, Estotiland, Drogeo, and Icaria,"* made by M. Nicolas Zeno, Knight, and M. Antonio, his brother. M. Nicolas is shipwrecked in Frisland, is saved from the inhabitants by a hostile prince, called Zichmni, Prince of Porland and Duke of Sorani, who addresses him in Latin, and possesses a Latin library. This prince had, it appears, a navy of thirteen ships, and had overthrown the King of Norway. He and M. Antonio proceed to conquer Frisland entirely, "which is an iland much bigger thar Ireland;" and the Venetian wins great favour in the royal eyes, and sends for his brother, M. Nicolo. The prince forthwith makes M. Nicolo captain of his navy. The three then attack and wrest from the King of Norway Estlande, Grisland, and Island, besides seven little islands with wonderful names—Talas, Broas, Iscant, Trans, Minant, Dambere, and Bres. M. Nicolo discovers to the north Engroueland, "where he found a monastery of fryers of the order of the Predicators, and a church, dedicated to St. Thomas,

* Morumbega, or Norumbega, was the general term used by old authors for the Western Arctic regions. Even Milton has—

"Now from the north
Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,
Bursting their brazen dungeon, armed with ice
And snow and hail and stormy gust and flaw,
Boreas and Cæcias and Argestes loud
And Thrascias rend the woods and seas upturn."

Par. Lost, x. 695.

hard by a hill that casteth forth fire like Vesuvius and Etna." Then there is an account of this monastery, and the boiling springs, which will cook meat, and enable the friars to grow southern plants; to all which is appended by Mr. Hakluyt the three marginal words, "a notable lye."* In spite of this unkind remark, it would not be impossible to pick out other statements besides those which manifestly refer to the geysers, the Greenland monastery of the Predicators, and the church of St. Thomas at Albe, which may, and probably do, relate to other particulars of the Icelandic and Greenland colonies—Winland and Markland. For instance, good authorities find in Trondon, the town with which the chief trade of these islands was, Drontheim in Norway; in Prince Zichmni, Henry Sinclair, Earl of Orkney, and Lord of Shetland, in 1406; in Frisland, Feroes Land, or the Faroe Isles; in Estotiland, Newfoundland—in Scandinavian phrase, the *East-out-land* of America; in Zichmni's Latin library, the remains of the books carried to Winland, in the 12th century, by some Greenland missionary, and so forth. The climate, the hunting and fishing, &c., are correctly described;† and even the "verye fayre and populous citie" in Estotiland, with the king, and the inter-

* A German author, Dithmar Blefken, says that in 1546 he met in Iceland a Dominican monk of the monastery of St. Thomas in Greenland, who confirms the story of the boiling springs in every particular. It is also repeated as a fact on the same authority by Cæsar Longinus. The Danish chronicle speaks of a monastery dedicated to St. Thomas at a town called Albe, in Greenland.

† Nothing but personal observation, one would think, could in those days have furnished so accurate a description of a Greenland kayak as this:—

"The fishers' boates are made like vnto a weaver's shuttle: taking the skins of fishes, they fashion them with the bones of the same fishes, and sewing them together in many doubles, they make them so sure and substantiall that it is miraculous to see how in tempests they will shut them-

preters, and the "bere, or ale, which the north people doe use as we doe wine," may stand for realities, or be merely the tipsy recollections or inventions of a seaman in a Bristol tavern. It is impossible to tell now; but there seems no reason to deny that two Venetians did travel to the far north, and send or bring back descriptions of what they saw. These descriptions, moreover, though deformed by much *viva voce* transmission, do seem to point to their having visited Greenland. The book was published in 1558, and no authentic account of Greenland appeared till afterwards; so that what this legend contains, if it relates to Greenland and the colonists at all, must have been gained from personal observation.

In this doubt, probably, the matter must be left for ever.

A.D. 1467.—A strong impression exists that in the year 1467, a greater navigator than any of the bold seamen we have mentioned, was very near, if not quite across, the Arctic Circle. The late Baron Humboldt considered it as certain, and expressed his opinion in his "Kosmos," that COLUMBUS, in that year, visited Iceland, starting from Bristol, possibly encouraged to this by his friend John Cabot, who was then probably settled there as a merchant. But it is highly probable that his object was to get from

selves close within, and let the sea and winde carrie them, they care not whether, without any feare eyther of breaking or drowning. And if they chance to be driven upon any rockes, they remaine sounde, without any bruse in the worlde. And they haue, as it were, a sleeve in the bottom, which is tied faste in the middle, and when there cometh any water into their boate, they put it into the one halfe of ye sleeve, then fastening one ende of it with two pieces of woode, and loosing the bande beneath, they convey the water forth of the boate; and this they do as often as they haue occasion, without any perill or impediment at all."

the Icelanders information as to phenomena bearing on his great idea of a western continent, and traditions as to the ancient discoveries of Winland and Markland by their forefathers. Columbus himself records that he visited Iceland; and it is *said* he sailed several degrees within the Polar Circle.

Before this, a Portuguese gentleman, JOHN VAZ COSTA CORTEREAL, the founder of that celebrated family, had been exploring in the north-west, by command of Alfonso v., and had made two discoveries of the greatest importance to posterity, Newfoundland, and its codfish. He called the island Terra Nova de *Baccalhaos** (New Land of Codfish), and on his return was rewarded by the king with the captaincy of the island of Terceira.

This attempt closes the *heroic* age of Arctic exploration. In 1492 Columbus sailed from Palos. His return, with the news of his Western World, was the signal for a new era of discovery. The unknown regions and silent seas were no longer left to the scapegraces, who would not, or could not, stay at home. With one accord, from every port of Spain, France, Portugal, and England, sober merchants sent their ships, and grave knights and captains of substance and of good repute sailed them, to the fever-haunted shores of Western Africa, to the island Edens of the Gulf of Florida, to the desolate shores of Tierra del Fuego, the land of fire, and to the ice-blocked bays of Greenland. Instead of the roving, yellow-haired pirate, or the wandering Welshman, we find Sir Martin Frobisher,

* Subsequently corrupted into Cabalhaos, and then into Kabbeljawa, in which form it was adopted as the name of a Netherland faction in the time of Charles v. and Philip II.

Sir Hugh Willoughby, John and Sebastian Cabot, and Sir Walter Raleigh. Gold mines, colonies, embassies to mighty princes, mostly imaginary, the acquisition of knowledge, the proclamation of the gospel to heathen enemies, and the extermination of Christian ones, were now the chief objects of the adventurer, instead of reckless straying hither and thither for blood and plunder.

The Arctic Circle, and the dark and mysterious regions within it, did not escape this new activity; and from this time the real history of polar exploration begins. Poems, chronicles, legends, and reports are no longer the authorities. Each sober shipmaster kept his log, and generally, on his return, sat him down and wrote a plain story of what he had done, where he had been, and what he had seen, and dedicated it to some great man with a good deal of honest pride and pedantry.

From this time, too, the narrative of Arctic discovery has a unity. Like the holy Grail before the eyes of Sir Galahad, like Cathay before the eyes of Columbus, like his colony in Guiana, with its gold mines, before the eyes of Raleigh; so to our days has glittered before the eyes of Arctic sailors the vision, more fascinating to philosophers than any elixir vitæ, more fatal to mariners than any ancient siren's song, of the *north-west passage*.

CHAPTER II.

A.D. 1496—1583.

THE DARK AGES OF ARCTIC DISCOVERY.

State of English navigation at the time of the discovery of America—JOHN CABOT—Great circle sailing—Patents to the Cabot family—John Cabot's voyage—SEBASTIAN CABOT—His voyage to Hudson's Bay—His farewell to the Searchthrift—GASPAR CORTEREAL—MICHAEL CORTEREAL—ANUS CORTEREAL—AUBERT—JACQUES CARTIER—VERAZZANI—GOMEZ—ROBERT THORNE—His letters—Voyage of the Mary of Guildford and the Sampson—HORE—The Trinitie and Minion—Gentlemen adventurers—Cannibalism—Piracy—Sir HUGH WILLOUGHBY—His excellence—CHANCELLOR—The Czar—Master Killingworth's beard—Commencement of the Russian trade—Willoughby's real course now settled—Discovers Nova Zembla—Proofs—Lost in the ice—Ships and bodies discovered—Lost again—STEPHEN BURROUGH—A whale—Waygat Island and Strait—Chancellor's loss—URDANETA—COWLES—FROBISHER—MICHAEL LOCKE—Frobisher's first voyage—The savages—Gold—Danish and English opinions of the ore—Second voyage—Third voyage—Intended fourth voyage—FENTON—PET and JACKMAN—Loss of Jackman—OLIVER BRUNEL—Sir HUMPHREY GILBERT—Reasons of the failure of the early expeditions.

WHEN Columbus discovered the West Indies, English seamen were very different from what they were a few years later. As Robertson says, "they did little more than creep along their own coasts in small barks which conveyed the productions of one county to another." English maritime greatness owes its very commencement to a foreigner.

King Henry VII. bitterly regretted the unfortunate slackness that had lost him Columbus and America. He even tried to induce the great admiral to enter his service, but in vain. The King and

Queen of Castile and Arragon had helped Columbus at his need; and with the simple loyalty that neither injustice, obloquy, nor chains could exhaust, the great Genoese refused to be anything but Ferdinand and Isabella's servant.

The king, exasperated at the credit, power, and wealth which distant expeditions were bringing to his brother sovereigns of Spain and Portugal, caught eagerly at a chance of emulating them, which accident threw in his way. There happened to be resident in Bristol an old Venetian and his three sons. The old man, GIOVANNI GABOTA, had a reputation for bold and skilful seamanship, second only to Columbus himself. Without hesitation, Henry granted the four Italians a patent of discovery, "under our banners and ensignes, to all parts, countreys, and seas of the East, of the West, and of the North;" and Gabota (or Cabot) gladly accepted the opportunity of trying the effect of a new theory of navigation which he had devised. He longed to advance a step beyond the timid English fashion of creeping along coasts, and slipping from one well-known headland to another in a calm day, and beyond even the bolder enterprises of his great contemporary. His notion was, that by getting on a smaller circle of the earth, it was possible to save linear distance.* To apply this method in a voyage in search of Cathay was as fascinating to him as to his patron. Before their eyes were Marco Polo's legends of Thibet, and his glowing accounts of the glories of the mighty capital of Kublai-Khan, his

* In Eden's account of "The Viages of that Worthye Old Man, Sebastian Cabote," the discovery is thus stated:—"Understanding by reason of the sphere that if I should sail by the way of the north-west wynde, I should by a shorter tracte come to India, I thereupon caused the king to be advertised of this devise." Eden treats the discovery as Sebastian's.

journeys to Cipango, and the islands of spice. Nor did Sir John Mandeville's dragons, giants, enchanters, and monsters cast any discredit on their anticipations. What more likely than to reach these golden regions of marvel sooner than the proud Spaniards themselves, by sailing first north and then due west as fast as winds would blow and keels follow?

A.D. 1497.—There is abundant evidence to show that in his first and only voyage, old John Cabot really discovered the mainland of America, eighteen months before it was seen by Columbus. Many books have been written, and some read, upon the much-debated questions, whether it was John or Sebastian, his son, who made this voyage, whether it was ever made at all, whether it was made before Columbus's discovery, and whether it was America that was seen. Most of these questions have been settled by the recent discovery of a patent granted to John alone by King Henry VII., dated the 3rd of February, 1498.

The king had already, in the year 1496, as has been mentioned, granted a similar patent to "our well-beloved John Gabote, citizen of Venice, to Lewes, Sebastian, and Santius, sonnes of the saide John," empowering them "to sayle to all partes, countreys, and seas of the East, of the West, and of the North, under our banners and ensignes, with five ships, of what burden or quantitie soever they be . . . to seeke out, discover, and finde, whatsoever iles, countreys, regions, or provinces of the heathen and infidelles whatsoever they be, and in what part of the world soever they be whiche before this time have been unknownen to all Christians," and so forth.

Some years ago, the second patent was discovered

by Mr. Biddle in the Rolls Chapel. His Majesty is prayed "of your most noble and habundant grace to graunte to John Kabotto, Venecian, your gracious letters patents in due fourme and he shall continually praye to God for the preservacion of your moste noble and roiall astate longe to endure." The king thereupon "for divers causis us movying," gives and grants "to our welbeloved *John Kabotto*, Venecian, sufficient auctoritie and power" to "take at his pleasure vi. Englisshe shippes in any porte or portes, or other place, within this our realme of Englande or obeisance and them convey and lede to the londe and isles of *late founde by the seid John* in our name, and by our commaundement."

From this early expedition may, in fact, be dated at once the Arctic explorations and the maritime greatness of England. Occupying such a position, it is worth while to transcribe the most authentic account of it entire. It was inscribed in Latin by Sebastian Cabot's directions on a map of the coasts discovered. This map was engraved in 1549 by one Clement Adams under Cabot's eye. Not a print of it is now known to exist, though it was common in Elizabeth's time; but the abrupt little record has been preserved in an English translation, and is as follows:—"In the year of our Lord 1497, John Cabot, a Venetian, and his son Sebastian, discovered that country which no one before his time had ventured to approach, on the 24th of June, about five o'clock in the morning. He called the land *Terra Primum Visa*, because, as I conjecture, this was the place that first met his eyes in looking from the sea. On the contrary, the island that lies opposite the land he called the island of St. John, as I suppose, because

it was discovered on the festival of St. John. The inhabitants wear beasts' skins, and the intestines of animals for clothing, esteeming them as highly as we do our most precious garments. In war, their weapons are the bow and arrows, spears, darts, slings, and wooden clubs. The country is sterile and uncultivated, producing no fruit, from which circumstance it happens that it is crowded with white bears and stags of an unusual height and size. It yields plenty of fish, and these very large, such as seals and salmon; but especially great abundance of that kind of fish called in the vulgar tongue baccalaos (codfish). In the same island also breed hawks, so black in their colour that they wonderfully resemble ravens; besides which there are partridges and eagles of dark plumage."*

The name of the first English ship that touched American soil was the *Matthew*, of Bristol. And two of the crew were (as Robert Thorne informs us in accounting for his hankering after the north-west passage, "as some sicknesses are hereditarious and come from the father to the sonne"), his father, old Master Thorne, and a "merchant of Bristowe," Hugh Eliot. This is all that is known of the first expedition in search of an Arctic north-west channel of communication with India and China.

It may be easily imagined with what keenness the newly awakened maritime instinct of the English people turned in this direction. Spain and Portugal, each immeasurably more powerful at sea than England, were dividing all the Indies between them, and were fully prepared, and able, to defend their ac-

* Eden gives a somewhat similar account, which he says he gathered out of "dyvers navigations written in the Italian tongue."

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quisitions by force of arms. The idea of a passage by the north-west to the western storehouses of spice, and gold, and jewels, where no cruisers need be feared, and which would be even a more direct route from England than the Atlantic highway which the greater powers had engrossed, sank deep into the national mind. If there were nothing but sea there, it must be sailed over. If, as John Cabot said, there were land, a passage through or round it must be found. Until the power of Spain and Portugal was broken, and all ways to the Indies, or to any other part of the world, were equally open to English bottoms, the chief object of English Arctic expeditions was to find a way to India.

A.D. 1498(?).—Some years after his father's voyage, SEBASTIAN CABOT made a voyage in the same direction, but with far greater success. He had promised the king, says Gomara, to go to the Indies by the north, and bring home spices in less time than the Portuguese could accomplish it in the south. Ramusius says, he was told by Sebastian that "he sailed north and found the open sea without any impediment, and thought verily by that way to have passed on still the way to Cathaio . . . and would have done it if the mutinie of the shipmaster and marriners had not rebelled and made him to return homewardest from that place."

Peter Martyr's account of his voyage is as follows:—"He furnished two shippes in England at his owne charges: and fyrst vith three hundreth men directed his course so farre towards the Northe Pole that even in the mooneth of July he found monstrous heapes of ise swimming on the sea, and in maner continuall daylyght. . . . Thus, seeing suche heapes of ise

before hym, he was enforced to turne his sayles and folowe the weste, so coastynge still by the shore, that he was thereby broughte so farre into the southe, by reason of the lande bendynge so muche southward, that it was there almost equall in latitude with the sea called Fretum Herculis" (*i.e.*, the Straits of Gibraltar).

Gomara says he "directed his course for Cape Labrador, as high as 58° ; but yielding to the cold and strangeness of the land, turned towards the west, and refitting at the Baccalaos, he ran along the coast as far as 38° , and thence returned into England."

Alderman Fabian gives him a small fleet. It is curious to contrast the more popular and commercial view of this notable voyage with that of the scientific world of those days. The alderman's account is this:—"This yeere, the king (by meanes of a Venetian, whiche made himself very expert and cunning in knoweledge of the circuite of the worlde and ilandes of the same, as by a carde and other demonstrations reasonable hee showed) caused to man and victual a shippe at Bristowe, to search for an ilande, whiche hee saide hee knewe well was riche and replenished with riche commodities. Which ship, thus manned and victualled at the king's coste, divers merchants of London ventured in her small stockes, being in her as chief patrone the saide Venetian. And in the companie of the saide shippe sayled also out of Bristowe three or foure small ships, fraught with sleight and grosse merchandizes, as coarse cloth, caps, laces, points, and other trifles, and so departed from Bristowe in the beginning of May," &c.

Ramusio, doubting "whether by that way" (*i.e.*, Florida and Labrador) "one may goe by sea unto

the country of Cathaio," quotes from Sebastian's letters to himself, his own short account of how he "sayled a long time west and by northe beyonde these ilandes, unto the latitude of 67° and a-half under the North Pole."

That Hakluyt thoroughly believed in the justice of this claim of Sebastian Cabot's to the discovery of the mouth of Hudson's Straits, and even the lands to the north of that channel, appears from his celebrated letter to Sir Philip Sidney, where he insists on "the title which we have to that part of America which is from Florida to 67° northwarde, by the letters patente graunted to John Gabote and his three sonnes, Lewis, Sebastian, and Santius, with Sebastian's owne certificate to Baptista Ramusius of his discoverie of America, and the testimonie of Fabian, our old chronieler."

Sebastian's own maps and papers have been totally lost. It has been suggested that one Worthington, in whose custody they were known to be, was bribed to collect and hand them over to Philip II. of Spain. But even in their absence there is plenty of collateral evidence to prove, and it is the mature opinion of high authorities, that Cabot must really have anticipated Frobisher, and discovered Hudson's Straits, and must have gained the latitude of 67° through Fox's Channel, thus leading the way almost into the north-west passage itself. Ramusio thus piously laments that he did not succeed in his endeavour:—"It seemeth that God doth yet still reserve this great enterprise for some great prince to discover, this voyage of Cathaio by this way; which for the bringing of the spiceries from India into Europe were the most easie and shortest of all other wayes hetherto

founde out." Fabian tells how, like Columbus, Cabot brought home some live proofs of his discoveries:—"This yeere also were brought unto the king three men taken in the new-found iland that before I spake of, in William Purchas' time, being maior. These were clothed in beaste's skinnies, and ate raw fleshe, and spake such speeche that no man could understand them, and in their demeanour like to brute beastes, whom the king kept a time after. Of the which, upon two yeares past after, I saw two appparelled after the manner of Englishmen in Westminster Pallace, which at that time I could not discern from Englishmen, till I was learned what they were. But as for speech, I heard none of them utter one worde."

After this voyage, Cabot seems to have been disgusted by Henry the Eighth's neglect, or else seduced by the King of Spain's flattering proposals, for he left England, and became one of the Spanish council "touching the affairs of the Indies." In 1548, however, he returned to England, and was made by Edward VI. "Pilot Major of England, and afterwards appointed Governor of the Mysterie and Company of the Merchant Adventurers for the Discoverie of New Trades." This company was afterwards known as the Muscovy Company.

It is in this dignified position that Sebastian Cabot appears for the last time. There is something touching in Stephen Burrough's simple account of his last sight of the old sailor. The Muscovy Company were sending an expedition to the north-east. "On the 27th of April," says the master, "being Monday, the right worshipfull Sebastian Cabota came aboorde our pinnesse at Gravesende, accompanied with divers

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gentlemen and gentlewomen; and after they had viewed our pinnesse, and tasted of such cheere as we could make them aboorde, they went on shore, giving to our mariners right liberall rewardes; and the good olde gentleman,* Master Cabota, gave to the poore most liberall almes, wishing them to pray for the good fortune and prosperous successe of the Search-thrift, our pinnesse. And then, at the signe of the 'Christopher,' he and his friendes banketted, and made mee, and them that were in the company, great cheere, and for very joy that he had to see the towardnesse of our intended discovery, he entred into the dance himselfe amongst the rest of the young and lusty company: which being ended, he and his friends departed most gently, commending us to the governance of Almighty God."

This little glimpse of the man's character fully accounts for the estimation in which he was held by all classes, and the success with which for so many years he directed and extended the increasing maritime energy of his adopted country. It was a good day for England, when, as Barrow says, "she wisely and honourably enrolled this deserving foreigner among the list of her citizens."

A.D. 1500.—A claim to the invention of trying to reach the Indies by the north-west has been made in favour of GASPAR CORTEREAL, who sailed in 1500. Groundless as this undoubtedly is, the voyage is sufficiently important to require notice here.

The very first collection of travels ever published in Europe contains a letter from Pedro Pascual, Venetian ambassador to Portugal, to his brother in Italy, dated 29th October, 1501, in which he gives an

* He was then eighty-eight years old.

account of Gaspar's voyage as he heard it from himself.

He had been, he said, at sea nearly a year, when he discovered between west and north-west a continent, till then unknown to the rest of the world. He thought it must be somewhere about the North Pole, and that it was probably the land formerly approached by the Venetians.

The ice and snow prevented his further progress, and he consoled himself for his disappointment by capturing fifty-seven natives, and bringing them home.

Ramusio says that "he arrived at a region of extreme cold, and, in the latitude of 60° , he found a river filled with ice, which he called Rio Nevado (Snowy River), and explored 200 leagues of coast, from this river to Porto das Malvas (Mallow Port), discovering many islands.

Cortereal was so pleased with the natives on this coast, that he not only took fifty-seven as curiosities, but recorded his opinion that they were very robust and laborious (lavradores). This latter word has given its present name to the whole country, Labrador.*

Rio Nevado was probably at the mouth of Hudson's Bay. But Cortereal made a grander discovery still. Ramusio says that beyond Cabo de Gado (Cattle Cape), which is in 54° N. lat., is a great river, called St. Lawrence, which the Portuguese ascended for many leagues, hoping it was the strait that would lead them to Cathay. Soon, however, its narrowing banks and turbid, steady stream, forced upon them the fact that it was a river, and not a strait. In the

* In old maps Labrador is marked "Corterealis."

bitterness of their disappointment, they cried, "Cà nada!" (Here is nothing). The natives caught the words, and repeated them to the next comers, and thus, it is said, our great western colony obtained its name.

The French travellers who followed Gaspar ridicule this origin, and say that Canada is simply the Indian name for a village. They also spitefully insinuate that the Portuguese disappointment was rather financial than geographical, and arose from their not finding the gold they expected.

A.D. 1501.—It was a bad day for the Cortereals when their name became connected with Arctic searches. Gaspar, proud of his success, must needs start next year (1501) with two ships to complete his discovery. Only one ever came home, and that did not contain the bold sailor. The other had disappeared in a storm.

A.D. 1502.—MICHAEL CORTEREAL, his brother, in great distress, obtained leave from the king to go in search of the lost adventurer. He sailed the next year (1502). He rashly sent his ships separately up different channels, appointing a place and time for them all to meet again. Two arrived at the rendezvous, but the leader's never appeared again: another Cortereal was lost.

A.D. 1574 (?).—The king absolutely refused to allow Vasco Eaves, the one remaining brother, to take up the dangerous and hopeless quest. But the enterprising family seem not to have been extinguished. Mr. Hakluyt has among his many tracts one which he entitles, "A Verie Late and Greate Probabilitie of a Passage by the North-west Parte of America in 58 degrees of Northerly Latitude." Having thus whetted his

reader's curiosity, he proceeds: "An excellent learned man of Portingale, of singular grauity, authoritie, and experience, told mee very lately, that one ANUS (John) CORTEREAL, Captayne of the yle of Tercera, about the yeere 1574, which is not above 8 yeeres past, sent a shippe to discover the north-west passage of America, and that the same shippe, arriving on the coaste of the said America in 58 degrees of latitude, founde a great entrance exceeding deep and broad, without all impediement of ice, into which they passed above 20 leagues, and found it always to trende towarde the southe, the land lying lowe and plaine on eyther side. And that they persuaded themselves verely that there was a way open into the South Sea. But their victualls fayling them, and being but one shippe, they returned back agayne with joy."

Though the Cortereals failed in their object, yet in another way they vastly benefited their country and mankind. They are almost entitled to be considered the founders of the Newfoundland cod-fisheries, which at one time employed, under their supervision, between two and three hundred vessels. But even so soon as 1554, they had begun to fall, with the rest of the Portuguese possessions, into other hands. At that time Pondelet speaks of the fisheries as being carried on by the Normans and Bretons, and Sir J. Richardson suggests that Bristol was by no means idle.

Other countries, as fear or ambition prompted, made a few feeble attempts at the Arctic path to Cipango. Among them may be mentioned two under Aubert and Jacques Cartier, by the French. These leaders make their appearance among the

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great Russian, Dutch, and English expeditions to the north, very much as Villegagnon and his little pseudo-Protestant settlement in Brazil made its appearance—and disappearance—among the great colonies and conquests of Spain, Portugal, and England, in America.

A.D. 1508.—AUBERT sailed, in 1508, from Dieppe to Newfoundland, and brought back—one savage.

A.D. 1534.—JACQUES CARTIER really searched for a north-west passage, and sailed into the St. Lawrence, which Gaspar Cortereal had previously ascended. It need hardly be added, that Cartier claimed the discovery as his own. That it really was the north-west passage he had entered he never had the least doubt. The savages told him that the river of Saguenay, as they called it, led to the west, first into two or three great lakes, and then into a fresh-water sea, of which no man had ever seen the end. The lakes, of course, are Ontario, Huron, Michigan, &c., and the sea Lake Superior; but the ardent Frenchman determined that it must be the Indian Ocean.

A.D. 1524.—VERAZZANI had previously surveyed a good deal of the American sea-board, and has left a map of considerable value and interest. His expedition is, however, in no way Arctic.

These various attempts to get at the dominions which the Pope had bestowed on the Spanish crown, made the Spaniards seriously uneasy, and they also set about searching for a passage to Cathay. But they seem never to have believed in a *north-west* route. They searched for the Strait of Anian, as they called it, further south. Only one attempt on their part in a northerly direction is recorded, and of that, as Purchas says, "Little is left us but a jest." This

jest was like the jest of the boys with the frogs in the fable—sport to one party and death to the other.

A.D. 1524.—GOMEZ, the commander of the expedition, after failing in his chief object, brought home, after the manner of those times, some wretched natives whom he had managed to capture. An eager friend, meeting him on his return, and asking what he had found, received the reply, "Esclavos" (slaves). The eager friend posted to court, and told everybody that Gomez had come home with "clavos" (cloves) from the Spice Islands, to which he had discovered a north-west passage. "The truth being known," continues Purchas, "hereat caused great laughter."

A.D. 1513, 1527.—England, however, from her situation and position at that time, had clearly the greatest interest in the discovery. And the efforts and thoughts of the whole nation were directed towards it by the two remarkable letters which, in the years 1513 and 1527 respectively, were published on the subject by Robert Thorne, a Bristol merchant. To his sober enthusiasm, authoritative advocacy of the existence of the channel, and artful picturing of its advantages to England, may be attributed the first definite impulse to that almost unceasing search that has but recently been crowned with such melancholy success. They contain the first of those calculations that converted what was at first a vague groping after what it was hoped might exist, into an expectation founded on reasoning and observations, as certain as those which enabled Leverrier and Adams to declare that to look at a certain spot in the heavens on a certain hour in a certain night, would be to find a new planet.

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The letters were addressed, one to the king (Henry VIII.), and the other to Dr. Edward Lee, then ambassador to the Emperor Charles v., and afterwards chaplain to the king, and Archbishop of York. The latter is accompanied by a map, from which, with the help of the various arguments and inducements he makes use of, it appears, that to reach China by the North Pole, would be one of the easiest, pleasantest, shortest, most profitable, and generally delightful trips that men could wish for. We cannot discuss these interesting documents here, but as a sample, the cavalier way in which he disposes of the question of temperature, is amusing. "But it is a generall opinion of cosmographers that, passing the seventh clyme (about 70° N. lat.) the sea is all ice, the colde so much that none can suffer it. And hitherto they had all the like opinion, that under the line Equinoctiall for much heate the land was inhabitable (*i.e.*, uninhabitable). Yet since by experience is proved no land so much habitable or more temperate. And to conclude, I thinke the same should bee founde under the North, if it were experimented. For as all judge, *Nihil fit vacuum in rerum naturâ*. So I judge there is no lande inhabitable, nor sea innavigable. If I should write the reason that presenteth this unto mee, I shoulde bee too prolix, and it seemeth not requisite for this present matter."

Thorne's letters, however, and perhaps his personal arguments, had great weight. There are some singular proofs of this. One of the most interesting is a paper in the Lansdowne Collection in the British Museum in Lord Burleigh's own handwriting, in which he assumes the north-west passage as certain.

"Considering," he says, "Groyneland is well known to be an islande, and that it is not conjoyned to America in any part, there is no cause of doubt but that upon the north of Baccalâos (Newfoundland) the seas are open."

A.D. 1527.—But Thorne had an earlier triumph, and one more after his own heart than this. The king was so far moved by his letters that in the same year (1527) he sent "two faire ships, well manned and well victualled, having in them divers cunning men, to seek strange regions." None of the "cunning men" achieved enough to hand their names down to posterity. All we know of this voyage is, that the ships were called the Mary of Guildford and the Sampson; that the Sampson was cast away somewhere between Newfoundland and Greenland; and that, according to Hakluyt, there went with the expedition a "canon of St. Paul's, a great mathematician, and a wealthy man." The attempt is worthy of record as the first unaided *English* effort at Arctic discovery.

A.D. 1536.—The next had not the advantage of any help even from the king, except his good wishes. Master HORE, of London, a man "of goodly stature, and great courage, and given to the studie of cosmographie," sent two "tall ships" in 1536 on a voyage of discovery to the north-west parts of America. The ships were the Trinitie and the Minion. The crews were sixscore persons; thirty of them were gentlemen, many of the Inns of Court and Chancery, and "divers others of good worship, desirous to see the strange things of the world." They were fully gratified.

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and thence stood towards the north-east. How far they went in this direction is not known. The only information given is, "that they saw mighty islands of yce in the sommer season, on which were hawkes and other foules to rest themselves, being weary of flying over farre from the maine." The gentlemen adventurers, however, were gratified with the killing and eating of many "strange foules," and "great store of bears, both white and black." They were also called up once to see "a boate with savages of those partes, rowing downe the bay toward them to gaze upon the ship," and "a ship-boat was manned to meet them and take them." The savages escaped to land, and all the boat's crew found was "a fire and the side of a beare on a wooden spit, . . . a boote of leather, garnished on the outward side of the calfe with certain brave trailes, as it were of rawe silke, and a certain great warme mitten."

The ships must either have been imperfectly victualled, or the companies must have been most reckless in their use of their provisions; for, in spite of bears, birds, eggs, and fish, famine soon began to press sorely on them. And, with terrible ease, the last awful alternative to death was adopted. "The famine," says one of the company of the Minion, "encreasing, and the reliefe of herbes being to little purpose to satisfie their insatiable hunger, in the fieldes and desertes then and there, a fellow killed his mate while he stooped to take up a roote for his reliefe, and cutting out pieces of his bodie whom he had murdered, broyled the same on the coles, and greedily devoured them."

Several having disappeared in this way, the shocking truth was soon discovered. The horrified captain

made a "notable oration, containing how much these dealings offended the Almighty, and vouched the Scriptures from first to last what God had, in cases of distresse, done for them that called upon him, and told them that the power of the Almighty was then no lesse than in al former time it had beene." But his eloquence was of no avail against the inexorable logic of hunger. The wretched adventurers were on the point of casting lots to determine who should next be devoured, when a French ship well furnished with vittaille arrived at the harbour where they lay. "Such was their policie," says Master Dawbeney, "that they became masters of the same." In plain English, they seized her like pirates, and sailed home. Their very parents did not know the destitute and famishing wretches. So keen was the sympathy excited by their forlorn narrative, that, when the French complained of the piratical seizure of their vessel, the King Henry VIII. "punished not his subjects, but of his owne purse made full and royall recompense unto the French."

A.D. 1553.—Far from being discouraged at the unfortunate issue of these early attempts, the English merchants were only the more convinced of the profit, and the English sailors of the credit, that were to be gained by sailing towards the pole. Sebastian Cabot, moreover, had returned from Spain. His sage advice, and the liberal encouragement of Edward VI., gave a new impulse to Arctic as well as all other maritime enterprise in England. A fresh expedition was determined on, that should surpass all those of the Portuguese, as far as they surpassed the French. Cabot drew up the instructions himself. Three large vessels, the *Bona Esperanza*, the *Edward Bona-*

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venture, and the *Bona Confidentia*, each with a pinnace and a boat, were commissioned for Cathay. With a touching fervency of faith, they were sheathed with metal, to protect them against the worms of those tropic seas, through which it was hoped they would soon be making their glorious and profitable journey. Many wise and worthy navigators sought the honour of the command. From these was selected one whose name will always head the long list that contains that of Cook, and ends (for the present) with that of Sir John Franklin—SIR HUGH WILLOUGHBY.

Clement Adams gives the following account of his election:—"Nowe provision being made and carriad aboard, with armour and munition of all sorts, sufficient captaines and gouernours of so great an enterprise were yet wanting: to which office and place, although many men offered themselves, yet one, Sir Hugh Willoughby, a most valiant gentleman and well borne, uery earnestly requested to have that care and charge comitted to him, of whom before all others both by reason of his goodly personage (for he was of a tall stature) as also for his singular skill in the seruices of war, the Company of the Merchants of Muscovia made greatest accompt, so that at the last they concluded and made choyce of him for the generall of this voyage, and appointed to him the admirall*, with authoritie and command over all the reste."

The new commander was not likely to fail for want of good advice. The best that England could furnish was given him. Sebastian Cabot, grand pilot of England, himself drew up his instructions, wherein was enjoined, that morning and evening prayer should be offered on board every ship, and

* i.e., the largest ship, or flag-ship.

that neither "dieing, carding, tabling (backgammon), nor other devilish devices" should be allowed. "Nevertheless," said the pious Grand Pilot, "natives of strange lands are to be enticed on board, and made drunk with beer or wine; for then you shall know the secrets of their hearts." But, above all, the mariners were entreated to take particular heed to aviod the snares of "certain creatures, with men's heades, and with the tails of fishes, who swim with bows and arrows about the fiords, and live on human flesh."

"A newe and strange navigation," as Adams calls it, was decided on. The expedition was to sail to the north-east. And in May, 1553, the three vessels, "with a good winde, hoysed up saile, and committed themselves to the sea, giving their last adieu to their native country, which they knewe not whether they should ever returne to see againe or not."

Great interest was excited by this new attempt. "The courtiers came running out, and the common people flockt together, standing very thick upon the shoare. The Privie Counsel, they lookt out at the windows of the court, and the rest ranne up to the toppes of the towers." Sir Hugh hoisted his flag as Captain General on the *Bona Esperanza*, Richard Chancellor commanded the *Edward Bonaventure*, and Cornelius Durfoorth the *Bona Confidentia*. The sad "wives, and children, and kinsfolkes, and friends deerer than kinsfolkes," strained their eyes after the lessening forms of the departing ships. Only one returned.

The island of Senjen, or Seynam, on the northern coast of Norway, was safely reached; the vessels held on to the north-east. But off the North Cape a

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violent storm drove the *Bona Esperanza* and the *Bona Confidentia* far out to sea.

A.D. 1553.—Captain Chancellor kept to his instructions. His vessel was sailed by one of the ablest masters of England, Stephen Burrough, and he safely reached Wardhuus, a port on the north-eastern shore of Norway, which had been selected as the rendezvous of the vessels. Here he waited seven days for his chief. "Certaine Scottishmen," their hearts failing them at the iron-bound shores and snowy hills, earnestly begged him to give up the dangerous enterprise and return. The stout captain, however, bade them hold their peace, for he was determined "either to bring that to passe which was intended, or else to die the death." So he started again, and sailed on, till he came to a place where "there was no night at all, but a continuall light and brightnesse of the sunne shining clearly upon the huge and mighty sea." He coasted, still to the east, along the shores discovered by Others hundreds of years before, till he entered a great bay. In this bay, called by the Russians the Bay of St. Nicholas, but now by us the White Sea, Chancellor found a fishing-boat. Its crew fled in terror at the great ship. When overtaken, they fell on their knees and "offered to kiss Master Chancellor's feet." They were kindly treated, and the report of the good behaviour of the strangers spreading through the country side, a friendly intercourse was established with the natives.

Chancellor learned that the land was named Muscovia, and was governed by a great prince, Ivan Vasilovitch, called the Czar, who lived in the city of Mosco, fifteen hundred miles away. Thither he started forthwith. He was acute enough to see that

here, within his grasp, was a mercantile advantage which it would have been madness to let slip for the chance of solving the problem of a north-east passage that summer. He was graciously received by the Czar, whose splendour, retinues of princes and nobles, gold, silver, jewels, Chinese silks, and richly embroidered robes, astonished the Englishmen, accustomed to but a frugal state in their own court at home. The Czar was very awful and distant at first. But Chancellor would have no oriental prostrations, and simply saluted him "in the manner of the English Court." The coldness did not last long. Chancellor had a friend with him, a Master George Killingworth, who had a beard—and such a beard! The Archbishop of Moscow called it "God's gifte," and blessed it in Russ, unable to restrain his admiration. And "indeed, at that time, it was not only thicke, broade, and yellow-coloured, but in lengthe five foote and two inches of assize." The Czar could not resist this. Next time he received them, he called them to him, gave them each a cup, and had the felicity of examining and actually touching this mysterious and enviable ornament.

Chancellor made such good use of his time that the result of his visit was, as Mr. Beke remarks,* "the foundation of the commercial and political relations between England and Russia, which have subsisted, with but brief interruptions, till the present day." He obtained, among other things, peculiar privileges for Cabot's Company, already mentioned, which from this time took the name of the Muscovy Company.

In the following spring, loaded with presents, and

* "Three Voyages to the North-east." Introd. p. vii.

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carrying a letter from the Czar for the King of England, Chancellor returned to Archangel. Thence he sailed home. But late though he was, his comrades had not returned.

Only lately has Sir Hugh's voyage been correctly traced, and his claim as a discoverer determined. Purchas states that, after parting with Chancellor, he was driven to the height of 72°, and discovered an island called Willoughby Land: "And this," proceeds Purchas, "is the land which is now called Greenland, or King James, his New Land, and is known to the Hollanders by the name of SPITZBERGEN." Barrow, on the other hand, shortly states that "it does not anywhere appear—and the brief journal of Sir Hugh Willoughby by no means sanctions such a supposition—that this ill-fated commander was ever within many degrees of Spitzbergen: the discovery of this land is certainly due to the Dutch."* Barrow evidently considers that Sir Hugh's claims to be considered a discoverer at all rest on no sufficient authority.

Mr. Rundall, however, has settled the question,† and his decision is acquiesced in by high authorities.‡ We cannot here detail his arguments, but the result is, that though Willoughby did not discover Spitzbergen, yet that he made an equally important discovery—that of Nova Zembla. His course is determined to have been as follows:—

From Seynam, or Senjen, he sailed north-east for 160 leagues, nearly at right angles to the track that would have led him to Spitzbergen. On the 14th

* "Barrow's Voyages," p. 159.

† "Rundall's Voyages to the North-west." Introd. pp. i.—xii.

‡ Sir John Richardson. "Enc. Brit." vol. xviii. p. 165. "Beke's Three Voyages by the North-east." Introd. p. vi.

of August he saw land in 72° , far away to the south-east of Spitzbergen. This land was the coast of Nova Zembla. The part of that coast on which he landed, and which we are fairly entitled, even in the judgment of the Russians,* to call Willoughby's Land, is the shore between the two promontories marked in the Government chart, North Goose Cape, and South Goose Cape. † The name Goose-coast (Gäuseufer) has been given to this shore by Admiral Lütke from the quantities of birds that swarm on its desolate rocks during the summer. Of Sir Hugh's visit to this spot, though his own countrymen were ignorant till 1849, others were well aware. A Dutchman, Barents, whose voyage will be narrated hereafter, passed a winter in Nova Zembla in 1596-7; and Gerart, or Gerrit de Veer, one of his companions, who wrote an account of their adventures, says: "Then againe wee founde ice, but not very much, and wee were of opinion that wee were by Willoughbie's land (Willebuij's landt)." Another Dutch author writes: "Il y a grande apparence qu'il (Willoughby) aborda à la Nouvelle Zemble."

Thomas Randolph, the ambassador to Russia in 1568, when giving instructions to four Englishmen to search from the river Pechora to the eastward—an expedition that seems never to have been carried out—writes thus: "And if it (*i.e.*, the shore beyond the Obi) doe prove to be a bay, and that you have passed round about the same, and so by the trending of the land come backe vnto that part of Nova Zembla that is against Vaigats, whereas you may from that see the said island Vaigats; if the time of

* Admiral Lütke's "Viermalige Reise."

† "The Hydrographic Chart of the North Polar Sea." 1860.

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the year will permit you, you shall from thence passe alongst by the said border and coast of Nova Zembla to the westwards, and so to *search whether that part of Nova Zembla doe joyne with the land that Sir Hugh Willoughbie discovered in anno '53, and is in 72 degrees, and from that part of Nova Zembla 120 leagues to the westwards, as your plat doth shew it unto you,*" &c.

Beechey shows that the insertion of this supposed interval between Willoughby's Land and Nova Zembla arose from Willoughby's mistake in estimating his discovery to be only 160 leagues from Senyen, whereas it ought to have been more like 230.

After he had met with this unknown land, Willoughby is recorded to have "plyed northerly" for three days, and then "bare roome s.s.E. 70 leagues," towards the coast of Muscovy.

After seeing the land several times, he moored the ships, in the month of September, in a haven he had examined before. This was the Bay of Arzina, in Lapland. The last words of Sir Hugh's journal are, that he "sent out three men s.s.w. to search if they could find people, which went three dayes' journey, but could find none. After that they sent out s.w. four dayes' journey, which also returned without finding any people. Then they sent out three men s.e. three dayes' journey, which in like sorte returned without finding any people, or any similitude of habitation." The good knight had no more need to write. The cruel ice came round and closed them in. Their provisions, supplied by greedy contractors, were rotten. What agonies of despair they endured, what unavailing efforts they made, none knows but He whose opportunity is man's extremity, who "casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand

before his cold?" Long after, some Russian fishermen found the two ships undisturbed, and the two captains and the two crews stark and dead.

There was, thanks to Chancellor, an English agent then at Moscow. "He having notice," writes John Milton,* "sent and recovered the ships with the dead bodies, and most of the goods, and sent them for England." But ill-fortune still attended them. "Being unstanched, as is supposed, by their two years' wintering in Lapland, the ships sunk by the way, with their dead, and them also that brought them."

So ended the first great national Arctic expedition of England—a sad omen of the fate that was to befall the last. Truly writes Milton: "The discovery of Russia by the Northern Ocean, made first of any nation that we know, by Englishmen, might have seemed an enterprise almost heroic." But as if the ill-fortune that pursued poor Sir Hugh during life dogged now his memory after death, the great poet adds this qualification, "if any higher end than excessive love of gain and traffic had animated the design." This is hard measure. The men died doing their duty. And if they were doing it as Christian men, not slothful, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, surely they will not fail of the blessed "Well done" from Him to whom George Herbert sings—

"Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee.

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* "A Brief History of Muscovia."

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A.D. 1556.—The lost navigators were not left unsought-for by their countrymen. To search for them, as well as for the north-east passage, in 1556, STEPHEN BURROUGH, who had been Chancellor's sailing master, was dispatched in the pinnace Searchthrift to the same dreary seas.

The departure of this expedition, and the affectionate farewell of old Sebastian Cabot, have been already described.* The whole country was anxious about the missing ships. But Cabot had a cause of keener anxiety. He feared lest the ill-success of this adventure should disgust the nation with his darling schemes, or discourage it altogether for further maritime enterprise. He need not have feared. The English plunged into the exciting pursuit with national earnestness and common sense, just in time. When the Armada came, the heretic islanders were better sailors, and had better fighting ships than the mighty nation whose galleons had been for years stalking, with almost unquestioned dominion, over all the seas of the known world.

Burrough started on the 23rd of April, 1556, passed the North Cape on the 23rd of May, and on the 9th of June reached Kola Bay, not far from where his old comrades' bones were whitening in the frozen ships. His instructions were to make his way towards the river Petchora or the river Obi, and try in that direction for a north-east passage to India. At Kola he met several Russian smacks (lodji), "bound to Petchora, a fishing for salmons

* *Ante*, p. 35.

and morses." Guided by these boats, he made his way eastward, passing the capes of Sviatoi Nos (which he called St. John), and Canin Nos, the island of Kolguea, the second Sviatoi Nos, and the "dangerous barre" of Petchora.

Still Burrough pressed east. On the 25th July he made two discoveries, a whale, and the south of Nova Zembla. The first seems to have made the deepest impression at the time. It was the first they had ever seen, and the account given of the monster is diverting, when compared with Scoresby's or Goodsir's. "The same day at a south-weste sunne, there was a monstous whale aboard of us, so neere to our side that we might have thrust a sworde or any other weapon in him, which we durst not doe for feare hee should have overthrowen our shippe; and then I called my company together, and all of us shouted, and with the crie that we made he departed from us; there was as much above water of his backe as the bredth of our pinesse, and at his falling downe he made such a terrible noise in the water, that a man would greatly have marvelled, except he had known the cause of it; but God be thanked, we were quietly delivered of him."*

The second discovery was "certain islands" to the south of Nova Zembla. Here, meeting some Russians, they learned where they were, and that they had got too far north for the Obi. Furthermore, they heard that in the "new land" (Novaya Zemlya), by which they were, was the largest mountain in the world, of

* Not less awe-struck is Purchas, at the very remembrance of a whale:—"His head is the third part of him; his mouth (oh! hellish wide!) sixteene foote in the opening; and yet out of that belly of hell, yeelding much to the ornament of our women's backs, the whalebones, or finnes, being no other than the rough or miner part thereof," &c.

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which prudent Stephen says only, "but I saw it not."

Burrough reached the islands of Waygats on the 31st July, and anchored in the strait separating them from Nova Zembla, which now bears his name. While here he went on shore with a Russian, whose acquaintance he had made. "He brought me," he says, "to a heap of the Samoed's idols, which were in number about 300, the worst and the most unartificialle worke that ever I saw. The eyes and mouths of sundrie of them were bloodie; they had the shape of men, women, and children, very grossly wrought, and that which they had made for other parts was also sprinckled with blood. Some of their idols were an old sticke, with two or three notches made with a knife in it."

This description identifies the very spot where Burrough landed. Ivanor landed in 1824 on Bolvánoski Nos (Image Cape), and the words used nearly 300 years before by the wandering Englishman, would have served without alteration to describe the place as he found it.*

The navigators could get no further than Waygats; for, the

"Polar winds, blowing adverse
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive
Mountains of ice, that stop the imagined way
Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich
Cathaiian coast."†

* Barents, who sailed the same way many years after, notices the idols also:—"Right over against that place in the Wey-gates, which we called Beelthooke (Image Cape), we found certain hundreds of carved images, all rough, about the heads being somewhat round, and in the middle having a little hill instead of a nose, and about the nose two cuttes in place of eyes, and under the nose a cutte in place of a mouth. Before the images we found great store of ashes and bones of hartes, whereby it is to be supposed that these they offered unto them."

Beke's "Phillip's Translation of G. de Veer's Narrative," p. 60.

† Milton, "Paradise Lost," x. 288.

The northerly winds brought down immense masses of ice in August. Burrough, fearing his old commander's fate, turned, and sailing round Canin Nos, again made his way homewards, with the credit of being the first English discoverer of the Waygats Strait, and the reward of being made Comptroller of the Navy.

But while Burrough had been among the ice, his old chief, gallant Captain Chancellor, had followed Sir Hugh Willoughby. Coming home in 1556 from Russia, with an ambassador from the Czar on board, he was wrecked on the 10th November, in Pitsligo Bay, on the east coast of Scotland. The ambassador scrambled to the land with a few attendants. But Richard Chancellor and £20,000 worth of goods disappeared in the raging waves.

The fatality that seemed to attend all the attempts at Arctic travel in no way discouraged English merchants and seamen. The fearful calamities that had happened only excited keener and more general interest in the subject, and reports, arguments, and falsehoods, without end or measure, flew about the country. In every seaport town the fishermen discussed it as they leaned against their boats and smoked their pipes. In all taverns within sight of the salt water, the question was debated, and the current stories told with the ornaments and additions to be expected. Even in council chambers, bearded statesmen and grave sea-captains in starched ruffs pondered over their "cartes" for some way to outwit the King of Spain. Mr. Hakluyt wrote and talked to Sir Philip Sidney, and to every one else who would hear, arguing and persuading that there must be, because there ought to be, a north-west

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passage. The map-drawers put it in without the least hesitation. We can hardly wonder that in such a state of public feeling, legends should spring up right and left of persons having actually sailed through the coveted channel, and obtain, for a time, wide circulation.

A.D. 1560. — For instance, a Spanish gentleman told Sir Henry Sidney, the Lord Deputy of Ireland, that one ANDREW URDANETA, a Mexican friar, had in 1560 come from the Mar del Sur to Germany through the north-west passage, and exhibited a sea-card of his voyage, made by himself, which agreed in all points with Ortelius' map.

A.D. 1573. — Again, an English sailor, THOMAS COWLES, solemnly swore that, in 1573, when he was in Lisbon, a Portuguese seaman told him he had been driven in 1556 by a westerly gale, *from India*, through a number of islands, into a gulf, and out into the Atlantic near Newfoundland. Thence, he said, he had sailed to Ireland, and so home to Spain.

Except to minds which were anxious to be convinced, such evidence as this would probably have had but little weight. As it was, eager converts were not wanting, and by no means foolish or ill-informed converts. The navigator whose adventures come next in our narrative was one of them—MARTIN FROBISHER.

A.D. 1576.—He was, we are told, "thorowlay furnished of the knowledge of the sphere, and alle other skillles appertayning to the arte of navigation." And his knowledge was not merely theoretical, for it appears from a MS. in the British Museum that he was early sent on a voyage to Guinea. But his vision by day and night was the north-west pas-

sage, of the existence of which he had convinced himself by "sundry sure reasons and secret intelligence." But he was a poor man. For fifteen years he pestered his friends and acquaintances, particularly merchants, if he could get hold of them, to fit out an expedition. Persevering enthusiasm generally wins in the long run, but Frobisher had a hard fight. His friends listened but coldly to his vivid pictures of "the only thing of the world that was left yet undone, whereby a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate." The unfortunate merchants who hesitated he accused of not regarding "vertue, without sure, certaine, and presente gaines."

Frobisher betook himself to court. There he found at last what he wanted—countenance, good advice, and, which he probably cared a good deal more for, money. The first was bestowed by Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick; the second by Stephen Burrough; and the third was provided—at least so he says himself—by an equally celebrated man, Michael Lok or Locke.* In a half-burnt autobiography (now among the Cotton MS. in the British Museum), Locke complains that he was twice, during Frobisher's voyages, for which he acted as treasurer, left to make up a considerable sum out of his own pocket.

We can guess at one influence that prepossessed honest Michael, in spite of all his experience, in favour of Frobisher's schemes. "Master John Verar-zani," says Mr. Hakluyt, concerning the north-west

* Mr. Hakluyt, in sending a map to Sir Philip Sidney, thus recommends it:—"The mappe is master Michael Locke's, a man, for his knowledge in divers languages, and especially in cosmographie, able to doe his country good; and worthie, in my judgment, for the manifold good partes in him, of good reputation, and better fortune."

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passage, "in an olde excellent mappe, which he gave to King Henrie the Eight, and *is yet in the custodie of Master Michael Locke*, doth so lay it out." There is no doubt about the practicability of the north-west passage according to *this* map. And Verarzani, having been three times on the coast, might well be supposed to know.

Whatever induced Locke to take up the proposal, he did it with "travaile of body and study of minde," which, he says, was his way of doing things. The Muscovy Company, although incorporated for the express purpose of promoting "new trades," not only refused their assistance, but forbade the expedition. Locke reasoned, persuaded, threatened. At last, finding them obdurate, he prevailed on the Lord Treasurer to issue a command to the Company to grant a licence under their common seal. He achieved a still more difficult task than that of vanquishing a company. The greatest authority of the time on such subjects, Dr. John Dee, was invited to a conference. There Michael Locke did so belabour him with cogent and pithy arguments, laying before "him his bokes and authors, his cardes and his instruments," and all the notes he had collected during many years, amounting in size to a thick volume, that, whether by force of reason, weariness, or terror of the thick volume, the doctor, though originally of the contrary opinion, yielded and was convinced, affording one of the few instances in which a learned man has acknowledged himself beaten in controversy.

He was, indeed, a courteous foeman. When the ships were manned, he himself instructed the masters and mariners in the rules of geometry, cosmography,

the use of instruments for their voyage, and for casualties happening at sea.

These ships were two barks, the Gabriel and the Michael, of between twenty and twenty-five tons burden, and a decked pinnace of ten tons.* On Friday, the 7th June, 1576, they weighed from Deptford. Off Greenwich they came to anchor. The queen waved her hand from a window, and sent on board to tell the adventurers "her good-liking of their doings." With parting civilities to Frobisher, and an admonition to the seamen to be obedient to their captain and governors, her Majesty wished them "happie successe," and the ships dropped down the river.

On the 11th July, in lat. 61° N. land was first seen, "like pinnacles of steeples, and all covered with snow." The navigators jumped to the conclusion that it must be Zeno's Friesland. It was probably Cape Farewell, the south point of Greenland. Here the "great store of yce" caused the hearts of the crews to sink. And then a storm destroyed the pinnace. The crew of the Michael could not stand this, and "mistrusting the matter, privy conveyed themselves away." They reached England in safety, and disgrace.

All alone, in his one little cock-boat of a bark, the gallant captain held on. In a few days, after steering somewhat south, he reached Labrador, about $62^{\circ} 2'$ N. Here they were very nearly wrecked. The ship was on her beam ends, and "would

* Considerable interest was excited a few years ago at the voyage across the Atlantic of a smack of about the same tonnage as these barks. That was a trip across well-known waters, with every appliance of modern navigation. Far greater courage was required to steer the clumsy little vessels of those days into unknown seas.

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neither weare nor steare." From this danger "the captain, like himself, with valiant courage," and at the risk of his life, managed to extricate them. Battered and leaky, with her foreyard sprung and her mizen-mast cut away, the dauntless Englishman put his vessel before the sea, and, busily repairing damages, still pressed on. He crept northwards along the coast, carefully searching for the mouth of the wished-for western channel. At last, on the 31st of July, after rounding a great cape, in lat. $62^{\circ} 30' N.$, which he named Queen Elizabeth's Cape,* he entered "a great gut, bay, or passage." He intended to have gone further north, but the ice and the bewildering currents hampered him, and he sailed to the west, up the new channel, "like as Magellanus at the south-west end of the world." Frobisher called his discovery after himself, *Frobisher's Straits*. It has been of late years generally known as *Lumley's Inlet*.† Steering in and out among the cloud of islands that stud this passage, he was making his way, if he had known it, towards the great inland sea of Hudson's Bay. But when he had sailed about eighty leagues west from Queen Elizabeth's Cape, he stopped short, and naming his furthest point Burcher's Island, turned homewards. He himself was confident that the land to the north, which had lain on his right the whole time he was sailing west was Asia, and that to the south must be America, and that consequently he was in the high road to China. He did not know how many years

* Queen Elizabeth's Foreland in the Admiralty chart.

† It is called Frobisher's Straits in the chart for 1860. Rightly it seems; for it was called Lumley's Inlet only because it was supposed that Frobisher's Strait was in Greenland, and that, therefore, when it was visited subsequently, it was a new discovery.—*Scoreaby*, i. p. 75.



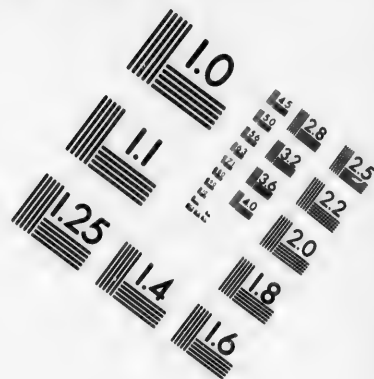
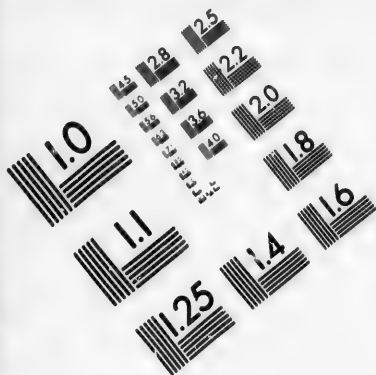
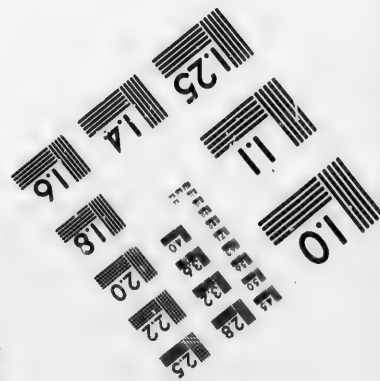
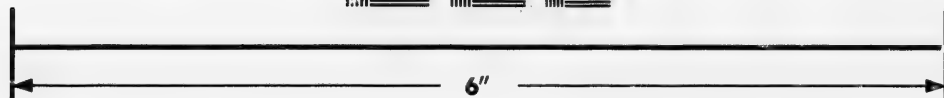
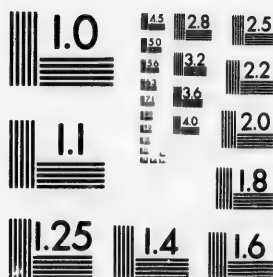


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would pass, and how many lives be lost, before that road was finally travelled.

In the various accounts of Frobisher's voyages, we have, almost for the first time, recognisable descriptions of the natives. During this first trip, while the ship was beating up between the islands in the strait, "a number of small things floating in the sea afar off," were seen, "which the captain supposed to be porpoises or seales, or some kind of strange fish." They turned out, however, to be "salvage" men, of a new species, in boats, the like whereof the sailors had never before seen.* The people were "like to Tartars, with long black haire, broad faces, and flatte noses, and taunie in colour, wearing seale skinnies; and so do the women, not differing in the fashion; but the women are marked in the face with blewe streakes downe the cheekes and round about the eyes." These beauties were sitting in canoes made of

* La Peyrère, quoting the Danish version of one of Frobisher's voyages, mentions the Kayaks particularly, and a page or two afterwards gives a most lively description of their nature and management:—

"Picture to yourself, sir, a weaver's shuttle ten or twelve feet long, made of whalebone, broad, and about the thickness of a finger, covered over and made like the sticks of a parasol, with skin, sewn with sinew. This machine has a round opening in the middle, about the size of a man round the flanks, going to a point at each end. . . . The savages sit in the bottom of their boats through the opening above, with their feet extended to one end, and they fill up the hole by fastening over it the lower part of their under-waist-coats, made of the skins of seals and walruses; they close up the wrists of their sleeves, and cover their heads with caps, fastened to the edge of their dress in such a manner that when a storm overturns them (which is very often the case), the water cannot enter by any place, either by the boats or their clothes. . . . They only use one little oar, from five to six feet in length, smooth, and about half-a-foot in breadth at each end. They grasp it in both hands at the middle, which is round, and use it with equal poise to keep their equilibrium, and also as a double oar to row on both sides. It was not without reason that I have compared these boats to weavers' shuttles; for the shuttles from the hands of the most skilful weavers do not run faster in the loom than the boats managed by these oars, with the skill of these savages, run on the water."—*Relation du Groenland*.

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seal-skins, with a keel of wood. Their nature corresponded to their appearance. When Frobisher sent five of his own men to land one of these savages, whom he had enticed on board with a bell and a knife as presents, they and their boat were seized, and never heard of again.

Frobisher retaliated by capturing one of the natives, boat and all, as a specimen. The narrative gives a vivid idea of the good captain's strength of arm. He induced his prey to come alongside by ringing a bell, and when he stretched out his hand for it, caught him fast, "and plucked him by maine force, boate and all, into his barke out of the sea; whereupon, when he found himself in captivity, for very choler and disdain he bit his tongue in twaine within his mouth: notwithstanding, he died not thereof, but lived until he came to England, and then died of cold which he had taken at sea."

Frobisher, "with this strange infidele," returned to Harwich by the 2nd October.

He brought home nothing else except a "great hope of the passage to Cataya," for which he was "highly commended," and some black stones. These black stones, it got about, contained gold. There is a good deal of confusion among the various stories. Whether it was a sailor's wife who threw one of these stones into the fire, and then quenched it in vinegar, "whereupon it glistened with a bright marquesset of gold;" or whether Frobisher himself gave the stone to Michael Locke, who had it refined by one Wheeler, "a gold fyner," by the direction of Mr. William Sayer, Master of the Tower, the result of which was an opinion that "it was but a marquesite stone," is doubtful. But it seems pretty clear that the unfor-

fortunate Michael did consult a certain Italian, Baptista Agnello, who told him, "*Bisogna sapere adulare la natura*" (One must know how to coax nature). Of course, by this scientific method gold was discovered. On a half-burnt scrap of paper in the British Museum, in poor Locke's handwriting, are these words: "The xvij of Januarie he sent me, by his mayde, this littel scrap of paper written, 'No. 1, herinclosed,' and therein inclosed the grayne of golde, which afterwards I delivered to your Majesty, 1577." It was the dearest scrap of paper Michael ever saw.

The hope of gold effected more than the love of science. Frobisher might have longed in vain for another chance, but for the black stones and Baptista Agnello. As it was, the next year, and the year after, saw him at the head of expeditions sent out "for the searching of the ore, and to deferre the further discovery of the passage untill another time."

The Danes were wiser in their generation than the English. Not many years after, the Danish Company of Greenland sent out an Arctic expedition, the pilot of which thought fit to lade his ship with yellow sand from a bank of which he knew, and then set sail for home. The Grand Master, who had sent them out to explore and trade, was more surprised than pleased to see them; and when the Copenhagen goldsmiths told him they could find not a grain of gold in the precious yellow sand, he ordered the miserable pilot to go and throw it all into the Baltic. The poor sailor obeyed, took to his bed, and died of a broken heart. La Peyrère, who tells the story, hankers after the gold, and thinks the Grand Master was wrong. It would have been a good thing for poor Locke, at least, if some stern functionary had inter-

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ferred in the same way in England. But when £4,400 was subscribed for a new expedition in search of gold, Lócke was treasurer again. Only £3,000 was ever paid; and he, with a sanguine, but now and then anxious heart, was left to meet the £1,400 out of his own pocket, or the profits of the voyage.

A.D. 1577.—Frobisher kissed her Majesty's hand, and set sail on his second voyage on the 27th of May, 1577; he and all his men having received the sacrament, and prepared themselves "as good Christians towards God, and resolute men for all fortunes." He had now, besides the Gabriel and Michael, "one talle shippe of her Majestie's," named the Aid, of about 180 tons.

On the 7th of June he touched at the Orkneys. Of the people there he makes some rather spiteful remarks; among others the following:—"Very beastly and rudely in respect of civilitie. . . . Their houses are but poore without, and sluttish enough within, and the people in nature thereunto agreeable."

It was not till the 4th of July that he reached Friesland, as he called it (Cape Farewell). Frobisher compared the coast with Zeno's map and description of it, and found it "very agreeable," with the exception that instead of the scholarly prince with the mighty armies, and Latin library, no creature was seen but "little birdes."

Here the true origin of icebergs seems to have struck Frobisher. "The maine sea," he saw "free-seth not, therefore there is no *mare glaciale*, as the opinion hitherto hath beene." He concluded that the vast masses of ice he met "must be bredde in the sounds, or in some land neere the pole," an opinion perfectly accurate, as far as it goes. He

did not know that glaciers moved, or that in hundreds of sounds and fiords these mighty ice-rivers were always creeping into the angry Northern Sea, and breaking off under its summer waves into the glistening masses that struck the early discoverers with such disconsolate awe.

The expedition arrived at Frobisher's Straits on the 16th July. Space will not allow of more than a short notice of its proceedings, though the original account, from its odd and simple humour, is one of the most amusing of all the early narratives of adventure.

The adventurers landed on some islands which they named Hall's Islands, in the mouth of the straits, and at first could not find of the ore "a peece so big as a walnut." They had better success afterwards, and accordingly on the top of a hill "made a columne or crosse of stones heaped up of a good height together in good sort, and solemnly sounded a trumpet, and saide certain prayers, kneeling about the ensigne, and honoured the place by the name of Mount Warwicke."

"Our generall and his ship-master" had a difference with some "salvages" shortly after, not only to their discomfort but discredit. The "salvages" expressed their desires of conference with cries like the "mowing of buls." Their ideas of politeness, however, were so limited that one of them "cut off the tayle of his coat and gave it to the generall for a present." Frobisher lost his temper, and seized the oily donor, while the master grappled another. But, alas! for poor Frobisher, their "hand-fast fayled." Like the sheriff of Nottingham in the ballad, when he saw their bows bent, he "fettled him to begone;" and the fate inflicted on that unhappy functionary by

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Little John's "brode-arrow," befell the gallant captain from an Esquimaux shaft. But the savage did not escape. As the general came limping back to the boat, "Nicholas Conger, a good footman, overtook one of them, and being a Cornish man and a good wrestler, shewed his companion such a Cornish trick, that he made his sides ake against the ground for a moneth after; and so being stayed, he was taken alive, but the other escaped."

After a while, they left the north shore of the strait, which yielded nothing but rocks and stones, and a people "more readie to eate them than to give them wherewithal to eate."

For eight-and-thirty days they wandered about these desolate islands, fighting the natives, and gathering the wonderful ore. They made several discoveries also. The first was of a sea-unicorn, "a great dead fish, twelve yards long, having a horne of two yardes long growing out of the snoute or nostrels." This horne was "reserved as a jewell" in her Majesty's wardrobe afterwards. The value of these narwhal-teeth was very great in those days. The kings of Denmark possessed specimens, which were considered great rarities. La Peyrère cannot leave the subject, but quotes Scripture, Aristotle, Pliny, Angrimus Jonas, and M. Vormius, in his discussion of these mysterious horns, which were fastened by "gomphosis," and not by "symphysis."

Their next discovery was of a science destined to save the lives of many an Englishman in after years—dog-driving. They had found certain implements near a native tomb, of which they could make neither head nor tail. The "salvage" recently captured by the Cornish trick above-mentioned, explained them. He

caught one of their dogs, and "hampered him handsomely therein, as we doe our horses; and with a whip in his hand he taught the dog to draw in a sled, setting himself thereon as a guide."

Shortly after, they had a serious conflict with the natives, and killed five or six of them. One of the sailors captured an old woman, at least he thought so; but on consulting his comrades, they inclined to the belief that she was a devil, or at least a witch, on account of her singularly "oughly hew" (qu. ugly hue?). They determined then to pull off her boots, to see if she had cloven feet. Disappointed of so splendid a discovery, they let her go. Another captive was a young woman with a baby. The baby was wounded in the arm, and the surgeon applied salves to the hurt. The mother, however, plucked all the plasters away, and cured her little one by a method of her own, "continuall licking with her owne tongue, not much vnlike vnto a dogge." In the margin of the record is a solemn little gibe for the doctor; "A pretty kind of surgery, *which nature teacheth.*"

By means of their two captives, they persuaded themselves that the natives said that the five men who had been lost the year before were still alive and well. A letter was written, and their informants promised to deliver it. While they waited for an answer, they employed themselves in filling their ships with 200 tons of the ore that was to produce gold. But for all their waiting and working, they never got any answer—nor any gold.

On the 22nd August, they fired a salute in honour of Anne Lady Warwick, named the highest hill in the neighbourhood after her, and set sail homewards. They arrived in England, after rather more than the

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usual amount of sea disasters, on the 23rd September.*

This voyage was unproductive of real Arctic discovery. The ships only went thirty leagues up the strait over old ground. A few headlands, bays, and islands were named; but it would be wearisome and useless to enumerate them, as their appellations have fallen out of the maps and men's memories together.

Some "gentlemen of great art" were employed by the queen to test the ore, and reported with singular discretion, "that the matter of the gold ore had appearance, and made show of great riches and

* An Arctic expedition, under the command of Mr. Hall, has recently (September, 1862) returned to St. John's, Newfoundland, bringing some interesting relics of this voyage of Frobisher's. The *Montreal Gazette*, of September 12, 1862, says:—"It appears that he (Mr. Hall) has secured a large quantity of relics of Frobisher's expedition, gathered at various points of his debarkation. Among them are pieces of coal, brick, and wood, and a portion of an iron cannon-ball, probably used as ballast. The coal has been overgrown with moss and a dark vegetable growth; the brick looks quite as bright as when it was turned out of 'one talle ship of her Majestie's, named the Aid, of nine score tunnes or thereabouts,' the vessel in which Frobisher departed on his second voyage, after having 'kissed her Majestie's hand, and been dismissed with gracious countenance and comfortable words.' The pieces of wood are merely oak chips, which have been well preserved, having been imbedded in coal-dust for nearly 300 years. The piece of iron ballast is much decomposed and rusted. Mr. Hall found upon one of the islands a trench twenty feet deep, and one hundred feet long, leading to the water, in which a party of Frobisher's men, who had been captured by the Esquimaux, with the assistance of their captors, had built a small vessel, intending therein to set sail for England. After putting to sea, they experienced such severe weather that they were obliged to return, all of them being frost-bitten. They lived many years among the Esquimaux, who treated them very kindly, and all of them eventually died there. These facts are related by the Esquimaux as a matter of tradition."

Since the above note was written the British Government has obtained a collection of these relics of Frobisher.

A writer in the *Times* of the 14th January, 1863, suggests that the masses of iron that have been discovered, and supposed to be cannon-balls or ballast, are refuse "proofs" from the mining operations of Denham and Fenton, who had charge of the mining explorations of Frobisher's third voyage.

profit; and the hope of the passage to Cataya by this voyage was greatly increased." A slenderer sanction for further effort could hardly be. But the queen determined to send out a third expedition forthwith, not only to bring back gold, but to establish a colony on "Meta Incognita," as she herself named the new land. Frobisher was appointed captain, and received a "faire chaine of gold," besides other gifts. Twelve ships, besides the *Aid*, *Gabriel*, and *Michael*, were ordered to be ready by the spring of next year. One hundred persons were to form the settlement, and, keeping three of the ships with them, to remain the whole year on such part of the shores of the strait as they should select.

A.D. 1578.—The expedition sailed from Harwich on the 30th May, 1578. Of it, as of the last, our space will not allow of more than a slight notice. It was in no sense a voyage of Arctic discovery; it got no gold, and founded no colony. Nevertheless, the records of the various captains are most amusing, and also give a very high idea of the courage and seamanship, the mutual goodwill and fairness, and the generally moral and religious tone of these early mariners.

The only discoveries worth calling discoveries were three. The first was of West Friesland (or Greenland), which Frobisher called West England, naming, with a touch of perhaps pardonable Cockneyism, one of the most majestic cliffs on the coast *Charinge Crosse*, from a "certaine similitude." This was not far from the old Scandinavian settlement of West Bygd. His second discovery arose from a mistake. In aiming at Frobisher's Strait; he got into a wrong channel too far south, but unwilling to confess his

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mistake, pushed on, and to his great delight got safe by it to the place of rendezvous, Countess of Warwick's Sound, which was about thirty leagues up the original sound.

The third discovery is due to Captain Best, of the *Anne Francis*. He came to the conclusion that instead of being continents, the north and south sides of Frobisher's Straits were "all several islands and broken land . . . very many in number, and do seem to make there an archipelagus." Beyond what he tells, it seems as if, to this day, nothing were known, or likely to be known, of the desert shores of *Meta Incognita*.

On the many calamities of the fleet we cannot linger. How the *Salamander* ran down a whale, which "thereat made a great and ugly noyse, and cast up his body and tayle, and so went under water;" how a body was found a day or two after, which the *Salamander's* people fondly imagined was *their* whale's; how the bark *Dennis* received such a blow from a rock of "yce," that she sank down therewith in sight of the whole fleet; how the "poore mariners" had to fend off the ice day and night; how brave Captain Best, with the help of his "manful and honest John Gray, master's mate," built a "poore pinnace," and saved himself and his crew when the *Anne Francis* was wrecked; how he found black ore enough to satisfy, as he says, "all the gold gluttons in the world;" and how, in coming home, the *Busse* of Bridgwater discovered a large island, fertile and well wooded, which was never seen before, and has never been seen since, the reader can read in Hakluyt, with much more.

The ships that were left got home about the 1st of

October, with the loss by death of about forty persons.

Barrow is in error when he says* that Frobisher's three voyages were considered a total failure; for among the MSS. in the British Museum are several papers which prove that a fourth expedition was contemplated, and, indeed, subscribed for. The list begins with the Earl of Leicester, and ends with Sir Francis Drake and Luke Warde, and the sums amount to £66,000. The Earl of Shrewsbury was to give a vessel and a subscription of £500, and three other ships are named. A half-burnt letter, in extraordinary spelling even for that independent age, shows that Sir Francis Drake himself took so keen an interest in the matter, that he was willing not only to subscribe £700, but to contribute 1,000 marks, though "now greatly indepted," and to "beare the adventure of 1,000 pounds."

But among the shrivelled rolls is another little shred, short and very melancholy, from poor Michael Locke; it is dated, "The Fleete Pryson in London." The ore, black, yellow, or "rich red,"† had all failed. Locke was liable for the losses of the three expeditions, and he and his fifteen children were hopelessly ruined. The little half-burnt scrap of piteous complaint for himself, angry blame of Frobisher, and miserable foreboding for his children, is poor Michael's drowning cry, as he and his family disappear from history. "*His* enterprise," to quote once more Milton's stern, grave words, "might have

* "Arctic Voyages," p. 95.

† Locke charged Frobisher with having contracted to bring home 500 tons of a "rich red ore," a sample of which had yielded 120 lbs. per ton, and with having broken his contract. The nature of the 120 lbs. does not appear.

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seemed almost heroic, if any higher end than excessive love of gain and traffic had animated the design."

Frobisher was more fortunate than his luckless patron. He fought the Triumph against the Armada, in 1588, and was knighted by the Lord High Admiral on her deck. After filling several important commands, he died, in 1594, of a wound received while fighting, like a valiant Englishman, against the Spaniard.

A.D. 1577.—A gallant comrade of his in all his conflicts with the snows and the Spaniards died a year or two after, EDWARD FENTON, one of the mighty men of those days, whose name will always be remembered with those of Hawkins, Grenville, Drake, and Effingham. He had followed Frobisher in his second and third voyages, in the last with the title of Rear-Admiral. Having got the idea of a north-west passage into his honest sailor's head, nothing could ever get it out again. He plagued everybody, especially the Earl of Leicester, with petitions to be dispatched on the interminable search again, till they sent him out, perhaps to get rid of him. His attempt—it was only an attempt—is worth notice, because it was the first of the kind. He determined to sail to the East Indies, and then try *eastwards* for the channel; to do in fact what Father Urdaneta had done in fiction, come *home* by the north-west. The King of Spain heard of the plan, and sent a fleet to wait for him in the Straits of Magellan. Fenton chafed and fretted, but the Spaniards were too many and too watchful for him. He caught the Vice-Admiral alone, however, consoled himself by sinking him, and then came

home. In the great sea-fight, he fought as every other captain did, and died in his bed at Deptford, in 1603.

The court, and grandees, and the merchants seem almost to have taken it by turns to fit out Arctic expeditions. The north-west passage was the popular one at court, and the north-east in the city. It was the merchants' turn now; and in 1580 the Russia Company commissioned two barks, the *George*, of forty tons, ARTHUR PET, master, and the *William*, of twenty tons, CHARLES JACKMAN, master, "for a voyage by them to be made by God's grace for search and discoveries of a passage by sea by Borough's Straits and the island Vaigats eastwards to the countries or dominions of the mightie prince, the Emperour of Cathay, and in the same unto the cities of Cambalu and Quinsay, or to either of them." They had, indeed, plenty of advice. Besides the elaborate instructions from the Company, Master Will^m Burrough, Comptroller of the Navy (Stephen's brother), drew up "Notes and Instructions" for them. Dr. Dee gave them "certaine brief advices." Mr. Richard Hakluyt (for he himself must be "the gentleman" of whom he writes) composed lengthy and minute "Notes in Writing," and inflicted others "more privie" by word of mouth. And the great Gerard Mercator himself condescended to write a letter to Mr. Hakluyt concerning the projected voyage. There is no room here, of course, for these instructions.* But they are even more instructive in their picture of the manners and modes of thought of the period

* One of the directions shows that Willoughby's mistake in his reckoning still troubled the geographers. They were to "discover and trie whether Wiloughbie's Land joyne continent with Nova Zembla or not."

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than the voyages themselves. The commission seems singular to us. The merchants follow St. James's rule. Everything is to be done "with God's permission." The captains are "in God's name" to proceed along a certain land eastwards. The merchants are not ashamed to confess, in plain English, their dependence on, and trust in the Almighty.

The two small boats sailed on the 31st of May, 1580, from Harwich, one with a crew of nine men and a boy, and the other with five men and a boy. Off Wardhuus, the William seemed "to be out of trim, and sailed very ill." Pet sailed on, arranging with Jackman to follow him, when he had completed his repairs, to Waygats. Pet arrived at South Goose Cape about the 4th July; thence he worked his way through the ice southward, along the coast of Nova Zembla, to Waygats Island, unfortunately missing Burrough's Strait, which would have taken him into the Bay of Kara, and was driven right into the Bay of Petchora.

Pet was not to be daunted. He went up again along the shore, till he saw the south of Waygats Island, and then boldly crept through the narrow passage between it and the main land. This passage is named after him, Pet's Strait. On the other side he found, as had been anticipated, a channel between the interminable polar ice and the land of the Samoyeds. But at last it closed, and he gallantly "put into the ice" to try for some way to the north of it, since he could not get past the south.

While holding north along the western side of the great promontory, which, pointing towards the Pole, divides the Sea of Kara from the Gulf of Obi, the George was joined by her shattered consort. Both

kept their heads to the north till, on the 28th of July, they were completely beset with "pieces of ice, so great that we could not see beyond them out of the toppe." Fending off the ice as well as they could, and warping from one block to another, after imminent peril, they found themselves, on the 15th of August, in a clear sea, "and gave God the praise." They then got into the old channel, and contrived to run aground on Kolguev Island. The little vessels got no hurt, and soon floated again.

Pet brought the George home safe on the 26th of December, but the William stayed in Norway for the winter. Unwarned by her previous calamities, she and her master started next year for Iceland in company with a Danish ship, and were never more heard of.

There are distinct traces that about this time some other English expedition was sent to the north-east, and met with even a worse fate than Willoughby's or Jackman's. Anthony Marsh, the chief factor of the Muscovy Company at Moscow, in 1584, was engaged in bargaining with some Russians to seek out the mouth of the river Ob. In their written reply, stating their terms and requirements, they state: "Heretofore some people have been at the said river of Ob's mouth with a ship, and there was made shipwracke; and your people were slaine by the Samoeds, which thought that they came to rob and subdue them."

Perhaps this refers to the mysterious person who so often appears under the name of OLIVER BRUNEL, and many aliases. This name was evidently well known during the last twenty years of the sixteenth century. Its owner was almost universally admitted

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to have visited that bay, strait, or sound, in Nova Zembla, called by innumerable names, Kostin Sarch, Costin-sarca, Costing Sarch, Constint Sarch, Constant Search, Costin Sarch, Kostin Shar, &c., &c. But who, or what he was, is a very doubtful matter. Barrow states that he was an Englishman, perhaps on the authority of J. R. Forster, who comes to this conclusion because *Bunnel* (as he spells it), is an English name, and Constint Sarch must be "Constant Search." Neither reason seems satisfactory, especially the last, as Kostin Schar is simply the Russian name of the *Schar*, or Straits. Witsen speaks of him as Olivier Bunel, and says he came from *Enkhuysen*. He is probably quoting, as Purchas also does, from Gerard, who nevertheless states *his* "Oliverium quendam Bunellum" to be of *Brussels*, and to have made miserable shipwreck in the waves of the river Petchora. Logan says his name was Brunell, and that he was land-locked in the Straits at Kostin Schar. Henry Hudson calls him Oliver Brownell, and assumes as certain that he discovered "Costing Sarch." Gerrit de Veer, in his account of Barents' voyages, gives the name of Brunel. All the last three unite in giving him the honour of discovering Kostin Schar.

But who sent him, or why he went to these inhospitable regions, is undiscovered, unless he is identified with the Alferius (Oliver?), who was sent, about the year 1581, by John Balak to Gerard Mercator, with a letter of recommendation, setting forth that this Alferius, a Netherlander, who had lived captive in the dominions of Russia, intended forthwith to sail two ships "into Cathay by the north-east," which passage he declared to be, without doubt, very short and easy. We have not space for Balak's ardent and

admiring description of the Netherlander's plans, or for the ingenious artlessness with which he tortures every legend, name, and fancy that he had ever heard of, into proof of the possibility of the passage. It is more than possible that Alferius' project and arguments may have had the same enchanting effect on some substantial Enkhuyzen merchants, and that under the name of Oliver Brunel he made the voyage he proposed. The silent disappearance of himself and his whole crew among the Samoyed savages, is a sufficient reason why no distinct record of their achievements has come down to us. Balak's pious prayer, "The Lord prosper the man's desires and forwardnesse; blesse his good beginnings, further his proceedings, and grant unto him most happy issue," was not granted; and another bold adventurer was sacrificed to the ignis fatuus that has lured so many to their destruction, without even leaving a story to admire, or a name to pity him by.

This sketch of the unfortunate first attempts at Arctic exploration must not be closed without a mention of one of the most unfortunate, and perhaps best known of all.

A.D. 1583.—Pet and Jackman's expedition to the north-east had turned out a failure. The Government sent out the next, and, as usual, it was dispatched to the north-west. It cost a nobler life than poor William Jackman's. Under his letters patent for discovery in the west, and with the assent of his brother Adrian's Company of "The Colleagues of the Fellowship for the Discoverie of the North-west Passage," the great and good SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT sailed in 1583 to Newfoundland and the parts adjacent.

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As a voyage of discovery, this trip was altogether fruitless. Sir Humphrey found what a "curious minerall man and refiner" he had with him told him was silver ore. He also noticed the prosperous fisheries the "Portugals" and French had set on foot on the cod-banks, established her Majesty's authority, and started for home with his head fuller than ever of getting to China and the Moluccas, and "bringing off the salvages from their diabolical superstitions to the embracing the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Christ."*

On the return home, the largest ship, "the admirall," named the *Delight*, went down, with nearly a hundred men, including the poor refiner, silver ore and all. Then came the great storm, and the scene that every English school-boy has pictured to himself, of the little *Squirrel*, of ten tons, carrying the admiral's flag, tossing like a bubble on the huge Atlantic swell. Then the noble old knight refusing to forsake his "little company" for the larger ship. Then the red stormy sun, as it set, shining on the labouring bark, and the gray, gentle old man, "sitting abaft, with a booke in his hand." Then the last brave, quiet words, "Courage, lads! we are as near heaven by sea or by land." Then the dark night, and in the morning the waste of tossing water once more; but no ship, and no Sir Humphrey Gilbert.

This catastrophe closes what may be called the Dark Ages of Arctic Discovery. There were many reasons for the want of success that attended all the earlier English attempts in this direction. British seamanship and ship-building were imperfect. They

* "Prince's Worthies of Devon."

were advancing with gigantic strides, it is true, as the country shook herself free for the great struggle with Spain for life or death. But to those who know what the Fox and the Fox's captain and crew were, there is no difficulty in accounting for the calamities of Willoughby, Frobisher, and Gilbert, or even for those of Hudson and James. Still, there were other reasons. The men were not quite devoted to their one object. And if they had been, they did not know enough about the way to get it, or the difficulties they had to meet. They were always wandering after gold and silver ore, or anything else that caught their fancy, especially any chance of fighting a Spaniard. And, believing that a few days' sail through the longed-for channel would bring them into the fair course for the tropic seas and golden islands of the Indies, they made no preparations, even in food, for the desperate trials of Arctic life.

We come now to quite another class of men, who really gave their whole energy to Arctic exploration for its own sake; and in a few voyages, made during a period of about thirty years, accomplished, as Scoresby writes, in 1820, "all, or the greater part, of the discoveries which have been made towards the north-west and north."* This may, perhaps, be called the Middle Age of Arctic Discovery. Then comes a long pause. And then our modern history begins.

* Sc. i. p. 75.

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CHAPTER III.

A.D. 1585—1616.

THE MIDDLE AGES OF ARCTIC DISCOVERY—FIRST PART.

Dissatisfaction with former expeditions—Meeting to organize new ones—Results of former ones—William Sanderson—JOHN DAVIS—Davis' first voyage to Davis' Straits—Second voyage—Third voyage—MALDONADO JUAN DE FUCA—Dutch voyages—WILLIAM BARENTS—Barents' first voyage to Nova Zembla—Adventures with bears—Kane's experience of their strength—Van Lindschoten—Barents' second voyage to Nova Zembla—Third voyage—Jacob von Heemskerck—Barnacle Geese—The ships separate—Rijp—Barents' ship frozen in—The winter—The crew escape—Barents' death—WILLIAM ADAMS—GEORGE WEYMOUTH—Danish voyages to Greenland—JAMES HALL—JOHN KNIGHT—HENRY HUDSON—Hudson's voyage towards the Pole—Hudson's voyage to Nova Zembla—Hudson's first voyage to Hudson's Bay—Second voyage to Hudson's Bay—Mutiny of his crew—Hudson sent adrift in an open boat—SIR THOMAS BUTTON—Harriott's arguments for a North-west Passage—GIBBONS—BYLOT—WILLIAM BAFFIN—Baffin's voyage to Hudson's Bay—His voyage to Davis' Straits—Discovery of Baffin's Bay—His opinion that there was no passage in that direction—*Résumé* of the results of the foregoing voyages—Parry's opinion of the discoverers.

A.D. 1585.—AFTER the return of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's expedition, it seems to have been generally felt that English Arctic expeditions had been, up to that time, failures. Hardly anything had been done that was expected. The north-west passage especially had not been found; and much life and treasure had been wasted. A good deal of disappointment was expressed in the discussions that took place on the subject. For instance: "In the year of grace 1585, certain honourable and worthy personages

of the court and country, together with divers worshipful merchants of London and the west country, moved by the desire of advancing God's glory and the good of their native land," met to consult on the probability of discovering the north-west passage. They decided "That the efforts hitherto made have failed, not from the impracticability of the design, but through neglect of the main enterprise."

The bitter lessons, that Arctic gold and silver cost a good deal more than they were worth, and that mining and fighting were not the way to make Arctic or any other geographical discoveries, were worth learning; and it was evidently felt as grievously humiliating, that, after nearly 100 years of effort, so little had been done. The Norse pirates, seven hundred years before, had known a great deal more. All that had been learned, after the expenditure of so many lives and so much money, was this—If you sailed north-west, you would see a high mountain in a land vaguely called Friesland (really Cape Farewell, in Greenland). You might, perhaps, if you were fortunate, see, before you got there, another mysterious island, which only appeared now and then. Thence sailing west, a land, supposed to be old Greenland (really Labrador), hove in sight. Its shores were seamed with innumerable creeks, bays, and channels, which all ultimately united into one main passage of great width, trending north-west. Whither this led, beyond eighty leagues of its mouth, no one knew. None of these coasts, nor, indeed, any known north-western land, with the exception of the northern promontories of Iceland, touched the Arctic Circle.

To the north-east, certainly, more had been done.

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It was known that you could sail round the north of Norway and Lapland, several degrees within the Arctic Circle, into a great gulf. Holding eastwards across it, past the mouth of the river Petchora, you would meet a long strip of land, stretching from the coast of Russia (or Muscovy) north, perhaps to the very Pole. There were two openings through this strip: one led between it and the main land, and was called Pet's Strait; the other lay to the north, and was called Burrough's Strait. The piece of the strip enclosed between them was Waygats Island. The unknown remainder to the north was called by the Russians Novaya Zemlya, and by the English, Nova Zembla. If you passed eastward through either of these channels, you would find yourself in another great gulf, called the Sea of Kara, and in front of you was said to lie as its eastern border a great promontory. Beyond this opened, it was also said, the mouth of the great river Ob, or Obi, flowing northwards from the unknown table-lands of the Tartars. What lay beyond this, who could tell? One thing was known; the ice was terrible, coming down early in autumn, piling itself against the Muscovy shore, and barring till next summer that passage, if there were one, to Cathay.

This was all that was known of the Arctic regions in 1585. If Fenton had carried out his idea of sailing round to India, and thence trying for the western end of the north-west passage, Behring's Straits might have been added to the meagre list; but that the Spaniards had prevented. The "honourable gentlemen and worthy personages," on revolving these matters, were so grieved and ashamed as forthwith

to determine on new searches, not for gold or silver, but for the passage itself.

Their determination inaugurated a new period of Arctic discovery. A series of brilliant and daring adventures amassed, in comparatively few years, nearly all the knowledge of the polar regions which was possessed until this century.

The merchants and worthy gentlemen lost no time. It was decided that an expedition should start that year for the north-west. Mr. William Sanderson, merchant, of London, was commissioned to see to the outfit; and, probably by Mr. Adrian Gilbert's advice, another Devonshire man was selected to be captain and chief pilot—JOHN DAVIS, of Sandridge. The great western county furnished many of the mighty sailors and soldiers of those days. Drake, Raleigh, Hawkins, and the Gilberts alone would justify the old song, which said of "Good Queen Bess," that—

"When the rest were stogged, and the country in a mess,
She was wont to send for a Devon man, sir."

Davis was to have the command of two ships—the Sunshine, of 50, and the Moonshine, of 35 tons. William Eston was to be his master on board the Sunshine; the other was to be commanded by William Bruton, as captain, and sailed by John Ellis, as master. The ships were well and carefully victualled; and in Sanderson's preparations we find the first indication of that minute and humane thoughtfulness that has made a winter in Melville Island before now one of the pleasantest sailors could spend away from home. For the delectation

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of the crews, he engaged four musicians, who proved afterwards to be by no means useless.

To note what should be noteworthy, and see that the main object of the voyage was kept to, a Mr. John Jones, merchant, "a man of good observation," accompanied the expedition. On the 7th of June, wonderfully late according to our ideas, they set sail from Dartmouth.

Davis' object was to get as far as he could to the north-west, between the land which was always first sighted, namely, Greenland, and the coast of Labrador. There, if anywhere, the north-west passage, it was thought, would be found.

The expedition was unfortunate at first. Twice they were compelled to put back to Scilly, being detained there the second time for twelve days, when Davis, Eston, his master, and Jones, "the man of good observation," spent their time in a careful survey of the islands, the captain "plotting out and describing their situation, rocks, and harbours, to the exact use of navigation."

At last, on the 28th June, they got fairly off, and, which was a good omen in the sailors' eyes, fell in with numbers of porpoises, so large that, although the master "shot at them with harping-yrans" (harpoons), and spoiled a pike and a boat-hook in his endeavours, not one was taken.

Then came whales, an Arctic sign, as they got further north; and at last, on the 19th of July, a "great whirling and brustling of a tyde," and mysterious noises, which much disconcerted the inexperienced navigators. A boat was sent to search, and returned with the news that the tumult arose from the "rowling together of islands of ice." So,

steering clear of this ice, they held on their northerly course. Next day, they sighted land, "the loathsome view" of which, as Davis says, made them all agree that Desolation was a fitting name to give it. This name has, however, been since bestowed on another cape; and Davis' first land is now Cape Discord, on the south-eastern coast of Greenland, a little north of Cape Farewell.

He did not wish to go north-east, and therefore turned southward, and doubled Cape Farewell, as clearly appears from his own description of his course. "So, coasting this shore to the south," he says, "in the latitude of sixty degrees,* I found it trend towards the west. I still followed the leading of it in the same height, and after fifty or sixty leagues it fayled and lay directly north, which I still followed." He rested in lat. 64° in a spot he called Gilbert's Sound, close to where Goodhaab, on the one side, and the Moravian settlement of New Herrnhut on the other, now stand. During this part of their voyage the great quantity and size of the drift wood they found, attracted their attention. One tree, found by the people of the Moonshine, was sixty feet high and "fourteen handes about." The weather is described as like that of England in April.

For a day or two the ships remained at their anchorage, and the crews amused themselves with the natives. These seem to have been very different from their ancestors, the fierce Skroellingers, who destroyed the settlement of West Bygd two hundred years before. They are described as a "very tractable people, void of craft and double dealing, and

* Cape Farewell, lat. $59^{\circ} 45'$ N., and long. $47^{\circ} 50'$ W.

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easy to be brought to any civilitie or good order." The seamen shook hands with them; and the musicians beginning to play lively airs, the whole concourse, thirty-seven boat-loads of savages and two ship-fulls of English sailors, set to and had a hearty dance together, to the unbounded delight of all concerned. The "man of observation" meanwhile noticed that all the rocks around consisted, as is somewhat maliciously recorded, "of such oare as M. Frobisher brought from Meta Incognita."

Davis determined to waste no more time in crawling about the shore, but, since the sea was open and the weather fair, to stand on his course to the north-west. On the 1st August he left Gilbert's Sound, and stretched boldly across the strait that now bears his name. To him it was an unknown sea. Five days later he saw land again, entirely "free from the pester of ice; and they ankered in a very faire rode, under a brave mount, the cliffes whereof was as orient as golde." To this gorgeous hill was given with much fitness the name of the most brilliant and sumptuous Englishman of that brilliant and sumptuous age, Sir Walter Raleigh. To the south, a great foreland cut off the southern coast. This was named after the great statesman, Walsingham. A cape to the north was called Cape Dyer, and the waters where they lay, Exeter Sound.

Davis had hit on the very narrowest part of the straits, and exclaims with pardonable pride, "I might see America west from me, and Desolation (Greenland) east." This remark was long looked on as an exaggeration, and much of the old captain's story, and most of his latitudes and longitudes, were disbelieved. But the posthumous credit which has been

extended to Herodotus and Bruce, has been at last, and justly, bestowed on John Davis. Sir John Ross found that the latitudes of Mount Raleigh and Cape Walsingham as laid down by Davis were absolutely correct, and that his longitudes erred only as all longitudes erred in those days. Cumberland Strait (so named in a subsequent voyage) was rightly laid down by Davis, and wrongly by the then Admiralty chart.

Parry also confirms the statement as to being able from Cape Walsingham to see Greenland and America at once.

On the 8th August, as the year was well on, Davis turned south and west, and on the 11th doubled a foreland which the adventurers, with a lively sense of the dangers they had passed, called the Cape of God's Mercy.* They found themselves in a wide, open channel, stretching westwards; "the water being of the very colour, nature, and quality of the main ocean."† Davis' hopes rose high. This must be the long-sought channel. He sailed eagerly west till he came to a cluster of islands in the middle of the passage, when, to his disappointment, such boisterous weather came on that he was obliged to seek shelter, and then, after waiting and hoping in vain for a change, to start homewards. The ships arrived at Dartmouth on the 30th September.

The promoters of the expedition were well satisfied with its results. It was clear that all along these inhospitable shores were natives eager to exchange for English toys, valuable skins, furs, oil, whalebone, &c. The mariners themselves had had a desperate fight with "white bears of a monstrous bignesse."

* Now Cape Mercy.

† Afterwards called Cumberland Sound.

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The bays and rivers were swarming with fish, the glens were full of deer, and are so to this day.* But above all, a great passage had been entered, free and open, going due west, and all men hoped that the great problem was on the point of being solved. It was not to be so. Many years were to pass yet before, in the middle of the nineteenth century, it was to be proved that Davis and Frobisher were right, and that there was water, or ice, from their respective straits the whole way to Japan.

The highest latitude, apparently, that was reached in this voyage was $66^{\circ} 37'$, only just within the Arctic Circle.

A.D. 1586.—Next year (1586) another expedition was determined on, and two more ships were equipped besides the *Sunshine* and *Moonshine*, the *Mermaid*, of 100 tons, and the *North Star*, a pinnace of 10 tons.

Davis followed the "track that had turned out so well before," and on the 15th of June reached Gilbert's Sound again. Here, finding he had so many vessels at his command, he dispatched the *Sunshine* and the *North Star* up the east coast of Greenland, to seek till they should reach latitude 80° N., for a more northerly passage, between Greenland and Iceland. He himself in the *Moonshine*, with the *Mermaid*, remained a few days in Gilbert's Sound, trading with the natives, intending to follow his old course.

The natives, or, as Davis calls them, "the gentle and loving savages," were uncommonly glad to see the strangers again, and hung about the boats "with

* In the Admiralty chart of 1860, "abundance of salmon" is printed in Cumberland Sound, and on the land, "many reindeer."

such comfortable joy as would require a long discourse to be uttered." But in spite of all this politeness, they turned out shocking thieves, and when they took to amusing themselves by slinging stones of a quarter of a pound weight into the barks, and half killed Davis' own boatswain, the honest captain changes his opinion, and speaks of "their devilish nature." He was obliged, after these freaks, to drive them away; but he had carried on a good trade already in "seale skinnes, stagge skinnes, white hares, seale-fish, salmon peale, smal cod, dry caplin, with other fish and birds such as the country did yield."

The ships left Gilbert's Sound "smally content" with the savages. In crossing Davis' Straits on the 17th July, in latitude $63^{\circ} 8' N.$, they met so enormous a mass of ice that its mere propinquity froze the shrouds, ropes, and sails, and "made the people sick, weary, feeble, and withall hopelesse of good successe." Davis says he will not attempt to give its dimensions, lest he should not be believed. Fortunately, they shook off their unpleasant neighbour after a time, and on the 1st of August reached land, *i.e.*, the western side of the straits, in lat. $66^{\circ} 33' N.$, probably near Cape Broughton. Here they had to undergo another kind of annoyance. The weather became oppressively hot, and they were driven half mad by a certain fly "which is called muskyto, for they did sting grievously."

Overcome, apparently, by the alternate trials of cold, heat, and flies, the people of the Mermaid, after annoying the captain for a long time by their "many occasions of discontentment," determined to return, and deliberately sailed home again, leaving Davis in the little Moonshine, of 30 tons, to proceed alone on

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his voyage, which he courageously determined to do, rather than break his "faith and constant promise to his worshipfull good friend, Master William Sanderson," whose property she was.

The rest of this voyage was merely a run from where he was, southward, along the coast for more than ten degrees. Whether the north-west passage was the great northern strait in which he was, or one of the numerous channels that opened into it from the west, Davis could not make out. That it was one or the other, he "had perfect hope." But having reached lat. 54° N. on the 4th September, and the weather breaking, he sailed home, determining, if he could get another chance, to try due north next time. He reached England on the 11th September. Nearly a month later came the *Sunshine*, after spending the most of her time in Iceland, and being frightened from her search by the ice off the eastern coast of Greenland. The *North Star* had disappeared in a storm, and returned no more.

A latitude on the west shore of Davis' Straits, higher by a few leagues than that attained in the former voyage, was reached in this one.

A.D. 1587.—Davis was quite sure that he was on the right track. He wrote to Mr. Sanderson, on his return from his second voyage, that he was assured, having experience of much of the north-west part of the world, that the passage must be in one of four places, or else not at all. Once more he was commissioned to try for it; and three ships, the veteran *Sunshine*, the *Elizabeth*, and the *Helena*, were equipped for a third expedition. They sailed on the 19th of May, 1587, and reached Gilbert's Sound on the 16th of June. Here their old friends, the savages, made

themselves very disagreeable. The seamen were at work setting up a pinnacle that had been brought from England in pieces, when, just as they had finished it, the "gentle and loving savages," as the carpenters' backs were turned, tore off the upper timbers for the nails, and so damaged the craft that it was rendered useless for anything but a fishing boat. This was too much even for merciful Captain Davis, and he ordered an attack on the thieves, more for the purpose of driving them away than anything else. But with most disconcerting impudence, when the English shot arrows at them, they turned up the unfortunate pinnacle and hid behind it. The exasperated commander trained a "saker," or ship's cannon, on the boat, and ordered the gunner to blow it and the savages to pieces. The gunner fired, and, as we read, the mariners expected to see legs flying in all directions. This they did see, but each pair of legs carried off a body uninjured from its hiding place. The gunner, it turned out, from pity for the savages or for the pinnacle, had not shotted the gun.

When they came to think of proceeding, the master reported that the captain's ship leaked so as to be hardly navigable, having had "three hundred strokes at one time as she rode in the harbour." Many of the crew were for leaving her, and returning in the other ships; but Davis, with that quiet courage and perseverance that honourably distinguished him, finding that she would swim, determined to carry out his original directions, and "rather to end his life with credite, than to return with infamie and disgrace. So being all agreed," continues the narrator, "we proposed to live and die together, and committed ourselves to the ship." The other two vessels

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were sent south, according to the scheme agreed on, to fish in a harbour on the coast of Labrador, which had been discovered on the preceding voyage, and contained most prolific banks. Davis, in his leaking little craft, pursued his northerly course.

On the 24th of June he reached lat. $67^{\circ} 40'$; on the 30th, lat. $72^{\circ} 12' N$. Here he found the variation of the compass increasing in a most bewildering way, the declination being 28° to the west.

As he had been endeavouring to sail as nearly due north as was feasible, he could not avoid the eastern coast of Davis' Straits, and had run along it, giving it the name of London Coast, till he had reached a tangle of islands, in the latitude above stated, of $72^{\circ} 12' N$. Here the wind shifted to north; and the sea being clear of ice, the captain resolved to waste no time in waiting for a chance of creeping further along the shore; and naming this spot, the highest north-western latitude yet attained, Sanderson's Hope, after his steady friend and patron, turned and ran west across the straits. After sailing forty leagues, the ship got hampered among masses of ice, and the same operation began which in the winter of 1857-8 nearly drove Captain M'Clintock to despair.* Steadily and helplessly the bark drifted south, till on the 20th they found themselves abreast of Mount Raleigh. There they got free, and sailed up Cumberland Strait, and named their old acquaintances, the islands at its head, Cumberland's Islands. Unable to proceed in that direction, they sailed out by a passage south of Cumberland's Strait, and, ignorant that it was Frobisher's Strait, named it

* The Fox drifted during 242 days, 1,385 geographical miles. "Fate of Franklin," p. 109.

Lumley's Inlet. South of them, as they emerged from the mouth of Frobisher's Strait, they saw, in lat. $61^{\circ} 10'$, a great headland, and named it Cape Chidley. This name it still bears; and, as it is the southern portal to the great entrance into Hudson's Straits, there is clearly justice in Luke Fox's remark that "Davis did light Hudson into his streights."*

The two other vessels could not be found; and, after sailing as far south as Darcie's Island ($54^{\circ} 32'$ N. lat.), and finding that the autumn storms were beginning, Davis turned his battered craft homewards, and arrived at Dartmouth on the 15th of September.

He himself was highly gratified with the results of this voyage, felt and expressed himself confident that the great northern straits were the entrance to the passage he sought, and was eager to try again. But the merchants were shy of any more northern adventures just then; and Davis, after fretting in inaction for eleven years, took to sailing to the East Indies, whereto he made no less than five voyages, "Which," says Prince, in his "Worthies of Devon," "is an instance of a wonderful providence, and an argument that the very same Lord who is the God of the earth is the God of the seas."

A.D. 1588—1592.—Neglecting the fictitious voyage of MALDONADO in 1588, and passing over the discovery by one JUAN DE FUCA of Queen Charlotte's Sound, on the west coast of America, which the foolish old Greek assumed to be the Strait of Anian (the Spanish synonyme for the north-west passage), we come to the three celebrated Dutch voyages to the

* Also "Barrow's Arctic Voyages," p. 115, where it is stated that Hudson's Straits "were in fact discovered by Davis."

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north-east, which rival in interest and importance those of Davis to the north-west.

The United Provinces had breathing time at last, after their mortal struggle with Spain, and, braced by that long and terrible contest, threw themselves into more peaceful pursuits with an energy that soon raised them to a level even with their powerful neighbour England, and ultimately, in some respects, for instance the whale fisheries, to a decided superiority.

Their very first effort towards oriental trade was likewise the first step in that steady jealous rivalry of England that culminated in Van Tromp's broom, and the flaming ships in the Medway. They intrigued at Moscow against the Muscovy Company, and endeavoured to supplant the English in the good graces of the Czar. Failing in this, they resolved to try their luck also in the search for a passage to China. It was considered that their safest and shortest way must lie by the north-east, and there they determined to explore.

A.D. 1593.—Baltazar Moucheron, of Middleburg in Zeeland, one of the richest merchants in Holland, Jacob Valek, the treasurer of Middleburg, and Dr. Francis Maelson, of Enkhuysen, were the promoters of the first attempt. In the year 1593, they fitted out, by the permission and with the assistance of the authorities, two ships of 100 tons each, the *Swan*, with Cornelis Corneliszoon Nai, of Enkhuysen, who was one of Moucheron's masters, as captain, and the *Mercury*, over whom was set Brant Ysbrantszoon. In the latter vessel sailed, as supercargo, John Hugh van Linschoten, an accomplished scholar and writer, who was also engaged to keep a journal of the voyage. The instructions to the captains were to try

for the passage to China along the shore by passing between the main land and Nova Zembla.

The Amsterdam merchants heard of this project, and, jealous of their nautical eminence, forthwith commissioned a third vessel, also named the Mercury, which, with a small fishing-boat, was entrusted to the man who has given his name to the three expeditions in which he was engaged, and whose character for nautical skill, dauntless courage, and piety, stands high among the worthies of that age, WILLIAM BARENTS.

The Amsterdamers took the opinion of Plantius, a celebrated geographer of that day and a friend of Barents,* as to the best course by the north to India; and in his advice directed Barents to sail, if possible, round the north of Nova Zembla, and thus, if it might be, avoid the ice that lay along the shore of Muscovy, and make a shorter voyage. The four vessels sailed on the 4th June, 1594, from the Texel.

The results of Barents' first voyage may be summed up in a few words. On the 29th June, 1594, he left the other vessels, and, in obedience to his orders, sailed north along the western coast of Nova Zembla. Off Cape Nassau, now Cape Nasavskoi, he met much ice. Struggling through, he continued his course along the coast of the land that now bears his name, till he reached the Islands of Orange at its eastern point, the north-eastern end, in fact, of Nova Zembla. Here he was foiled com-

* William Barents translated Iver Boty's Treatise into Low Dutch, from the old High Dutch translation from the Norse, in 1560. Hudson, in acknowledging his obligations for the English translations to Master William Stere, says, "Williem Barents' son's book is in the hands of Master Peter Plantius, who lent the same to me."

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pletely, and had to return to Cape Nassau, and thence south to Waygats Island, where, off Matthew's Island, he met the other ships, returning from the Sea of Kara through Pet's Strait. Their story was that they had sailed between 200 and 300 miles (50 or 60 Dutch) to the east, and had almost turned the corner, round which they could have sailed south to Cathay. Could they have seen the long, interminable, impracticable coast stretching round half the world, with the eternal ice glued to its iron rocks, that had to be passed before that desired corner could be reached, we should have no more Dutch north-east voyages to record. All the ships, after their happy meeting, sailed safely home.

Barents gained great credit from this voyage. And to this day, what he actually did with a bark of 100 tons and a fishing-boat is astonishing. His log was carefully kept; and the enumeration of the daily courses, carefully tested, as it has been, shows that Barents put about eighty-one times, and sailed 1,700 miles in twenty-six days, during his unavailing attempts to get round the north of Nova Zembla—an amount of patient exertion almost unequalled in naval annals. Could he have sailed this distance in a straight line to the east, it would have brought him almost to Behring's Straits.

From the bearings and distances in Barents' journal, his course has been minutely worked out by Mr. Augustus Petermann. The course thus traced, day by day, ends, for the 19th July in the map, exactly in Cape Nassau. On the 19th of July, Barents says he reached Cape Nassau, a proof of the singular accuracy with which he kept his records.

Several facts were noticed during this voyage, of

no little interest. Of one Barents deserves the title of discoverer. He observed that the chief cold he experienced, and the largest amount of ice, was not in the highest latitude he reached, but between 70 and 80 degrees of north latitude. Whenever he sailed north into the open sea, he felt it warmer, and found the sea opener, and came to the conclusion that cold did not increase as the Pole was approached. "In y^e opinion oure pilote, William Barents, died," says de Veer, "who, notwithstanding the feareful and intollerable cold that he indured, yet he was not discouraged, but offered to lay wagers with divers of us that, by God's helpe, he would bring that pretended (intended) voiage to an end, if he held his courses north-east from the North Cape." Dr. Kane, one of the latest and ablest of Arctic navigators, held the same opinion; and, having reached almost the highest latitude ever attained, tells us that one of his officers saw open water, with rich vegetation on its shores, and every sign of almost a temperate climate, stretching as far north as he could see.

The reason of the undoubted fact that the intensest cold, and consequently thickest and most persistent ice, are found in a comparatively low latitude, is still a mystery. Gerrit de Veer, the friend and "vates sacer" of Barents, suggests that Spitzbergen has "leaves and grass, and such beastes as feed of leaves and grasse," on the principle whereby "the tropicos" are as hot as it is right under the line, which is hardly convincing. A more satisfactory modern guess is, that there may be some great submarine current or currents of warmer water from the south (of the existence of which there is some

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evidence) that rise to the surface in the great unknown northern waters.

The vast animal life that pervades these frozen regions also attracted the Hollanders' attention. They named one harbour Lomb's Bay, from the crowds of *lombs*, or, as they are now called, foolish guillemots (*uria troile*) that they found there, and which they called *noordtsche papegayen* (northern parrots). They deemed these fat, little-winged birds, worthy of having their likeness preserved; and accordingly, in the corner of their map of Lomb's Bay, appear four particularly foolish guillemots, looking at one another.

Here, too, they first made acquaintance with that king of the Arctic regions, the polar bear. The account is so graphic that it is well worth repeating.

"The 9 of July they entered into Beeren-fort vpon the road vnder Williams Island, and there they found a white beare, which they perceiuing, presently entered into their boate, and shot her into the body with a musket; but the beare showed most wonderfull strength, which almost is not to be found in any beast, for no man ever heard the like to be done by any lyon or cruel beast whatsoeuer: for notwithstanding that she was shot into the bodie, yet she leapt vp, and swame in the water, the men that were in the boate rowing after her, cast a rope about her necke, and by that means drew her at the sterne of the boate, for that not hauing seene the like beare before, they thought to have carried her alieue in the shippe, and to haue showed her as a strange wonder in Holland: but she used such force that they were glad that they were rid of her, and contented themselves with her skin only; for she made such a noyse,

and strove in such sorte, that it was admirable, wherewith they let her rest and gave her more scope, with the rope that they held her by, and so drew her in that sort after them, by that meanes to wearie her: meane time, William Barents poked her now and then with the boat hook, but the beare swame to the boate, and with her fore-feete got hold of the sterne thereof, which William Barents perceiving said, She will there rest herselfe; but she had another meaning, for she used such force, that at last she had gotten halfe her body into the boat, wherewith the men were so abashed, that they run into y^e further end of the boate, and thought verily to have been spoiled by her; but by a strange means they were delivered from her, for that the rope that was about her necke caught hold vpon the hooke of the ruther, whereby the beare could get no further, but so was held backe, and hanging in that manner, one of the men boldly stept forth from the end of the scute, and thrust her into the bodie with a half-pike, and therewith she fell downe into the water, and so they rowed forward with her to the ship, drawing her after them, till she was in a manner dead, wherewith they killed her outright, and hauing fleaed her, brought the skinne to Amsterdam."

Barents and his men had, subsequently, a far more tragical adventure with one of these powerful brutes, who are still alarming to a novice, as Mr. Goodsir candidly confesses.* Of this catastrophe, a fearful illustration is given in Phillip's translation of Gerrit de Veer's narrative; accurate, however, to such a degree, that a bullet is carefully depicted during its flight from the mouth of a musket.

* Goodsir's "Arctic Voyage," p. 143.

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"The 6th of September," writes De Veer, "some of our men went on shore upon the firm land to seek for stones . . . and two of them lying together in one place, a great leane white beare came sodainly stealing out, and caught one of them fast by the necke, who not knowing what it was that tooke him by the necke, cried out and said, 'Who is it that pulles me so by the necke?' Wherewith the other, that lay not farre from him, lifted up his head to see who it was, and perceiving it to be a monsterous beare, cryed and sayd, 'Oh, mate, it is a beare!' and therewith presently rose up and ran away.

"The beare at the first falling upon the man, bit his head in sunder, and suckt out his blood, wherewith the rest of the men that were on land, being about twenty in number, ran presently thither, either to save the man, or else to drive the bear from the dead body, and having charged their pieces and bent their pikes, set upon her that still was devouring the man; but perceiving them to come towards her, fiercely and cruelly ran at them, and gat another of them out from the companie, which she tare in pieces, wherewith all the rest ran away."

The others from the ship now landed, and attacked the monster. "Three of our men went forward, the beare still devouring her prey, not once fearing the number of our men; and after that the sayd master and pilots had shot three times and mist, the purser stepping somewhat further forward, and seeing the beare to be within the length of a shot, presently leavelled his peece, and discharging it at the beare, shot her into the head between the eyes; and yet shee held the man still fast by the necke, and lifted up her head, with the man in her mouth; but shee began

somewhat to stagger, wherewith the purser and a Scottishman drew out their courtlaxes and stroke at her so hard that their courtlaxes burst, yet would shee not leave the man. At last, William Geysen went to them, and with all his might stroke the beare upon the snowt vith his peece, at which time the beare fell to the ground making a great noyse, and William Geysen leaping upon her cut her throat."

Polar bears are not so fierce now-a-days, and have learned a salutary respect for firearms; but their strength and power of mischief are much the same at present as the Dutchmen found them. Dr. Kane gives a striking picture of their vigour. "The final cache" (hiding-place), he says, "which I relied so much upon, was entirely destroyed. It had been built with extreme care, of rocks which had been assembled by very heavy labour, and adjusted with as much aid often from capstan-bars as levers. The entire construction was, so far as our means permitted, most effective and resisting. Yet these tigers of the ice seemed to have scarcely encountered an obstacle. Not a morsel of pemmican remained, except in the iron cases, which, being round with conical ends, defied both claws and teeth. They had rolled and pawed them in every direction, tossing them about like footballs, although over eighty pounds in weight. An alcohol case, strongly iron-bound, was dashed into small fragments, and a tin can of liquor mashed and twisted almost into a ball. The claws of the beast had perforated the metal, and torn it up as with a cold chisel."

The Netherlanders also slew several of those "wonderfull strong monsters of the sea, the wal-rushen, or sea-horses," with no little peril to them-

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selves; and the final words in the account of this first voyage are, "William Barents' men brought a sea-horse to Amsterdam, being of a wonderfull greatnesse, which they took upon a flake of ice and killed it."

Hugh van Linschoten wrote an account of the voyage of the *Swan* and *Mercury*, in which he painted their successes in such vivid colours, and so ingeniously suggested that they had gone further to the east than Barents, and had been so near to the point where the shore turned south to Cathay, as to rouse the wrath of Gerrit de Veer, who roundly accuses him of representing things much too favourably. The scholar's story was believed, nevertheless, and the promoters of the former voyage, sanguine of success, determined to send out a more considerable expedition, and commenced preparing this time, under the auspices of the Government, seven vessels; two from Zealand, the *Griffin* (200 tons, the Admiral Cornelis Nai's flag-ship) and the *Swan* (100 tons); two from Enkhuyzen, the *Hope* (200 tons) and the *Mercury* (100 tons); two from Amsterdam, the *Greyhound* (100 tons), under William Barents, and the *Mercury* (100 tons); and one, a yacht, from Rotterdam (40 tons). The orders of this last vessel were to return as soon as the other ships had turned south to China, and bring news to Holland.

The anxiety of the merchants and authorities to fit out the expedition properly, lost so much time, that it was not till the 10th of August that they passed the North Cape, after starting on the 2nd of July, 1595, from the Texel. This ruined the prospects of the expedition, for they fell in with the ice fifty miles before they reached the coast of Nova Zembla. The

previous winter had been very severe; and though they stood south to Waygats Island, they found Pet's Strait blocked up with ice, "so that it had the appearance of a continent, which was most frightful to behold." The frightfulness of the sight made the crews mutinous, at least those of the Zealand and Enkhuysen ships; and after one or two attempts to get through the straits, the admiral and every one but Barents and the Amsterdammers gave up all hopes of success. The sailors grew loud in their complaints, declaring that the captains desired their deaths, and that if they did not return at once, they would have to winter in that desolate place. Barents and his companions held out, and persuaded the rest to various attempts, till even their determination was overcome, and all the captains signed a paper justifying themselves. The expedition returned, a dead failure, never having advanced beyond States Island. Barents was the last man to give up; and, for his and his compatriots' obstinacy, Linschoten reviles them. It seems, however, that they did nothing but hold to their duty till it ceased to be duty and became foolhardiness.

A.D. 1596.—The authorities of the States General were so disappointed at the complete failure of such an expensive effort as the last expedition, which was indeed one of the best appointed that had ever sailed on Arctic discovery, that they had no heart to send another, but contented themselves with promising a considerable reward to the "townes or marchants" whose ships should succeed in discovering the passage.

The merchants of Amsterdam, however, had by no means lost their confidence in their gallant pilot;

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and since both he and Plantius, the geographer, held to the opinion that round the north of Nova Zembla was the right way, they took courage, and sent two more vessels, in the year 1596, on the old errand. The chief command was entrusted to Jacob von Heemskerck, one of those admirable noblemen who abounded in those days, able to sail ships without having been bred to the sea, to conduct difficult operations in the field without any regular military education, to write works like Raleigh's "History of the World" without a book to refer to, to preside at council tables, go on embassies to any court in Europe, compose madrigals or plans of fortifications, write a sonnet or a dispatch, fight a duel or a pitched battle, and undertake the discussion or discovery of a system of theology or the northern route to China. The real commander, nevertheless, was William Barents himself; long the advocate, and now to be the martyr, of the enterprise.

The leaders of the expedition determined this time to keep clear of the ice, if they could. Sailing from Amsterdam on the 10th May, they sailed so much more to the due north than before, that Barents himself grew uneasy, and maintained that they were too far to the west. The result of this new course was the discovery of an island, which they called, from a desperate struggle they had on it with a bear, Bear Island. This island was for many years laid down in English maps as Cherie Island, a name given to it by Stephen Bennett in 1603, in compliment to his patron, Sir Francis Cherie. Its true name has been since, in justice to its Dutch discoverers, restored.

Still the ships held due north, and after several

days' prosperous sailing, during which their only adventure was meeting with a dead whale, that "stouncke monsterously," they saw land again, on the 19th of June. This was a more important discovery, being no less than the island of Spitzbergen, or, as it was long called, New Greenland. It is now quite settled that the Dutch, and not Sir Hugh Willoughby, have the credit of being the first modern visitors of Spitzbergen; though, as has been mentioned, Captain Buchan found such numbers of ancient graves there, that it is clear there must have once existed even on these inclement shores, a numerous Scandinavian colony. It seems to have been some part of the north-east shores of the group of islands now called Spitzbergen, on which they landed. Here also they had to fight for their lives with a bear "thirteen feet long."

While wandering about here, the sailors discovered multitudes of the eggs of brent-geese; and De Veer exults in the fact, as exploding the singular popular fictions relating to the origin of these birds. "Till this time," he says, "it was never knowne where they laid and hatcht their egges, so that some men have taken upon them to write that they sit upon trees in Scotland that hang over the water, and such egges as fall from them downe into the water become yong geese and swimme there out of the water, but those that falle upon the land burst in sunder and are lost; but this is now found to be contrary, and it is not to be wondered at that no man could tell where they breed their egges, for that no man that ever we knew had been under 80°, nor that land under 80° was never set downe in any

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They observed, as has been already mentioned, that in spite of the very high latitude, "leaves and grasse grew, and that there are therein (in Spitzbergen) such beastes as eat grasse, as harts, buckes, and such like beastes as live thereon."

Their course from the point where they first landed has been carefully traced, and it is now admitted that they actually achieved what is now hardly possible, the complete circumnavigation of Spitzbergen. On the 1st of June they again neared Bear Island, after having sailed up the eastern coast of Spitzbergen, through Waygats and Hinlopen Strait, thus cutting off its north-east corner, went thence round the north capes, and then southwards. Here a quarrel arose between the two captains, Barents and Rijp. Barents had all along been of opinion

* Phillip, Gerrit de Veer's translator, is in error in calling these birds *red* geese, or in saying that they cried "Red, red, red." De Veer calls them simply "rot gansen," or "flocking-geese," from "rot," a crowd (Ang. rout).

There were much more absurd stories as to the birth and parentage of brent-geese than that which De Veer demolishes. It was generally believed that they came from the common barnacle, the Latin name of which (*Lepas anatifera*) still bears testimony to the fiction. Not only sober scientific prose, but poetry is employed in the preservation and embellishment of this ingenious invention.

"So rotten sides of broken ships do change
To barnacles—oh, transformation strange!
'Twas first a green tree, then a gallant hull,
Late a mushroom, now a flying gull."

Du Bartas.

The account of the breeding of geese from barnacles, by Gerard, is so well known, that it need not be quoted here. It should be noticed, however, that his English editor, Johnson, gives, in a note, the whole credit of exploding the story to "some Hollanders, who in their third voyage to find out the north-east passage to China and the Moluccos, found abundance of these geese sitting on their egges."

that they were too far to the west, and now insisted upon going south to get clear of the ice, and then heading to the east. Rijp, on the contrary, held that it was best to go north in the longitude in which they then were. This purpose he carried out; but, beyond the fact that after reaching Bird Cape, on the west coast of Spitzbergen, his heart failed him, and he turned to follow his fellow captain, nothing is known of his subsequent proceedings in the way of discovery.

Barents continued his course to the east, as soon as the ice allowed, and reached the west coast of Nova Zembla (lat. $73^{\circ} 20' N.$) on the 17th of July. On the next day they reached Admiralty Island, and on the 19th, Archangel Bay. They were repeatedly stopped by the ice; but Barents had, unfortunately for himself, set his heart on getting round the north of Nova Zembla, and he undauntedly held on. On the 6th of August they reached Cape Nassau (Nassavskoi); on the 15th the ice-beaten little vessel arrived at the island of Orange, the furthest point that had been reached on the former voyage; in fact, the north-easternmost corner of Nova Zembla itself. Here, while the ship lay ice-locked, the sailors rowed to the main-land of Nova Zembla, and observing from the top of a high hill how the shore trended southward, came to the conclusion that they had "won their voyage, and knew not how to get soon enough on board to certify William Barents thereof."

As soon as the ice would let them move, they crept round the end of Nova Zembla, and on the 21st of August the ship entered the bay which she was never

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more to leave. They called it Ice Haven.* From this time till the 25th September was occupied in unavailing efforts to get out of the bay, and sail either south to Waygats Strait, or else back by the way they came. As soon as the unfortunate vessel showed her bowsprit out of the harbour the merciless drift of the ice drove her back. At last she froze so hard and fast, that the only representation of her condition which the artist who illustrated Phillip's translation of De Veer thinks fitting, is one which perches her, hopelessly enough, on the top of a hill. Moreover, her rudder had been broken and her boat crushed in a "nip" of the ice.

So the unfortunate Dutchmen gave up all hope of release that year; and, when the bears would let them alone, set themselves to collect fuel for the winter, which they rightly anticipated would prove "extream bitter;" to build a house and prepare, as well as they could, for their gloomy sojourn. The fuel and materials for their house they found in the shape of "certaine trees, roots, and all, which had bin driven upon the shoare, either from Tartaria, Muscovia,† or elsewhere, for there was none growing upon that land. Wherewith (as if God had purposely sent them unto us). we were much comforted, being in good hope that God would shew us some further favour; for that wood served us not onely to build our house, but also to burne and serve us

* It is not laid down in the present Admiralty chart, which follows the Russian surveys, and leaves the south coast of the north-eastern portion of Nova Zembla blank. Petermann's map supplies it, and indeed, the whole coast of Nova Zembla.

† Mr. Lamont agrees with the Dutch narrator in thinking that the most part of the Arctic drift-wood comes, not from America or the Antilles with the Gulf-stream, but from Siberia, or north Russia, down the flooded and eno.mous rivers of those countries.

all the winter long; otherwise, without all doubt, we had died there miserably with extreame cold."

Through their long winter's misery, the curt and matter-of-fact account of which takes up a large part of a thick volume of small print, we have not space to follow them minutely. Their keenest trial was the cold; against which, poor souls, they were but ill provided. Some of its severer effects struck them with a forlorn surprise. "It froze so hard," it is recorded in one place, "that as we put a nayle into our mouths (as when men worke carpenters' worke they use to do) there would ice hang thereon when we tooke it out againe, and make the blood follow." Their barrels of beer froze, and left nothing to drink but a little malignantly strong stuff in the middle of a block of ice no stronger than water; "so being melted, we mixt one with the other, and so dranke it, but it had neither strength nor tast."

One of their men had died; and of the sixteen survivors, "there was still one or other sicke." Still the severity of the cold increased; and even their old enemies, the bears, left them when the sun disappeared, which it did on the 4th of November.

"Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,
Froze the ice on lake and river;
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted:
Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage."*

At last it was only by unceasing care, keeping large fires of wood blazing, placing heated stones to their feet, and wearing double clothing, that they kept themselves alive and unfrozen. But the misery of going out to fetch the fuel, and having to drag

* Longfellow's "Hiawatha."

it home on a sledge, was such that the chronicler evidently writes of it with a shudder. Nothing, in all probability, would have enabled them to exist, had it not been for the heavy falls of snow, which made their wretched hut warmer than they could have built it.

No praise can be too high for the patient piety, obedience, and courage of these brave men. During their nine months' misery, not a mutinous, not even a fretful, word is recorded against them. Their faith in the presence and merciful care of an unseen Father seems to have been unwavering. The common sense and cheerfulness they showed in adopting every conceivable expedient for preserving health of body and mind are hardly less admirable. And every now and then, in the midst of the tragic narrative, a certain dry and solemn waggishness peeps out which gives the strongest assurance that they were not the men to exaggerate the trials and calamities they endured. On the 9th of January (1597) they tried to get out to have a look at their fox-traps, "but there was no need to bid us go home again, inasmuch as out of doors it was not smoking hot." On the 5th of the same month they say, "We remembered ourselves it was Three-Kings' Even, and then we prayed the skipper that we might be merry (!) that night. . . . So we made merry and drank to the three kings. And therewith we had two pound of meale, which we had taken to make paste for the cartridges, whereof we made pancakes with oyle, and every man had a white bisket, which we sopt in the wine. And so . . . it comforted us as well as if we had made a great banquet in our own house. And we also made tickets (drew lots), and our gunner was king of Nova Zembla. which is

at least 800 miles long, and lyeth between two seas."

At last the sun once more shone on the half-starved, half-frozen, scurvy-mangled crew, and was hailed with the passionate thankfulness that only those who for weary months have been starving and freezing in darkness can feel. "We all went forth," says De Veer, "and saw the sunne in his full roundnesse a little above the horrison, . . . which made us all glad, and we gave God hearty thanks for his grace shewed unto us, that that glorious light appeared unto us again."

During the long Arctic night the foxes had, fortunately for the adventurers, been very busy about the hut; and their chief employment, next to the getting fuel, was to trap this dubious kind of "venison," as they called it, cook and eat it, and wear the skins. Now, however, with the sun the bears awoke, and the foxes disappeared. The reappearance of the bears supplied them with grease for their lamp, which they lighted again with much delight, "whereby we had meanes to passe the time away by reading and other exercises, which before (when we could not distinguish day from night by reason of the darknesse, and had not lamps continually burning) we could not doe."

The year wore on, but the ice showed no sign of loosing the unfortunate ship from its deadly grasp; and at last the crew respectfully begged Barents to "move the maister" to start homewards in the two boats. Heemskerck promised to prepare for leaving the ship if at the end of May she should not be free. No prospect of this appearing, they all set to work, with diminished strength, but unfailing courage, to

tinker at the boats. The only complaint they make is of anything that hinders their labour of love. One day they are all too weak, another they lose from having eaten the liver of a bear, which nearly was the death of some of them, and which the master indignantly threw out of doors, "for we had had enough of that sauce."

Meanwhile Barents, who had been long ailing, began to fail, and with another of the crew, Claus Adrianson, kept to his bed.

At last, on the 14th June, the two boats were launched, and the two sick men carefully carried on board. A letter, narrating the misfortunes of the expedition, was written and left in the hut, and a copy secured on board each boat; and then the Dutchmen left their wintry prison, and began their almost desperate journey home. Through their various calamities during a voyage of 1,100 miles across a frozen sea, "in the ice, over the ice, and through the sea," we cannot follow them. Every suffering seems to have made them only more thankfully devout towards God, more unselfish towards each other, and more tenderly considerate to their sick comrades. These soon succumbed to the miseries and hardships of the way. On the 20th June poor Barents, in the midst of advising and encouraging his fellow-sufferers, cried to his old friend, "Gerrit, give me something to drinke," and had no sooner drunk than, says his sorrowing follower, "he was taken with so sodaine a qualm that he turned his eies in his head, and died presently. His death put us in no small discomfort, as being the chief guide and onely pilot on whom we reposed ourselves next under God; but we could not strive against God, and so must per-

force be content." Thus died, in the gallant performance of his duty, one of the bravest and truest-hearted of the many brave and true-hearted men who have ventured their lives in the polar seas. Adrianson soon followed his captain, and the survivors went on their way sorrowing.

After inexpressible labour and suffering, they reached Kola, and, to their delight, found Rijp there, who had, it will be remembered, left them the year before. In his ship they all reached Holland on the 29th of October, 1597.

The result of these voyages of Barents was, geographically, considerable. The discovery and circumnavigation of Spitzbergen, for so many years afterwards the chief station of the whale-fisheries, and the examination of the northern parts of Nova Zembla, were achievements sufficient to render any expedition famous. The last feat has never been repeated, at least to the same extent; and the comparison of Petermann's and the Admiralty maps of Nova Zembla show how much more minute the observations of Barents were than those of Admiral Lütke. Indeed, for much of the coast of this great Arctic island, the old Dutchman is still, as far as we know, the only authority.

In a mercantile point of view, the expeditions were, of course, as we now know, failures. But at that time they served only to whet curiosity and hope, the navigators themselves believing that they had seen the great path to the Indies trending southwards before their eyes.

A.D. 1596.—There is a dim whisper of a certain Englishman, who told some Jesuits in Japan, who told De Couto, who wrote it in his book, that he had

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reached the latitude of 82° N. in the year 1595. It has been surmised that this person was one of Rijp's crew, and was no other than WILLIAM ADAMS, the somewhat celebrated pilot to the East Indies.* With which guess we must leave the Dutch voyages to the north-east, and once again look to the north-west.

A.D. 1602.—One year before James I. ascended the English throne, and only five years after John Davis had returned from his third voyage, a fresh expedition was sent to Labrador, this time by the "Worshipful Fellowship of Merchants of London trading into the East Indies." The great company was young then, and sent only two small vessels, the *Godspeed* and the *Discovery*, under the command of Captain GEORGE WAYMOUTH.

He sailed from Ratcliff on the 2nd of May, 1602, and on the 5th of August, to the disgust of his employers, returned, having done nothing but sail vaguely about the shores of Labrador up to $63^{\circ} 53'$ N. It appeared that a great traveller and learned minister, Master John Cartwright, whom the company sent as chaplain to the expedition, had incited the crews to mutiny, and the feeble captain succumbed. The irate company determined, if possible, to strip the preacher of his gown, and to take the opinion of "some learned counsel what acc^{on} would best lye against him for compelling the rendering thereof." Whether they succeeded or not does not appear. Captain Waymouth also, whom there was some talk of

* W. Adams himself says nothing of having made any such voyages, but concludes a letter to the East India Company, with "which discoueree I do trust in Allmightie God should be on of the most famost that euer hath bin," as his opinion of it, if it were made.

employing again, was disappointed; the ships, *Discovery* and *Godspeed*, were sold, and he disappears.

A.D. 1605-6-7.—The persevering efforts of the English and Dutch in exploring the northern seas may have had some effect in reminding the Danes, the oldest discoverers of all, not only of their ancient renown, but of the fact, which had for years faded out of men's minds, that, unless the frost and the *Skrøellingers* had destroyed them, they had two colonies in Greenland. Whatever was the cause, in each of the years 1605, 1606, 1607, the Danish Government dispatched expeditions to Greenland, with JAMES HALL, an Englishman, as pilot. They seem to have confined themselves chiefly to tacking about in the mouth of Davis' Straits and fighting the natives. One reason of their ill-success is suggested by Purchas, who tells us that some of the captains of the various ships were Englishmen, and one, John Cunningham, was a Scotchman, and that the Danes were so jealous of the foreigners that they mutinied repeatedly.

A.D. 1606.—JOHN KNIGHT, one of these English captains, had, unfortunately for himself, attained such a reputation, that the Muscovy and East India Companies sent him out again to search for the north-west passage. His little bark, the *Hopewell*, a pinnace of 40 tons, never got higher than lat. $56^{\circ} 48'$, where, on the coast of Labrador, she was so knocked about by the ice as to become nearly unmanageable. While she was being repaired in a cove, the master, the mate, and three sailors went on shore to explore, leaving two men in the boat, one with a trumpet, and the other with a musket. From ten in the forenoon till eleven at night the sailors waited, sounding

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the trumpet and firing the musket; but Captain Knight and his four comrades returned no more. The disconsolate remainder, only eight in number, had a terrible intimation of their captain's fate a few days after. A "very little people, tawny-coloured, with thin or no beards, and flat-nosed," to the number of fifty, attacked them with such fury, and such sharp arrows, that but for a fierce dog they had, and their own stout hearts, they would have been destroyed. The agitated Englishmen accuse these savages of being "man-eaters" on less trustworthy grounds, apparently, than the Danes in the last-mentioned voyages had for their accusation against their dwarfish foes of being dog-eaters, for the latter found something very like a puppy's head in a pot. From the narratives of all these voyages it appears that the Skrocellingers of the seventeenth century were as savage and as dangerous as those who tore down the buildings and scattered the inhabitants of the West Bygd.

Knight's crew got safe to Newfoundland, after perils innumerable, in July.

A.D. 1607.—With Davis, Barents, and Baffin, must be classed HENRY HUDSON, as familiar and tragical a name as Gilbert or Willoughby. He was a brave and skilful seaman, and so well known to be one, that in 1607, after the return of the shattered, rudderless Hopewell, he was selected by the indefatigable merchants to lead a fresh attempt. Undiscouraged by their ill-success though they were, it was thought prudent to try a new course this time; and Hudson was directed to sail due north, turning neither to the east nor to the west. If the ships could not get to

India *round* the earth either way, said the merchants, they should go *over* it.

On the 1st of May Hudson started from Gravesend to sail over the North Pole in a little bark with ten men and a boy. On the 13th June he had reached 70° , and sighted, or rather discovered, the great capes of Greenland which overhang Iceland to the north. Along this unknown coast, now so beset with vast fields of ice as to be inaccessible, but then apparently easily navigable in summer, he pressed northwards still. In lat. 73° he came to a "mayne high land," still part of the coast of Greenland, about which country he confesses he felt great curiosity, and named it by the name it still bears, vaguely though its position or nature is known, Hold with Hope.

Encouraged by the very high temperature of this high latitude, where heavy rain, like thunder-showers, fell, he steered north-east for Spitzbergen, which he sighted on the 27th June. Creeping about its shores among the hampering ice, he came to a *green* sea, free of ice,* and sailed again due north. In this course he reached the latitude of about 81° , the highest that had been as yet attained, and as high as any subsequently recorded, with the exception of Scoresby's journey in 1806, in which $81^{\circ} 30'$ is given by that reliable authority as his highest limit, and Parry's boat-journey in 1827, when it was not until the astonishingly high point of $82^{\circ} 45'$ had been reached that that persevering commander turned back.†

* Hudson conceived the idea that the green sea was always freer of ice than the blue. Scoresby, however, maintains that this was accidental, and says the only difference between them is, that whales are more commonly found in the green, because it is the small medusæ on which they feed which give it that colour.

† There is an uncertain account of a ship called the Hopewell, commanded by Thomas Marmaduke, of Hull, which in 1612 penetrated as far north as

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Hudson's hope was to return home round the north of Greenland, which he fancied was an island (as indeed it may be for all we know), by Davis' Straits. His stores began, however, to fail, and though the season was so favourable that he positively found it "hot on shoore," he was obliged to return, and brought his little vessel and his ten men and boy safe home by the 15th of September.

A.D. 1608.—The next year we find Hudson trying for a passage by the north-east, with a crew of fourteen men. He visited Nova Zembla, and has left a record of his voyage, in which he states his opinion that "all the land of Nova Zembla that yet we have seen, is to a man's eye a pleasant land!" Nothing new, however, having been discovered on this voyage except a mermaid, who had a "tayle like the tayle of a porposse, and speckled like a mackerell," we may pass on to the bold captain's final effort.

A.D. 1610.—In a voyage he undertook in 1609, in which he seems to have done little but sail backwards and forwards from east to west, Hudson entered the river which now bears his name. In the following year, 1610, he had an opportunity of further exploring the north-west, as he had already explored the north and north-east—the last opportunity of any exploration he was ever to have.

Divers merchants and men of weight and renown, among whom the chief were those whose names are enshrined in their faithful servants' discoveries, Sir John Wolstenholme and Sir Dudley Digges, combined to send Hudson in search of the north-west

82°, two degrees north of Hakluyt's Headland, in Spitzbergen. The statement is only at second hand, and is not corroborated by any evidence whatever.

passage. They purchased a ship of 55 tons, the *Discovery*, and on the 17th of April she set sail.

The course and the tragical end of this voyage are well known. The vessel reached the mouth of Frobisher's Straits on the 9th of June. Hudson did not sail up this channel, but keeping more to the southward, entered the body of the great American continent by the broad strait which bears his name, into the vast inland sea, which he was never more to leave alive.

The angle where the southern shore of the straits turned south and Hudson's Bay opened before him he named Cape Wolstenholme. On some neighbouring islands he bestowed the name of his other patron, Dudley Digges.

After sailing about in Hudson's Bay, the ship was caught by the ice and frozen in for that winter. The privations the crew endured, and the temptations of a profligate wretch named Greene, whom Hudson had preserved from deserved ruin, and taken to sea to give him another chance to retrieve fame and fortune, bred ill feeling between the master and his men. The rights of the matter we shall never know, as the only account of the voyage after the 3rd of August in the first year, when Hudson's journal abruptly ends, is by one Abacuk Prickett, a sleek mutineer, who carefully represents himself all through as an injured hero, and Hudson as a tyrant.

The poor captain's wretched death every one knows of, as well as the subsequent fate of the expedition. He and his son, with six sick men and the carpenter, were forced on board the ship's boat, and brutally set adrift among the ice of an unknown Arctic sea. The carpenter, John King, refused the

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mutineers' entreaties to remain ; and, quietly keeping to his duty though it led to a shocking death, followed his captain to perish from starvation and cold, rather than remain in riot and plenty on board. Judgment soon overtook the rest. Greene and three others were killed by the savages. Provisions fell short even among the reduced crew, and when at last they reached Galloway, they had to pawn their anchor and cable to hire men to sail the ship home to England.

Prickett had the advantage of telling his own story, and managed to some extent to exculpate himself and Robert Bylot, though they had taken part in the mutiny. But his canting account of the whole affair, and the thoroughly untrustworthy character of his narrative, more than justify honest Luke Fox's remark, "Well, Prickett, I am in great doubt of thy fidelity to Master Hudson."

A.D. 1612.—Prickett's narrative, containing, as it did, the account of the great western sea into which Hudson's Straits opened, and also a statement that Hudson's ship had been floated off a rock near Cape Dudley Digges by a high tide flowing *from the west*, excited fresh hopes that the true spot in which to search for the north-west passage had been found. His plausible story, moreover, so far explained away the suspicion which attached to him, that he and Bylot were engaged to sail in the next expedition.

This consisted of two vessels, the *Resolution*, under the command of SIR THOMAS BUTTON, and the *Discovery*, under Captain INGRAM. Button had been appointed leader of the expedition, and was ordered by his instructions to enter Hudson's Straits and press towards the west, when, as this curious document

goes on to say, "you shal be happie in finding out some convenient parte on the back of America, or some island in the South Sea, for a haven or a stacon for our shippes and marchandizes hereafter; but yet spend as little time as maie be in this or any other searche, saving of the passage, till you have dispatched the pinnace with advertisement of your entrie into the South Sea, which must be done as soon as you shal be thereof assured."

It is impossible not to admire the patient pertinacity with which the merchants of London prosecuted their quest for the way to India. It required many more disappointments, and much more loss, to make them abandon the idea, so firmly was it rooted in their minds.

Button followed his instructions to the letter. After passing through Hudson's Straits, he sailed from Digges' Island (or Cape Dudley Digges, which it will be remembered lies at the western entrance) in a north-westerly direction, till he reached the southern extremity of Southampton Island, which he called Cary's Swan's Nest. Passing this to the south, he sailed right across Hudson's Bay till he was brought up, in lat. $60^{\circ} 40'$, by its western coast, which he named Hopes Checked. He wintered in Nelson River, and the next year returned to England through neither Hudson's nor Frobisher's Straits, but through one of the many other possible channels that lead from the main ocean into the great inland sea.

Poor Sir Thomas was bitterly disappointed at his failure, though indeed he might well have been proud of being the discoverer of the western shores of Hudson's Bay. He says, simply and piously, that

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he trusts that "God, which best knowes what the truth of his endeavours have been in this action, will not faile to give a blessing to some that followe." For his part, he says, he desires "to be blest no otherwise than as he has sincerely laboured; and therefore he must conclude and ever believe according to the word, that Paul plants, Apollos waters, and God gives the increase. So that until his good will and pleasure is, all that we doe cannot in this nor aught else prevaile."

Still, from this voyage fresh hopes were conceived of final success. Thomas Harriott drew up "three reasons to prove that there is a passage from the north-west into the open sea," which are preserved in the British Museum among his mathematical papers. They are curious, and not commonly printed in works on Arctic discovery, and are therefore given here:—

"1.—The tydes in Port Nelson (where Sir Thomas Button did winter) were constantly 15 or 18 foote, which is not found in any baye throughout the world but in such seas as lye open att both ends to the mayne ocean.

"2.—Euery strong westerne winde did bring into the harbour where he wintered, so much water, that the neap tydes were equall to the spring tydes, notwithstanding that the harbour was open only to the E.N.E.

"3.—In coming out of the harbour, shaping his course directly north about 60°, he found a strong race of a tyde, setting due east and west, which in probabilitie could be no other thing than the tyde coming from the west and returning from the east."

The little success that had attended the expeditions

to Hudson's Bay directed attention once more further north. It seemed clear from the voyages of Barents and Hudson that the north-east and the north were not the quarters in which any practicable passage was to be looked for. Hudson's Bay seemed equally hopeless, though two more expeditions were dispatched to it before it was finally abandoned.

A.D. 1614.—One of these was under a Captain GIBBONS, a relative of Sir Thomas Button, who had accompanied him in his voyage. This unfortunate man started with a great reputation, in command of the *Discovery*, which had been one of Button's ships. On the coast of Labrador he got caught in the ice, in the Bay of Nain, which his crew irreverently called, "Gibbons his hole." When he escaped, he came home, with no loss, but much disgrace.

A.D. 1615.—The other expedition was made in the same veteran little vessel, but was under the command of very different men. One was BYLOT, who, in spite of his having come home with the mutineers in Hudson's ship, had accompanied several other expeditions, and had established a deserved reputation for brave and skilful seamanship. The other was WILLIAM BAFFIN, the last, and, in some respects, the greatest of the Arctic adventurers of that period. Baffin had accompanied James Hall to Greenland in 1612, in search for some gold mines which Hall had got news of when he was piloting the three Danish expeditions thither in 1605, 1606, and 1607. Baffin then gave such evidence of his knowledge of navigation, that his services were eagerly sought for one more attempt to discover the channel supposed to exist in the region of Hudson's Bay. This expedition sailed in 1615. It added

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nothing to the existing knowledge of Hudson's Bay. But the observations he made fully convinced Baffin that it was no use searching any longer in this direction. "My answer," he says in his journal, "must be, that doubtless there is a passadge. But within this strayte, whome is called Hudson's Straytes, I am doubtfulle, supposinge the contrarye. But whether there be or no I will not affirme. But this I will affirme, that we have not been in any greater tyde than that from Resolution Iland, and the greatest indraft of that commeth from Davis' Straytes; and my judgment is, if any passadge within Resolution Iland, it is but some creek or inlett, but the mayne will be upp Fretum Davis."

A.D. 1616.—This testimony decided the merchants; and Baffin, with the same crew, was commissioned to carry out his own idea, and sail up Davis' Straits. The instructions are very curious. With unwavering conviction of the existence and practicability of the passage somewhere or other, the pilot is bidden to hold north, and then west, directing his course "to fall in with the land of Yedzo." If he can reach this, or the north part of Japan, "we would have you," add the merchants, "bring home one of the men of the countrey, and so, God blessing you with all expedition, to make your return home againe."

Once more the little *Discovery* (she was only of 55 tons' burden) started. It was her fifth voyage to Arctic latitudes, and she had been frozen up several times, and, on the last voyage to Hudson's Bay, so maltreated by the ice, that Baffin himself says: "Unlesse the Lord himselve had beene on our side we had shurely perished, for sometimes the ship was hoysed aloft, and at other times shee, hauinge, as it were,

got the upper hand, would force greate mighty peeces of ice to sink doune on the side of hir, and rise on the other." But she was still tight and staunch.

On the 14th of May, Baffin sighted land on the west coast of Greenland, in latitude $65^{\circ} 20' N.$, within Davis' Straits. With but few interruptions, he kept northwards from this point till he reached Sanderson's Hope, Davis' most northerly point. This he did on the 30th of May. Sanderson's Hope, or Hope Sanderson as it was originally termed, is between 72° and 73° of N. lat. Baffin's object was to keep north from this point along the eastern shore of Davis' Straits, till he could get high enough to sail, as he hoped, southwards into the China seas.

His first station was Women's Islands, in lat. $72^{\circ} 45'$, so called from some Esquimaux females, who had black lines tattooed across their faces. The natives, though they ran away at first, finding they were kindly treated, soon returned. The sailors observed, with horror, that they preferred raw meat to cooked, that they worshipped the sun, and that they buried their relations and their dogs with equal care, namely, by throwing a few big stones over them. Yet the cold, it was noted, "keepeth them from stinking savour."

From Women's Islands they wormed their way north, through the ice, for exactly a degree, till they reached a bay in $73^{\circ} 45' N.$ lat., where they took shelter, and which they called Horn Sound. Thence Baffin made another start of nearly a degree, and in $74^{\circ} 40'$ noticed to his sorrow that on Midsummer day the shrouds, ropes, and sails were frozen. Still the sea was open, and the pilot made another stride. In

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lat. $76^{\circ} 35' N.$ he lighted on a "fair cape," which he named, to the confusion of subsequent readers, by the same name as the island in Hudson's Straits—Sir Dudley Digges' Cape. Twelve degrees further he came to a deep sound, with an island in the mouth of it, both of which he named after Digges' friend, who was likewise one of the joint patrons of the expedition—Sir John Wolstenholme.

A few days after he had left this sound, a storm drove the vessel, and also multitudes of whales, into another great bay, to which accordingly the name of Whale Sound was given.

Next an island was selected to perpetuate the name of the good clergyman, who was even then and always will be regarded the foster-father of English Arctic discovery, Richard Hakluyt. And immediately afterwards, in lat. $78^{\circ} N.$, Baffin notices the discovery of a great sound, as he calls it, to which he gave the name of Sir Thomas Smith. Smith's Sound will always hereafter be connected with the fame of the great American explorer, Dr. Kane. It was far up this great northern channel, stretching straight towards the Pole as it does, that *he* became convinced of the existence of a vast *temperate* polar sea, on whose shores vegetable and animal life abounded. This problem still remains to be solved.

Wondering greatly at the strange tricks his compass was playing, Baffin held on, past a group which he called Carey's Islands, and past the mouth of another great channel, stretching to the north-west, which he called Jones' Sound, till he reached the mouth of what has been in modern times the gate, or rather highway, for nearly all north-western Arctic expeditions—Lancaster Sound. By this time he had

found himself sailing south again, and after stopping at Corkin's Sound to get scurvy-grass, he gave up the search and sailed home.

He wrote a letter to Sir John Wolstenholm, confessing that he had been in error, and that "there is no passage nor hope of passage in the north of Davis' Straits," and endeavouring to soothe the merchant's disappointment by describing the multitudes of whales and sea-morses he had seen.

Every step of the old pilot's voyage has been tested by Ross and Parry, and with one voice they bear testimony to the accuracy of "that able navigator."

What he accomplished was, indeed, astonishing. To have coasted round the whole of the great bay which afterwards bore, and still bears, his name, and to have conducted his observations with the scrupulous care and accuracy which his journals display, in a little vessel of 55 tons, scarcely seaworthy, was a great achievement. He thought, indeed, and grieved to think it, that it was greater than really it was, and that he had closed this hypothetical avenue to India for ever. That he passed the mouths of Smith's, Jones', and Lancaster Sounds, after having explored so many bays, while he was hampered with ice, and with his ship sorely battered, without discovering them to be really great ocean channels, should not be counted as blame to him. To this day it is not *certain* that the first two may not come to an end, and be, after all, only vast fiords or lochs. And Ross himself was deceived as to Lancaster Sound, and considered it not to be a passage, but a bay.* Sir Edward Parry has the merit of finding a channel at

* "Voyage of the Isabella and Alexander" (1818), p. 171.

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its bottom, and thus opening the portals of the only practicable north-west passage yet discovered.*

This voyage of Baffin's practically closes what may be called the earlier middle age of Arctic discovery. We have already likened the century of aimless and generally fruitless exertion that followed Columbus' discovery of America to its dark ages. If it were not too fanciful, we might compare its earliest stage from the Scandinavian pirates to Madoc, the Zeni, and Cortereal, to that mythic and legendary mixture of truth and falsehood with which all histories begin.

The thirty years of which this chapter treats form certainly the most prolific period of Arctic discovery. In no other thirty years have any northern discoveries been made equal in magnitude and importance to those of Nova Zembla and the Russian north coast, in the north-east; Spitzbergen, with its satellites, the east coast of Greenland and the northern seas, to the north; Davis' Straits, Baffin's Bay, and West Greenland, to the north-west; and Hudson's Bay, and the channels and bays of the coast of Labrador, to the west.

Nor should our estimation of these feats of our predecessors diminish when we consider, on the one hand, their accuracy and amplitude, and on the other the apparently utterly inadequate means with which they were achieved. The whalers themselves, who swarmed in thousands from England, Russia, and Holland, to the fields of countless wealth pointed out by the old navigators, added hardly anything in the way of discovery to their narratives. And, to quote Sir Edward Parry's eloquent tribute, "That any man in a single frail vessel of five-and-twenty tons,

* "Voyage of the Hecla and Griper" (1819), p. 29.

ill-found in most respects, and wholly unprovided for wintering, having to contend with a thousand real difficulties, as well as with numberless imaginary ones, which the superstitions then existing among sailors would not fail to conjure up—that any man, under such circumstances, should, 200 years ago, have persevered in accomplishing what our old navigators did accomplish, is, I confess, sufficient to create in my mind a feeling of the highest pride on the one hand, and almost approaching to humiliation on the other; of pride, in remembering that it was *our* countrymen who performed these exploits; of humiliation, when I consider how little, with all our advantages, we have succeeded in going beyond them.

“ Indeed, the longer our experience has been in the navigation of the icy seas, and the more intimate our acquaintance with all its difficulties and all its precariousness, the higher have our admiration and respect been raised for those who went before us in those enterprises. Persevering in difficulty, unappalled by danger, and patient under distress, they scarcely ever use the language of complaint, much less that of despair; and sometimes, when all human hope seems at its lowest ebb, they furnish the most beautiful examples of that firm reliance on a merciful and superintending Providence which is the only rational source of true fortitude in man. Often, with their narratives impressed upon my mind, and surrounded by the very difficulties which they in their frail and inefficient barks undauntedly encountered and overcame, have I been tempted to exclaim with all the enthusiasm of Purchas, ‘ *How shall I admire your heroicke courage, ye marine worthies, beyond names of worthiness?* ’ ”

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CHAPTER IV.

A.D. 1605-19-1676.

THE MIDDLE AGES OF ARCTIC DISCOVERY—SECOND PART, UP TO
MODERN TIMES.

Condition of Arctic knowledge at the beginning of the 17th century—The whalers—Commencement of the Arctic fisheries—STEPHEN BENNETT—JONAS POOLE—The Dutch whalers—JAN MAYEN—Sketch of the whale fisheries—Rivalry between England and Holland—Parliamentary encouragement—Final predominance of England and America—Danish expedition to Greenland—LINDENAU—JENS MUNCK's voyage to Hudson's Bay—HAWKES—Whalers carried on discovery—PELHAM—The seven Dutchmen on Jan Mayen—LUKE FOX. His voyage to Hudson's Bay—JAMES—DANELL's expedition to East Greenland—ZACHARIAH GILLAM—Incorporation of the Hudson's Bay Company—WOOD—Apparent hopelessness of further search—JAMES KNIGHT's voyage to Hudson's Bay—SCROGGS—Captain MIDDLETON's voyage to Hudson's Bay—DOBBS—Captain COATS—Criticism on Dobbs and Middleton—MOOR and SMITH—HEARNE's land journey to the Coppermine River—PHIPPS' voyage towards the North Pole—High latitudes attainable by the west of Spitzbergen—COOK's voyage to Behring's Straits—PICKERSGILL—YOUNG—Another land journey to the north coast of America determined on—MACKENZIE—DUNCAN—All efforts abandoned—End of ancient Arctic explorations.

WE have now arrived at the least interesting and important part of the history of the Arctic discovery. Expedition follows expedition, very much as prince follows prince in the history of an Italian republic, or emperor follows emperor in the later history of the Greek empire, till the ordinary reader's mind revolts against the infliction of any more useless particulars, and fails to remember or to distinguish between what are so insufferably alike. Gibbon himself,

with all his industry and power, declined the thankless task of chronicling the empty lives of wearisome imperial phantoms, who dawdled away existence between the palace, the circus, and the cathedral of St. Sophia. A similar reason, as well as want of space, will here render it necessary to compress the results of an almost endless mass of adventure and minor discovery within the limits of a single chapter.

There were, it will be remembered, several gaps in the information that had been acquired during the thirty years from Davis to Baffin, besides the vast fields totally unattempted. Among these gaps were the following:—It was not certain whether Hudson's Bay was really a *bay*, or whether some channel might not, from some corner of it, lead across America into the Indian Ocean. No one, again, quite knew whither the various straits that intersected the northern shores of Hudson's Straits might wander. Again, though Baffin had given up all hope of any other outlet from Davis' Straits but that whereby he had entered, some doubt was felt as to all the great sounds, across whose mouths he sailed in such haste, being mere inlets. Some *might* be straits. Again, between Cape Farewell, the first point of Greenland which the north-western bound ships sighted, and those overhanging capes which Hudson saw, lay the whole east coast of Greenland—a vast tract of ice-bound shore utterly unknown, or rather forgotten. Of Spitzbergen, again, and the other islands lying between Europe and the Pole, who knew anything but that the ice was perennial and the bears most ferocious? The Russians, moreover, were not long in feeling that from Kara to the east of Siberia lay long reaches of land. or water,

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But the ruling idea which was beginning to fill men's minds with regard to the Arctic regions was that they were the home of almost the most valuable animals in the world. Millions of tons of whale oil and whalebone, walrus oil and walrus teeth, seal oil and seal skins, were disporting themselves in those gelid waters, waiting for the hands that should be bold enough to seize them first.

Henceforth the majority of expeditions had an eye no longer to "ore like a marquesset of gold," but to the precious fluid which in those days was alone synonymous with healthy, cleanly light for the long winter nights.

A.D. 1603.—Thus, for instance, in a voyage made in 1603, by STEPHEN BENNETT, a new island, as it was supposed, was discovered, and called Cherie Island, after the owner of the vessel, Sir Francis Cherie. It had really been, indeed, as has been mentioned, discovered by Barents seven years before, and named Bear Island. But though Bennett found nothing in his first visit but two foxes, one white and the other black, a bit of lead, and a broken walrus tooth, yet on a second, in the ensuing year, he found "a multitude of these monsters of the sea (walruses) lying like hogges upon heapes;" and discovered that "by blowing out their eyes with a little pease-shot, and then coming on the blind side of them, and with one carpenter's axe cleaving their heads," he could kill them, though they were invulnerable to a musket-ball of those days. The ship brought home the spoils of fifty walruses. And we find that, in the years 1605, 1606, 1608, and 1609,

various expeditions were sent to the same spot for oil and teeth. Some were very successful; one crew, for instance, slew in six hours about "seven or eight hundred beasts," and took twenty-two tons of oil and three hogsheads of teeth; another obtained as many as thirty-one tons of oil.

After six of these oil voyages, in the last of which, it may be remarked, the Muscovy Company most unwarrantably took formal possession of Cherie, or Bear Island, another was sent under one JONAS POOLE, not only to "catch a whale or two and to kill sea-morses," but to aim at some new discovery in the direction of the Pole. He made land in lat. $79^{\circ} 50'$, and called it Gurnerd's Nose, and a bay close by, Fair Haven—a name warranted by the temperate climate, and his finding several deer in excellent condition. The land was, doubtless, a part of Spitzbergen.

A.D. 1611. — The Dutch eagerly followed the English in their new pursuit, employing English pilots. Poole, who was a popular whale captain, repeatedly found the Dutch beforehand with him. In the year 1611, a Dutch skipper, named JAN MAYEN, came across the small island which now bears his name, and which was for years the regular whaling station of the Dutch ships.*

It is almost necessary, and it will certainly be convenient, to devote a few pages to the history of this famous pursuit. All Arctic adventure is, from the period at which we have arrived, so closely connected with Arctic fishery and Arctic fishers, that it would be difficult to follow the one intelli-

* It is stated by some, that one Captain Fotherby was the original discoverer of Jan Mayen island, and that he first visited it in 1614.

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gently without understanding something of the other. William Baffin was a whale captain; Captain Penny is an Arctic discoverer, if any one is.

Othere is the first whale fisherman we hear of, if his whales were not dolphins or grampuses. If they were, he must be classed with the ancient fishers, of whom Oppian tells in the "Treatise de Piscatu;" or the Phœnicians, to whom Eusebius attributes the invention of all fishing whatsoever. But it is far more likely that Othere's whales, and also the whales of which ancient Danish writers speak as being hunted by the Icelanders, were the bottle-nosed whales, or grampuses, which are still occasionally driven on shore in the Orkney and Shetland Islands in great numbers.

On all shores where these huge animals were found, the colonists, after their first terror wore off, succeeded now and again in entrapping and slaying an oily monster who had got himself into shoal water; but the people who have the credit of first fairly organizing their capture as a branch of industry were, beyond a doubt, the Spanish inhabitants of the shores of the Bay of Biscay. The whales at first visited this bay regularly every year; but when, thinned and harassed by repeated attacks, they withdrew to their own icy domains, the Biscayans followed them, even to Iceland. The Icelanders soon picked up the method of slaughter from their southern visitors, and in the sixteenth century as many as fifty or sixty Biscayan and Iceland vessels were engaged in the fishery.

What first attracted English shipowners to this profitable business was, probably, the walrus hunting, of which mention has been made. As early as 1594,

a Bristol ship found, among the shattered ribs of two Biscayan vessels that had been wrecked eight years before in St. George's Bay, on the American coast, 700 or 800 layers of whalebone, vulgarly called whale fins. The great value of this substance, its light and pliant elasticity, and its perfect adaptation to the internal economy of the successive fashions of feminine attire, helped to open people's eyes to the absurdity of wasting time and money in killing hundreds of dangerous, active, long-tusked monsters, with only a handbreadth of blubber on them, while timid thousands of giants were spouting around, over whose vast frames tons of oil were spread in sheets of blubber, two feet thick, and whose barn-door mouths were filled with hundreds of square yards of possible calashes, hoods, hoops, and stomachers.

The difference between the danger involved in the chase of the walrus and that of the whale is very great. A description of each by an eye-witness may not be uninteresting. We will take first Dr. Kane's vivid sketch of how the northern Esquimaux attack the walrus :—

“Moving gently on, they soon heard the characteristic bellow of a bull awuk (walrus). The walrus, like some of the higher order of beings to which he has been compared, is fond of his own music, and will lie for hours listening to himself. His vocalization is something between the mooing of a cow and the deepest baying of a mastiff, very round and full, with its bark, or detached notes, repeated rather quickly seven to nine times in succession.

“The party now formed in single file, following in each other's steps; and, guided by an admirable knowledge of ice-topography, wound behind hum-

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mocks and ridges in a serpentine approach toward a group of pond-like discolorations, recently frozen ice-spots, but surrounded by older and firmer ice.

"When within half a mile of these, the line broke, and each man crawled toward a separate pool; Merton, on his hands and knees, following Myouk (the Esquimaux hunter). In a few minutes the walruses were in sight. They were five in number, rising at intervals through the ice in a body, and breaking it up with an explosive puff that might have been heard for miles. Two large grim-looking males were conspicuous as the leaders of this group.

"Now for the marvel of the craft. When the walrus is above water, the hunter is flat and motionless; as he begins to sink, alert and ready for a spring. The animal's head is hardly below the water-line before every man is in a rapid run; and again, as if by instinct, before the beast returns all are motionless behind protecting knolls of ice. They seem to know beforehand not only the time he will be absent, but the very spot at which he will reappear. In this way, hiding and advancing by turns, Myouk, with Morton at his heels, has reached a plate of thin ice, hardly strong enough to bear them, at the very brink of the water-pool the walruses are curvetting in.

"Myouk, till now phlegmatic, seems to waken with excitement. His coil of walrus-hide, a well-trimmed line of many fathoms' length, is lying at his side. He fixes one end of it in an iron barb, and fastens this loosely by a socket upon a shaft of unicorn's horn; the other end is already looped, or, as sailors would say, 'doubled in a bight.' It is the work of a moment. He has grasped the harpoon;

the water is in motion. Puffing with pent-up respiration, the walrus is within a couple of fathoms, close before him. Myouk rises slowly; his right arm thrown back, the left flat at his side. The walrus looks about him, shaking the water from his crest: Myouk throws up his left arm; and the animal, rising breast-high, fixes one look before he plunges. It has cost him all that curiosity can cost; the harpoon is buried under his left flipper.

"Though the awuk is down in a moment, Myouk is running at desperate speed from the scene of his victory, paying off his coil freely, but clutching the end by its loop. He seizes as he runs a small stick of bone, rudely pointed with iron, and by a sudden movement drives it into the ice: to this he secures his line, pressing it down close to the ice-surface with his feet.

"Now comes the struggle. The hole is dashed into mad commotion with the struggles of the wounded beast: the line is drawn tight at one moment, the next relaxed: the hunter has not left his station. There is a crash of the ice; and rearing up through it are two walruses, not many yards from where he stands. One of them, the male, is excited, and seemingly terrified: the other, the female, collected and vengeful. Down they go again, after one grim survey of the field; and on the instant Myouk has changed his position, carrying his coil with him and fixing it anew.

"He has hardly fixed it before the pair have again risen, breaking up an area of ten feet diameter about the very spot he left. As they sink once more he again changes his place. And so the conflict goes on between address and force, till the victim, half-

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exhausted, receives a second wound, and is played like a trout by the angler's reel.

"The instinct of attack which characterizes the walrus is interesting to the naturalist, as it is characteristic also of the land animals, the pachyderms with which he is classed. When wounded, he rises high out of the water, plunges heavily against the ice, and strives to raise himself with his fore-flippers upon its surface. As it breaks under his weight, his countenance assumes a still more vindictive expression, his bark changes to a roar, and the foam pours out from his jaws till it froths his beard.

"He can strike a fearful blow, but prefers charging with his tusks in a soldierly manner. I do not doubt the old stories of the Spitzbergen fisheries and Cherie Island, where the walrus put to flight the crowds of European boats. Awuk is the lion of the Danish Esquimaux, and they always speak of him with the highest respect.

"I have heard of oomiaks (large canoes) being detained for days at a time at the crossings of straits and passages which he infested. Governor Faischer told me that in 1830, a brown walrus, which, according to the Esquimaux, is the fiercest, after being lanced and maimed near Upernavik, routed his numerous assailants, and drove them in fear to seek for help from the settlement. His movements were so violent as to jerk out the harpoons that were stuck into him. The governor slew him with great difficulty, after several rifle-shots and lance wounds from his whale-boat.

"On another occasion, a young and adventurous Inuit plunged his nalegeit into a brown walrus, but startled by the savage demeanour of the beast,

called for help before using the lance. The older men in vain cautioned him to desist. 'It is a brown walrus,' said they; 'Aúvek kaiok!' (Hold back!) Finding the caution disregarded, his only brother rowed forward and plunged the second harpoon. Almost in an instant the animal charged upon the kayacker, ripping him up, as the description went, after the fashion of his sylvan brother, the wild boar. The story was told to me with much animation, how the brother remaining rescued the corpse of the brother dead; and how as they hauled it upon the ice-floes, the voracious beast plunged in foaming circles, seeking fresh victims in that part of the sea which was discoloured by his blood.

"Some idea may be formed of the ferocity of the walrus from the fact that the battle which Morton witnessed, not without sharing some of its danger, lasted four hours; during which the animal rushed continually at the Esquimaux as they approached, tearing off great tables of ice with his tusks, and showing no indications of fear whatever. He received upwards of seventy lance wounds, and even then he remained hooked on by his tusks to the margin of the ice, unable or unwilling to retire. The female fought in the same manner, but fled on receiving a lance wound.

"The Esquimaux seemed fully aware of the danger of venturing too near, for at the first onset of the walrus, they jumped back far enough to be clear of the broken ice. Morton described the last three hours as wearing on both sides the aspect of an unbroken and seemingly doubtful combat."

Comparing with such deadly pitched battles the easy conquests described by Mr. Goodsir and others,

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it is easy to imagine how soon the oil-hunters left the courageous and unprofitable walrus in peace, to attack his vaster, but more timid congener.

"Two or three days after this," writes Mr. Goodsir, "I had the opportunity of closely witnessing the death of a whale. She had been struck in a crack but a short distance from the ship. All the crew except the 'watch' who were on the 'bran' (*i.e.*, the look-out along the ice-edge), were sound asleep in their berths below, fatigued after some days' hard labour. It is a most laughable scene to see a 'fall' called under such circumstances. The one or two hands who were walking quietly and gently on deck a second before, in order not to disturb the fatigued men below, are now seen dancing and jumping like madmen on the half-deck hatch, screaming, 'A fall!' as if for their lives. The more active men of the crew are on deck in an instant, with a bundle of clothes in their hands, and shoes or boots slipped loosely on their feet. But it is generally a race who will be first into their boats, clothed or unclothed; and nothing is more common than to see half-a-dozen fellows rushing to the boats with nothing on but their woollen under-clothing, the rest in a bundle under their arms, trusting to the first stoppage to complete their toilet, such as it is. Rather a sudden change this from their close and crowded 'bunks' (as they call them) in the half-deck, to an atmosphere often far below zero. But neither the old whaling sailor, nor the green Orkney boy, ever seemed to feel it.

"The stem-boat was the only one now left on board. The master ordering it to be lowered, and

getting into it himself, I jumped in with him. We pulled up to the 'fast' boat, to see how things were getting on, and found they were only fast with their gun-harpoon, and not very well with that. Whilst talking to the harpooner of this boat, we heard a commotion amongst the others, and almost before we had time to turn, bang! went one of their guns, and the fish was made almost secure. She seemed to dive under the floe, and re-appeared almost at the same place, for she next came up within a very short distance of where she was first struck; when a third boat got fast to her, and before she dived again she was mortally lanced. When she next appeared at the surface, it was close to our boat; we were at her in a minute, when the ready lance of the master was twice buried deep behind her fin. She made a rush forward, which pulled the lance out of his hand; but he soon had a second. We 'hardened up' to the fish, when he plunged it into her side. She had been quiet enough hitherto, but it was now full time for him to cry, 'Back, men, for your lives!' I heard a sudden whizzing, whistling sound in the air. I thought a black cloud had passed between us and the sun—a drenching shower of spray passed over us, and there was a loud *thud* upon the water on the other side of the boat, as her huge tail descended into the sea, which it continued to lash into seething foam for more than five minutes. It may be believed that whilst this was going on, we all kept at a safe distance. It was, however, only the 'dying flurry,' and the huge mass was soon lying powerless and motionless before us. This was a female whale, and one of the largest we had yet seen."

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To proceed with our sketch of the general history of whaling. There can be no doubt that though the Dutch may fairly claim the discovery of Spitzbergen for their countrymen, the English first slew whales on its dreary shores. Jonas Poole was one of the last who wasted his time in killing sea-horses. In his journey in 1610 on behalf of the Muscovy Company, while at Spitzbergen, he observed so many whales in the sea around him, that he mentioned the fact to his employers on his return. With prompt mercantile acuteness, the company engaged six Biscayans, and sent two ships to the north next year, with orders to kill whales. The two captains, Captain Edge and Captain Poole, managed on the 12th of June in that year (1611), to kill a small whale between them, which yielded twelve tons of oil; the first, it is said, that ever was made in Greenland.

For many years the English whaling expeditions were always accompanied by some experienced Biscayans, till the native sailors had been educated in the various mysteries of the craft. They soon needed all their natural and acquired courage and skill to hold their own against the crowds of foreign adventurers which the new fishery brought into the northern seas. As naturally as unjustly, the English Russia Company, from having been the first to send vessels to take whales in the Greenland sea, considered that they had an absolute vested right not only to continue to do so themselves, but to drive away every one else who attempted to imitate them. In consequence, they were soon embroiled right and left with Dutch, Spaniards, Danes, Swedes, Hamburgers, and French. After a good deal of independent fighting, especially with

the Dutch, the company, about the year 1613, invoked the aid of their own government, obtained a charter of monopoly of the whale fisheries for themselves, and thenceforward sent out armed fleets with their whalers, and drove off every other vessel, native or foreign, except a few French vessels which they permitted to fish on the terms of paying tribute. The powerful and wealthy East India Company joined in these expeditions, and the two great corporations pursued their fishery with much profit, strife, and glory, till the year 1618. In that year, the Dutch, touched in their tenderest point, and smarting from the loss and disgrace inflicted on them by the lordly companies, who never hesitated to seize their ships, oil, and fishing tackle wherever they found them in the northern seas, collected several armed vessels, made a sudden attack on their persecutors, killed a great many men, and captured one of the English ships. The Dutch government liberated the English whaler at once. But so serious a conflict opened the eyes of the maritime powers of Europe to the possible dangers of allowing such a question to remain unsettled. An agreement was accordingly come to, by which England managed to secure the first choice among the harbours and stations in dispute. The limits within which each nation was to fish, were at the same time marked out with sufficient accuracy.

In a very short time after this settlement, partly from the internal troubles that afflicted England during the seventeenth century, partly from the expensive and ill-managed methods adopted by the companies, the Dutch began to take a decided lead in the Arctic fisheries. As early as the middle of

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the century, we find the Dutch and Hamburgers sending about 400 sail regularly every year to the Spitzbergen and Greenland fisheries, while sometimes no English ships appeared at all.

In 1672, the British government endeavoured to recover some portion of the lost trade by allowing the importation of Greenland produce duty free, and by somewhat relaxing the stringency of the old navigation laws in its favour. A strong effort was in consequence made, but in a few years all private enterprise was abandoned. Then a joint-stock company took up the speculation, and succeeded in losing eighty thousand pounds, in the same time that the Dutch had employed 1,652 ships, and caught 8,537 whales, and made a clear profit of nearly five million florins. Again and again the effort was made, and again and again the British had to retire from their attempts to recover the trade they had let slip, with disheartening loss and disgrace.

The humiliating truth must be confessed, that at this time Great Britain was as far, if not further behind the active sailors of the north of Europe in all maritime qualities, in courage, enterprise, and skill, as she is now before them. The Dutch beat us in whale-fishing because they were better sailors.

A successful but not very creditable expedient was at last adopted by the English government, and the Greenland trade began to revive again. In 1733 a bounty of 20s. per ton was granted to the ships engaging in it, and subsequently increased by degrees to 40s. per ton. The Scotch merchants especially caught at this, and very soon managed

to secure a considerable portion of both bounty and trade.

By the time a million and a quarter pounds sterling had been paid, parliament began to consider as to the propriety of making the nation pay about 60 per cent. on every cargo, and £13 10s. per man per annum for every man engaged in the trade. The duty was accordingly reduced in 1789 to 30s. per ton, in 1792 to 25s. per ton, and in 1795 to 20s. per ton.

The effect of this government aid was really to revive the old Spitzbergen fisheries, and to create those of Greenland proper and Davis' Straits. The rival nations struggled on equal terms for many years, but in the end the wealth of England was too much for the energy even of the Dutch. The English cargoes became larger and larger, their enterprise and invention in the methods of fishery and preparation of the oil became more and more active. As the country prospered, ships swarmed out in greater numbers. Holland, instead of supplying England with oil and whalebone, began to import them; and after a gallant struggle with her mighty rival, has finally yielded the palm. After having averaged nearly 200 ships a-year for half a century, in the year 1707 the fishery began to decline, and dwindled to only a few wandering vessels, officered to a considerable extent by British whalers.

The Biscayans, the authors of the fishery, seem to have abandoned it altogether in the latter part of the last century. So far back as 1721 only twenty ships were sent from Spain.

French whaling vessels disappeared from the northern seas about the time of the Revolution.

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The Danes have always kept some ships at work in the fishery, chiefly with the help of a bounty from their government. The other continental maritime nations, the Hamburgers, Norwegians, and Prussians, have either abandoned the trade, or carry it on after a languid fashion. Practically it has fallen, both in the Arctic and Antarctic regions, into the hands of the British and Americans.

Hunting whales into the ice soon educated a race of Arctic sailors such as had never been seen before. As cool and brave as Frobisher's crews, as orderly and disciplined as those of Barents, they were free from the despondence and almost superstitious fears that sometimes bewitched even the boldest of the early navigators. The tremendous scenery, the dreadful hardships of the north, were their daily companions for most of their lives, and therefore, though very disagreeable, were no more terrific than a driving mist to a Skye fisherman. English whalers were soon sought for and highly paid whenever an expedition to the north seas was planned.

A.D. 1605.—The efforts that the Danish government made to discover the fate of their lost colony of Greenland have been already referred to. Nearly all were made with the help of English whaling captains and seamen.

After the loadstones frightened Magnus Heiningsen away from that doomed and desolate shore, no further attempts were made till the year 1605. In that year three ships were dispatched under the command of Admiral Lindenau, and under the guidance of an English captain. La Peyrère, the celebrated pre-

Adamite philosopher,* gives the following lively description of these voyages :—

“ Christian iv., now reigning, son of Frederick ii., took the subject of Greenland very much to heart, and resolved to discover it, although his father and grandfather had in vain attempted to do so. For the accomplishment of his design, he sent for a captain and a clever pilot from England, who had the reputation of knowing this sea very well, and of being well acquainted with the whole of this route. Being provided with this pilot, he fitted out three vessels, under the conduct of Gotske Lindenau, a Danish gentleman, their admiral. They left the Sound in the early part of the summer of the year 1605. The three vessels sailed together for some time; but as the English captain had gained the height he desired, he took the route of south-west for fear of the ice, so that he might be able more easily to land in Greenland . . . The Danish admiral, thinking that the English captain should not have taken this south-west route, continued his own towards the north-east, and arrived alone on his side in

* Isaac de la Peyrère, to whose work on Greenland we have already referred, wrote his “*Relation de l'Islande*,” and his “*Relation du Groenland*,” about 1644, when he was with La Thuillerie, the French Ambassador, in Denmark. Nicéron says, “That in these tracts La Peyrère shows himself ‘*nullement visionnaire, comme il l'a paru dans ses autres ouvrages*.’”

In other things, as the scandal went, he was a wild theorist. It was on him that the well-known epitaph was composed, somewhat unjustly; for he died professing the Christian faith :—

“ La Peyrère ici gît, ce bon Israelite,
Huguenot, Catholique, enfin Préadamite.
Quatre religions lui plurent à la fois;
Et son indifférence était si peu commune,
Qu'après quatre-vingt ans qu'il eut à faire un choix
Le bonhomme partit, et n'en choisit pas une.”

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Greenland. No sooner had he cast anchor than a number of savages, who had discovered him from the top of the shore where they were, jumped into their little boats, and came to see him in his vessel. He received them with joy, and gave them some good wine to drink: but they seemed to think it sour, for they made grimaces while drinking it. They saw some whale oil, which they asked for, and the Danes gave them huge pots of it, which they swallowed with pleasure and avidity. The savages had brought skins of dogs, bears, and seals, and a great number of horns, which the chronicle states were valuable, in pieces, ends, and stumps; these they exchanged for needles, knives, looking-glasses, clasps, and such trifles of similar value that the Danes happened to display. They laughed at the gold and silver money which was offered them, and appeared very eager for any articles made of steel; for they like them above everything, and would give, in order to obtain them, whatever they most prized—their bows, arrows, boats and oars; and when they had nothing more to give, they stripped themselves, and gave their shirts.

“Gotske Lindenau remained three days at this port, and the chronicle does not say that he once set foot on the land. He doubtless did not dare to hazard a descent, or expose the small number of his people to the countless multitude of savages which this country contained. He weighed anchor and left on the fourth day; but before going he retained two men in his vessel, who made so many efforts to free themselves from the hands of the Danes, and to jump into the sea, that they found it necessary to bind them. Those who had landed, seeing their companions bound and being carried away, uttered horrible cries, and threw

a quantity of stones and arrows at the Danes, who fired off a cannon and frightened them away. The admiral returned alone to Denmark, as he had arrived alone at the place where he landed.

"The English captain, followed by the other Danish vessels, entered Greenland at the point of land which stands out to westward. This headland can only be Cape Farewell. It is also certain that he went into Davis' Gulf, and coasted the land on the east of this gulf. He discovered a number of good harbours, a beautiful country, and large verdant plains. The savages of this country bartered with him in the same manner as the savages of the other did with Gotske Lindenau. They were much more timid and mistrustful than the others, for they had no sooner received their exchange from the Danes than they fled to their boats, as if they had robbed them and were being pursued. The Danes were anxious to land in some of their ports, and armed themselves for this purpose. The country appeared pretty good when they landed, but sandy and stony, like that of Norway. They judged by the smoke from the ground that there were sulphur pits, and found a great many pieces of silver ore, which they took to Denmark, and from one hundredweight of ore they extracted twenty-six ounces of silver. The English captain, when he found so many fine ports all along the coast, gave them Danish names,* and, before leaving, made a map of them. He also took four savages, of better mien than those which the Danes had been able to take; and one of these four was so enraged at being taken that the Danes, find-

* Most, if not all of these names, were of course changed when the Danish missionaries re-colonized the country.

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ing they could not secure him, beat him with the butt-end of the muskets, which so intimidated the others that they followed willingly. At the same time the savages formed themselves into a band, to revenge the death of the one and to recover the others. They cut off the passage of the Danes from the sea in order to engage them in combat in the harbour, and to prevent their embarking; but the Danes discharged their muskets, and the vessels fired cannon with such effect, that the savages, astonished at the noise and the fire, fled on all sides, and left the passage free to the Danes. The latter went back to their vessels, weighed anchor, and returned to Denmark with the three savages, whom they presented to the king, their master, who found them much better made and more civilized than the two that Gotske Lindenau had brought, of different clothes, languages, and manners." *

Lindenau made a second voyage, and kidnapped (for it was no better) some more savages, in the following year. He partly atoned for the cruelty by taking back the three savages whom the English captain had captured in Davis' Straits. "The poor creatures," says La Peyrère, "manifested unspeakable joy at their return to their own country; but one of them died of illness out at sea, and was thrown overboard."

The friends of the new captives managed to take a bloody revenge in one instance.

"A servant of Gotske Lindenau, a brave and enterprising soldier, prayed his master to allow him to land alone to reconnoitre these savages. He said he

* This corresponds with the total difference which Mr. Egede and the Moravian missionaries found to exist between the natives of the east and west coasts. Dr. Kane and other travellers have remarked the same.

would endeavour either to entice them by his merchandize, or to save himself in case they had any evil design against him. The master allowed himself to be persuaded by the importunity of his servant; but the man had hardly set foot on the land, when in a moment he was seized, killed, and torn in pieces by the savages, who retired from the port after this, and hid themselves from the cannon of the Danes."

A third expedition was dispatched shortly afterwards, under one Karsten Richkardsen. But by that time the ice had so closed round the east coast that it was impossible to land. Upon this ice the captain saw with horror that there were "large heaps of ice, which resembled huge rocks;" and the chronicler remarks, as if it were a novelty, that "there are years in which the ice does not melt even in summer."

The great success of the whalers, and the familiarity with Arctic perils which their pursuit gave them, induced the Danish government, many years later, to make one more attempt in the direction of Greenland, with their help.

A.D. 1619.—Two vessels were fitted out at Elsinore, and manned chiefly with English seamen. The captain was Jens Munck, or, as La Peyrère calls him, Jean Munck. King Christian's instructions were to explore the strait discovered by Hudson, which separated America from Greenland. Accordingly, sailing from Elsinore on the 16th May, Captain Munck sighted on the 20th of June that cape, which, as the learned Frenchman remarks, is called "in the Danish language, Farvel, in Latin, Cape Vale, or in French, De Bon Voyage, because those who go beyond this

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cape seem to be going into another world, and to be taking a long leave of their friends." Only too true was this ominous explanation as to most of the adventurers in this ill-fated voyage.

Except for its calamities, indeed, the expedition is of little interest. No new discoveries were made; and the good captain seems to have been totally ignorant of what the English had been doing in the same line, for he re-named their capes, and bays, and islands, as coolly as Jacques Cartier. Moreover, he never doubted that, after he entered Hudson's Straits, or Christian Strait as he called it, the land on his right was Greenland.

They had at first some trouble with the savages, but kind treatment and presents soon overcame the little people's terror; and they grew at last so bold as, with many oily embraces, to claim relationship with one of the sailors, to his huge indignation, because he was flat-nosed, black-haired, and tawny.

Munck crossed Hudson's Bay, or Mare Christianum as he called it. The ice checked him on the western shore, and he was compelled to winter in a deep bay, which he named Munckes Vinterhaven, or Munck's Winter-harbour. It is now known as Chesterfield's Inlet. Captain Jens did this service to Arctic discovery, that he made it clear that *this* was no passage to India. He honestly searched up to the head of it, and there found nothing but the devil, horns, hoofs, and tail, painted on a large flat rock, with a small altar in front of him. It must have been almost as astonishing to find reproduced in the savage solitude of an Arctic wilderness this time-honoured and ridiculous European representation, as it was to Mr. Stuart, the Australian traveller, to be greeted in his

last journey with the correct masonic response by a hideous naked old barbarian.

Before the ice quite closed him in, Munck succeeded in proving that the north-west passage did not exist in the north-west of Hudson's Bay.

But at last the deadly winter tightened its grasp, heralded, to the wretched sufferers' eyes, by frightful omens—two suns, now and again, and eclipses of the moon, with a bright circle surrounding her, in which was a cross which cut her into four. The cold increased to intolerable severity. The strongest brandy was frozen solid. The ice increased to the thickness of 300 and even 360 feet. Sickness appeared among them; famine brought dysentery; and at last, with its own venomous energy, scurvy swooped on the cowering, hunger-stricken crew. The dead could not be buried by the powerless, perishing survivors. The captain fell ill, like the rest, on the 4th June, and remained in his hut four whole days, without going out and without eating anything, overcome with misfortunes. The chronicle goes on:—"He prepared for death, and made his will, by which he prayed the passers-by to bury him, and to send the journal that he had made to the King of Denmark, his master.

"At the end of four days he felt a little stronger, and left his tent to see his companions, dead or alive. He found only two alive out of the sixty-four he had brought with him. These two poor sailors, delighted to see their captain about, went to him, and brought him to their fire, where he came a little to himself. They encouraged one another, and resolved to strive to live, but they did not know how. They thought they would scratch away the snow and eat the grass which they found underneath. Happily, they found

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some particular kind of roots, which nourished and comforted them in such manner that they were well again in a few days. The ice began to break about this time, which was the 18th of June, and they caught trout, plaice, and salmon. Their fishing and hunting fortified them; and the courage they took led them to resolve on attempting, in the state they were in, if they could pass through so much peril, to arrive at Denmark. It began to be a little warmer now, and it also rained a little; whence there arose such a quantity of gnats that they did not know where to go to get out of their way.

"They left their large vessel, and embarked in their frigate on the 16th of July. They sailed from this port, where they had put their vessels under cover from the ice, and which Captain Munck called, after his own name, Jens Munckes Bay, which means the bay or port of John Munck. He found the Christian Sea (Hudson's Bay) covered with floating ice; and here he lost his sloop, and had great difficulty in disengaging his own vessel, for the rudder was broken. . . The sea became frozen again, but melted soon after, and continued varying in this manner, freezing and thawing from one day to another. He went through the end of Christian Strait, came again to Cape Farewell, and re-entered the ocean, where he was overtaken, on the 3rd of September, by a severe tempest, in which he was nearly lost, for he and his sailors (there were only three of them altogether) were so weak they were obliged to give up all direction of the ship and to surrender themselves to the mercy of the storm. The rigging of their sails was broken, and the sails were overturned into the sea, whence they took all possible pains to get



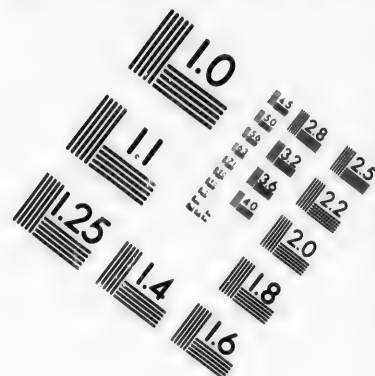
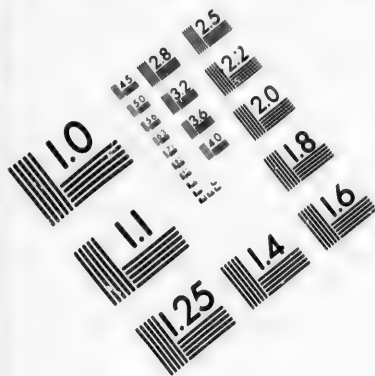
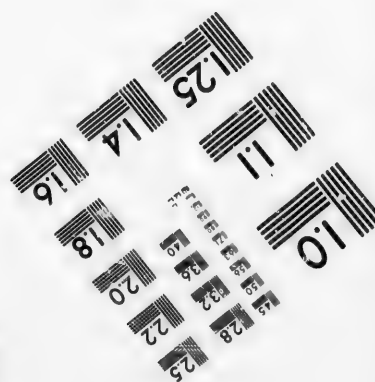
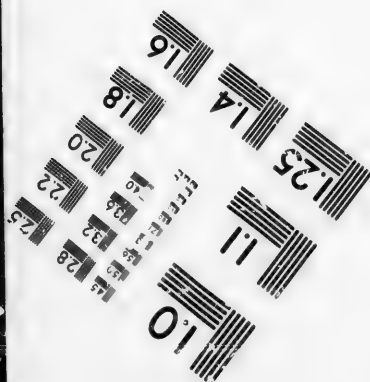
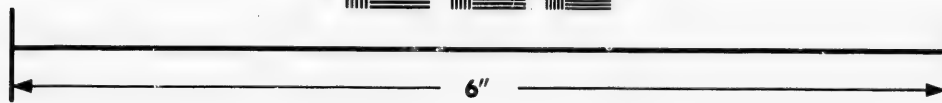
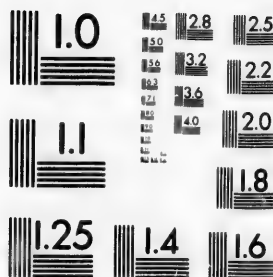


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them out. The storm abated for some days, and gave them time to arrive, on the 21st of September, at a port of Norway, where they anchored with the end only of an anchor which was left them, and thought they were safe. But the storm assailed them the very same day in this port, and with such fury that they had never been in such peril of being lost. Fortunately, they were saved in a place where others perish, for they found a shelter among the rocks, from which they gained the land and refreshed themselves, and some days after arrived in Denmark. Captain Munck related the circumstances to the king, his master, who received him as one does a person who has been thought lost."

But the end of the unfortunate captain's story is sadder than the beginning. After some years' pondering in inactivity, he thought he had discovered all the causes of his failure, and came to the conclusion that all the evils he had suffered were preventible. It was not so hard as might have been expected, to persuade wealthy patrons to the same effect, and he was soon at the head of another outfit. But he was never to sail. Going to pay his respects to the king, the conversation, unfortunately, turned on the former expedition. Some expressions of his majesty seemed to Munck, who was doubtless sore upon the point, to convey some reproach to himself. He answered hastily and tetchily, and the king angrily thrust him away with a cane. The unfortunate captain, maddened with the indignity, and heart-broken at being reproached with what was the bitterest sorrow of his life, wandered home, took to his bed, and in ten days Jens Munck was a name and no more.

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A.D. 1619.—It seemed as if the eminently successful voyages of Bylot and Baffin were to be the last purely scientific voyages of discovery undertaken by the English. There is, indeed, a tradition, rather than an account, of a certain expedition in the year 1619, under one HAWKRIDGE, at the cost of the East India Company, and under the special patronage of Sir John Wolstenholme. Hawkridge had been one of Button's companions, and the company entrusted the command to him, after a court held, in which "by erection of hands, it was decided," as appears from the old MS. Court Minute Book, "that the matter is small for the company, and that these workes bring forth some goode (as the whale fishings was found by the like occasion): yf the yssue proue good, they are like to be ptakers of that good; but yf itt should succeed otherwise, yet the deed is charitable." And thereupon a grant of £200 was made.

What was done in this trip is not known: probably, nothing. Luke Fox is likely to have known if anything had been discovered, and is almost too honest not to have expatiated on it, if he had. Salisbury Island, in the western jaws of Hudson's Straits, is the furthest point which seems to have even been seen.

And now comes a long pause. Whalers whaled, and sealers sealed, but the great companies and merchants seem to have lost the very wish for Arctic search die out. Not an atom was the belief in the north-west passage lessened. But Baffin's Sounds remained unexplored, invitingly though they stretched westwards. Fruitlessly the Straits and Bay of Master Hudson opened their thousand channels, all

in the same direction. Frobisher's Strait and Cumberland Sound still mutely pointed, men believed, towards Muscovy, but in vain.

Still, during this stagnation of all definite Arctic enterprise, it should not be forgotten that the whalers in their own way, as they have ever since, carried on a kind of Arctic discovery. Whenever the whales grew scarce in the better known bays and channels, these determined seamen tried new reaches of freezing sea, and searched along new icy shores. In spite of all their skill, too, they now and then had to undergo disasters and sufferings quite equal to any suffered by the most unfortunate of those whose regular business it was to explore, and not to get whale-oil, and bring it home safe.

A.D. 1630.—The narrative of EDWARD PELHAM, a gunner's mate in a Muscovy Company's whaler, of a winter which he and seven of his mess-mates had to spend in Spitzbergen in 1630, is the most interesting of any of these accounts. This little tract, which was so rare at one time that a copy, with the ridiculous map and drawings attached, sold for four pounds, has been lately reprinted.* For piety of tone, and the admiration and interest which unconquerable courage and hairbreadth adventures naturally excite, it is not inferior to Gerrit de Veer's story itself. Those eight poor sailors, as their scribe justly points out, were worse off than even the gallant Dutchmen. They were further north, and having been accidentally left behind by their ship, had none of the helps and comforts which the neighbourhood of even a tolerably well-furnished vessel would supply. As Pelham says in his dedication to the

* In Churchill's collection, and by the Hakluyt Society.

governor and the "worshipful assistants and adventurers in the Muscovia Company," "the hard adventure my poore self and fellows underwent in your worships' service, is a great deale pleasanter for others to reade than it was for us to endure."

Their captain had sent them on shore to kill venison for the ship's provision. Having "laid fourteene tall and nimble deere along," and afterwards eight more, and "well loaden the shallop with venison," they went to Greenharbour, the appointed place of meeting. There, says Pelham, "we found (to our great wonderment) that the ship was departed thence." Nor was any other of the whole fleet of whalers to be found anywhere. "Thus," he proceeds, "were our thoughts at that time distracted, thus were our feares increased; nor were they causeless feares altogether. Well we knew that neither Christian or heathen people had ever before inhabited those desolate and untemperate clymates." Direful legends and histories further depressed them; one of which, as undoubtedly true, is worth repeating. "This also to increase our feares had wee certainly heard, how that the merchants having in former times much desired, and that with proffer of great rewards for the hazarding of their lives, and of sufficient furniture, and of provision of all things that might be thought necessary for such an undertaking, to any that would adventure to winter in those parts, could never yet finde any so hardy as to expose their lives unto so hazardous an undertaking; yea, notwithstanding these proffers had beene made both unto mariners of good experience and of noble resolutions, and also unto divers bold spirits, yet had the action of wintering in those parts never beene by

any hitherto undertaken. This also we had heard, how that the Company of Muscovie merchants having once procured the reprieve of some malefactors that had heere at home beene convicted by law for some haynous crimes committed, and that both with promise of pardon for their faults, and with addition of rewards also, if so be they would undertake to remaine in Greenland (*i.e.*, Spitzbergen) but one whole yeare, and that every way provided for, too, both of clothes, victuals, and all things else that might any way be needfule, for their preservation; these poor wretches, hearing of this large proffer, and fearing present execution, resolved to make tryall of the adventure.

“The time of yeare being come, and the ships ready to depart, these condemned creatures are imbarked, who after a certain space there arriving, and taking a view of the desolateness of the place, they conceived such a horror and inward feare in their heartes, as that they resolved rather to returne for England, to make satisfaction with their lives for their former faults committed, than there to remaine, though with assured hope of gaining their pardon. Insomuch as the time of yeare being come that the ships were to depart from these barren shoares, they made knowne their full intent unto the captaine, who being a pitifull and mercifull gentleman, would not by force constraine them to stay in that place which was so contrary to their mindes, but having made his voyage by the time expired, hee againe imbarked and brought them over with him to England; where through the intercession and meanes of the worshipfulle Companie of Muscovie merchants, they escaped that death which they had before beene condemned unto.”

With this, and other terrible examples, of which their memories and imaginations were only too prolific, before them, and the biting cold beginning to benumb them, the forlorn whalers stood for a space "mute and silent, weighing with themselves the miserie they had fallen into." But, like brave Englishmen, they soon took courage, and "shaking off therefore all childish and effeminate feares, it pleased God to give us hearts like men, to arme ourselves with a resolution to doe our beste for the resisting of that monster of Desperation."

Through their long struggle with this grim monster we cannot follow them here. The cold soon literally shut them in, and the darkness made the time hang heavily on their hands. But the spirit in which they met their many sufferings and trials was exemplary. "Thus did we," says Pelham, "our best to preserve ourselves; but all this could not secure us, for wee in our owne thoughts accounted ourselves but dead men, and that our tent was then our darksome dungeon, and that we did but waite our day of tryall by our judge, to know whether wee should live or dye. Our extremities being so many, made us sometimes in impatient speeches to breake forthe against the causer of our miseries; but then, againe, our consciences telling us of our owne evill deservings, we tooke it either for a punishment upon us for our former wicked lives, or else for an example of God's mercie in our wonderfull deliverance. Humbling ourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, wee cast downe ourselves before him in prayer, two or three times a day, which course we constantly held all the time of our misery."

They had laid in a little venison, bear's meat, and

such like, and eked it out by the ingenious device of proclaiming Wednesdays and Fridays as fast-days. But they lived chiefly on the "fritters" or "greases" of the whale, that is, the scum and fibre that rose to the surface of the oil when the blubber was boiled, and which was left about the boiling station where they passed the winter—and a "very loathsome meate" they found it. With foxes, bears, reindeer, guillemots, and these masses of oil-scum, they managed to support a frozen existence till the arrival of the whale-fleet next year. But as their sufferings did not advance Arctic knowledge or discovery, we cannot give their unaffected, but affecting narrative, the space or attention it deserves and would well repay.

How bravely, nevertheless, the whalers could on occasion enact the part of voluntary discoverers and adventurers abundantly appears.

A.D. 1633.—About the year 1633 the Dutch government desired to establish a permanent fishing station on the island of Jan Mayen, and seven fishermen volunteered to remain the whole winter on the island. They were furnished with shelter, huts being built for them, and with provisions, unfortunately salt; and then were left to determine by their own experience, whether the proposed settlement was practicable.

The fleet left them in August, and for days their journal tells of nothing but the normal weather of this inclement island, storms of wind and driving sleet. By October, the cold had so increased, that a moment's exposure of their linen to the air freezes it "like a board." The icebergs close round the island and become fixed. The sun disappears, and all they

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have to do is to "rehearse to one another the adventures that had befallen them by land and sea."

On New-year's-day, "after having wished each other a happy new year, and success in our enterprise, we went to prayers, to disburthen our hearts before God." But by the time the sun was seen again, the scurvy was among them. "For want of refreshments," says the journal, "we began to be very heartless, and so afflicted that our legs are scarce able to bear us." On the 3rd of April, "there being no more than two of us in health, we killed for them (*i.e.*, the sick) the only two pullets we had left; and they fed pretty heartily upon them, in hopes it might prove a means to recover part of their strength. We were sorry we had not a dozen more for their sake."

On Easter-day, Adam Carman, of Schiedam, dies. "The Lord have mercy upon his soul, and upon us all," adds the journal, "we being very sick." A few days pass, and only one remains able to move about. He learned to write from his comrades since they came to the island, and goes on with the journal. "The 23rd April," he says, "the wind blew from the same corner, with small rain. We were by this time reduced to a very deplorable state, there being none of them all, except myself, that were able to help themselves, much less one another, so that the whole burden lay upon my shoulders; and I perform my duty as well as I am able, as long as God pleases to give me strength. I am just now going to help my commander out of his cabin, at his request, because he imagined by this change to ease his pain—he then struggling with death."

For seven days more this brave sailor goes on, as

he says, "doing his duty," noting the weather day by day, as their employers had bidden them. On the 30th April he stopped in the middle of a sentence which he never finished.

The Zealand fleet arrived in June, and found him lying, cold and dead, with the journal by his side. Every hut had a dead inmate; one with his prayer-book, another with his mouldering hand still stretched for the ointment he was going to use for his scurvy-stiffened joints.

The real reviver of the spirit of enterprise, however, was no whaler, but the ardent Yorkshireman, whose name is imperishably associated with the search for the north-west passage; the prince of all gossips and good fellows, the most nonsensical writer, and the sharpest, shrewdest sea-captain that ever wrote or sailed among the ice; a very Euphues in his talk, a Drake or Anson in his common sense and seamanship—LUKE FOX.

Since 1606 he had been, he tells us, "itching after" Arctic discovery, and nearly thirty years afterwards attained his desire. Luke's "itching" had been to sail with John Knight, whose voyage and melancholy fate has been mentioned in the preceding chapter. Having been refused, by reason of his youth and inexperience, Fox set himself patiently to study navigation, the "globes and other mathematicke instruments," and particularly all that had been written either in the way of narrative or opinion by older navigators. He waited, but waiting brought him no ship to sail to the north. He studied, but twenty years of neglect had not made the subject more popular; and Hawkrigge's failure was no encourage-

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ment. So he sought for powerful friends. He got introduced to a Mr. Briggs, the same whose memory is absurdly perpetuated in the name of a group of islands in Hudson's Bay—*Briggs his Mathematickes*. From the gentry he advanced to the knighthood. Mr. Briggs had a friend an "honourable knight," Sir John Brooke. From him, thanks to enthusiasm and a courtly tongue, the advance was rapid through the nobility to royalty itself. By the good offices of various eminent persons, and particularly of one Brook Cobham, Fox was brought into the presence of King Charles, "there," as he says, "to show the hopeful possibility of the attempt." Charles was always keenly interested in questions of science, a passion which his more indolent and luxurious son also inherited. He gave the Yorkshire sailor the same kind and patient hearing which he gave to Gabriel Harvey; at once promised to help in the forgotten quest, and placed a ship at the orders of Fox and his patrons.

But, alas! Mr. Briggs died, and the ardour of the others began to cool as the expenses appeared more vividly. Jealousy effected, however, what promises and patriotism would probably have failed in. The Bristol merchants had heard of the proposed renewal of the search, and began to fit out a ship for the same purpose. This the London merchants could not endure. Fox struck while the iron was hot. Sir Thomas Roe, the ambassador to Sweden, and the great and good Sir John Wolstenholme, were won over to the cause. The king was again applied to, and kept his promise. The Trinity House authorities were commanded to aid, and Sir John Wolstenholme was appointed treasurer. The ship was a pinnace of

70 tons, named the Charles. With a joyful heart Fox plunged into his preparations, vowing that the Bristol men should not beat him.

He begins his story thus:—"Gentle reader, expect not heere any flourishing phrases or eloquent tearmes; for this child of mine, begot in the north-west's cold clime (where they breed no schollers), is not able to digest the sweet milke of rethorick." And, of course, he proceeds to cram his book with more "flourishing phrases" than any other book of travels in the language. He begins at the beginning, and enumerates all the particulars of his outfit with irritating minuteness, even down to lozenges and pills; and compliments himself by letting his reader know, that, though he was well stocked with books, he had prepared all his learning beforehand, "lest that might happen to him which befell the Holland skipper, who, when it was too late, runne to his chest to look upon his waggoner-booke."

The Charles set sail on the 3rd May, 1631, from Deptford, the very same day that her rival, the Bristol ship, the Maria by name, Captain James, started from the Severn.

The Charles reached the latitude of Cape Farewell about the 3rd June, when she met with rough weather, which her imaginative captain records thus:—"This fulsome ugly morning presented the foulest childe that the whole voyage brought forth, with such variety of changes of the elements, ayre, and water, as if all had conspired to make our destiny fatall." No rough weather could quench the exuberant spirits of the honest sailor. If he sees a shoal of grampuses they suggest nothing less poetical than "the Tritons wafting Thetis along the British shores." If the sun

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sets tolerably clear, "This evening sun," says his log, "kist Thetis in our sight; the same greeting was 5 d.w. from the N., and at the same instant the rainebowe was in appearance, I thinke, to canopy them a bed."

Fox was firmly persuaded that the passage, if passage there were, lay somewhere about the north of Hudson's Bay. Baffin, it was supposed, had exploded all the hopes that had been formed with regard to Davis' Straits. Across their mouth, therefore, Fox directed his course; and, on the 20th June, having reached the mouth of Frobisher's Straits, then known as Lumley's Inlet, a story about good Lord Lumley, "whose soule was in heaven before his bones were cold," and who built the pier at Hartlepool, finds its way into the log.

The next day, the ship began, with a westerly wind, to work her way through "great store of masht yce," into the mouth of Hudson's Straits.

Fox's object was clear, and he toiled nearer and nearer to it with characteristic energy. The Baffin's Bay channels seemed to be failures; so did the southern shores of Hudson's Bay. But all along the northern shores of the straits and of the bay wandered still further north devious passages, some of which, he hoped, would have a tide flowing from the *west*, or other signs, to guide him into the right course. To a careful examination of this coast he therefore addressed himself.

Resolution Island and Cape Chidley, the mighty portals to the straits, were passed on the 22nd. Avoiding with great skill the hurrying race of the ice rushing seawards, and "remembring Gibbons," Fox crept on in the back waters and eddies of the straits.

His crew wondered at his impetuosity, and beginning to find it rather better fun to kill "willicks" than to fend off ice in a fog, asked him why he made such haste, receiving the satisfactory reply from their commander, that it "fared with him as the mackarell men at London, who must hasten to the market before the fish stinke."

As soon as he got fairly into the straits, he began to try the tides, but all flowed steadily from the east. By the 10th July he passed the Savage Islands, and reached Salisbury Island, almost at the inner end of the straits. Hereabouts he saw a sea unicorn, of which he gives the following wonderful description: "He was of length about nine foot, black-ridged, with a small fin thereon, his taile stood crosse his ridge, and indented between the pick ends as it were on either side with two scallop shels, his side dappled purely with white and blacke, his belly all milke white, his shape from his gills to his taile was ly like a makarell, his head like to a lobster, whe about the fore-part grewe forth his twined horn, about six foot long, all blacke save the tip."

By the 15th he was among the group of islands which stud the entrance to the bay to the south and Fox Channel to the north, of which Southampton Island is the largest, directly facing a vessel which has sailed through the straits. Round the south of this island Fox now proceeded, and on the other side entered a strait formed by the western shore of Southampton Island and the eastern shore of America. To an island in its mouth, which he half suspected to be one named by Button *Ut Ultra*, he gave the odd name, which has been since extended to the whole strait—Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome.

Fox evidently thought that this was the proper strait to search. But his instructions bade him now turn south along the western shore of Hudson's Bay. Sorrowfully abandoning the inviting reach of water stretching silently northwards, abounding with whales, and with a tide "flowing *from* thence," higher than in any other part of the bay, he steered for Chesterfield Inlet, and thence sailed south, where all the tides flowed from the east, and no indication of a channel could be found.

Far down in the bay, about lat. 55° , and on the 30th August, Fox found the unfortunate Bristol ship stuck in the ice. The miserable Maria had never been out of it since she entered the straits. Whenever it moved or opened, she was sure to strike on a rock, leaving her crew on the ice praying, instead of working, for her safety. Poor Captain James seems to have been a pious and patient man, not very wise, and not very cheerful. He sadly tells his readers that he would "advise no one to come near those dangerous shores, for fear he lose his ship." When the watch either purposely or carelessly allowed the ship once more to strike on a rock, and batter a hole in her bottom, the captain records that he "controuled a little passion, and checked some bad counsel that was given me, to revenge myself upon them that had committed the error." If he had controlled his passion for keeping close to the shore, it would have been better. It is wonderful to read with what perverse ingenuity, in the height of summer, and in a latitude very little north of Bristol, he contrived to pound his ship against the ice and rocks, praising God each time for his miraculous deliverances.

In these very waters, the *Charles*, with her jovial but not less pious captain, cruised at the same time with perfect ease and safety, returning home "not one man, or boy, nor any manner of tackling" the worse. It may be easily imagined with what compassionate contempt and amusement the sharp and experienced Yorkshireman looked on the sorrows of his melancholy rival.

Captain James and his crew, delighted to see a human face, and especially so cheerful a one as Luke Fox's, asked him to dinner, and on the 25th August, he clambered over the ice, and was hospitably received. He makes but a poor return for the hospitality, however, for he cannot resist a variety of comical criticisms on his brother navigator, whom he describes as "a practitioner in the mathematickes, but no seaman." Captain Fox's dinner also seems to have been spoilt by the unsteadiness of the ship, for he says she took in so much salt water "that sause would not have been wanted if there had been roast mutton," and that she "took her liquor as kindly as themselves, for her nose was no sooner out of the pitcher than her nebe, like the duck's, was in it againe." Moreover, he wonders "whether it were better for James his company to be impounded amongst ice, where they might be kept from putrefaction by piercing ayre, or in open sea, to be kept sweet by being thus daily pickled."

Saying farewell to the *Maria* and her company, with the curt remark that "they were really to be pitied," Fox proceeded south. At last, clearly convinced that there could by no possibility be any passage thereabouts, he turned northwards, naming the last cape he saw Wolstenholme's Ultima Vale, as expressing

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his opinion that Sir John would lay out no more money in exploring this bay.

He then retraced his course, and on the 7th September, arriving at Cary's Swan's Nest, now Cape Southampton, the southernmost point of Southampton Island, he again passed by Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome, leaving it on his left, and sailed north along the east coast of Southampton Island. It was part of his express instructions to explore this portion of the channel, because Sir Thomas Button had stated that the tides about Salisbury Island and Nottingham Island came from the north-west. Bylot denied this. Fox, following the channel, which now bears his name, up to a point a little north of Cape Dorchester, and which he called "Fox his Furthest," found that Bylot was right, and that the tide came from the south-east.*

Having done all he had been bidden to do, and having left undone what he much desired, the exploration of Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome, and fearing the distresses suffered by the crews of Hudson and Button, Fox determined, all the more readily that scurvy had made its appearance on board, to make for England. He turned homewards on the 21st September. Dodging the ice in the straits with the same ingenuity he had displayed when he entered, he at last reached the open sea, and on the 31st arrived in the downs "with all the men recovered and sound, not having lost one man, nor boy, nor any manner of tackling, having been forth near six moneths. All glory be to God."

* Sir Edward Parry's report is that Baffin and Button were right, and that the main-set of the tide is *down* Fox Channel; but that there is such disturbance and irregularity in the tides in these parts as fully to account for Fox's error.—*Voyage of Fury and Hecla*, p. 30.

Middleton corroborated Fox, *v. post* p. 182.

On the *Maria* we can waste no time, since her unfortunate captain discovered absolutely nothing. He sank her for safety in the very south of Hudson's Bay, and wintered in Charlton Island. Several men died, and after great misery the remainder managed to get their ship afloat, and return home the next year.

The rest of this century was barren of English enterprise northwards. The Arctic sailor's kind and royal patron was overwhelmed in the storm of revolution; and amid the desperate struggles of the convulsed kingdom, men had little leisure or curiosity left for the North Pole itself.

A.D. 1652, 1653.—Nor was the state of Europe generally favourable to foreign enterprise. Two expeditions from Denmark under a Captain DANELL, wandered feebly up and down the east coast of Greenland, trying to catch a glimpse of the shore, once so prosperous and populous, across hopeless fields of aged ice. Once the sailors fancied they saw buildings with turrets. Now and then, they really saw blue distant hills, which they endeavoured to identify with the old localities. But twenty or thirty miles of ice was too much for them, and Greenland was once more abandoned by its nominal possessors to solitude and mystery.

A.D. 1668.—After the Restoration, one of those provoking lies about the discovery of the long-sought passage that every now and again wandered over the world, elicited a slight interest in the subject, chiefly in Prince Rupert's mind. One Captain ZACHARIAH GILLAM was appointed to carry out a Frenchman, who had persuaded the prince that not only was there a north-west passage opening from Hudson's Bay into the South Sea—which report the Royal

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Society joyfully congratulated each other on—but that it would be a famous thing to build a fort on the southern shores of the bay, and take possession of all the adjacent territory. This latter part of the business was accomplished, and a fort named Fort Charles duly erected. A charter also, granting to the clever prince and some friends of his, *the whole of the Hudson's Bay territory*, was also obtained from the easy king. The new company took very kindly to trading and getting furs, and carry on their trade, and hold their enormous domains to this day; but they forgot the north-west passage.

A.D. 1676.—Once more King Charles was induced, this time by his brother the Duke of York, afterwards James II., to sanction a northern expedition. In 1676 one Captain Wood, having persuaded himself that all about the Pole was warm open sea, chiefly on the authority of Barents, who certainly strongly maintained that the ice alway clung closely to the land, obtained two vessels to try and get to Japan across the North Pole. His patrons were a little disgusted at his early return without his biggest ship, which he had managed to run on a rock. After their calamity the men had grown mutinous. Captain Wood's expedient was "to let the brandy bottle go round, which kept them always fox'd." When this eminent navigator and judicious commander had got safe home, he laid his calamities at the door of Barents, declaring "that all the Dutch and English narratives were false, that Nova Zembla and Spitzberger were one continent, and that it is unknown hitherto, whether Nova Zembla be an isle, or adjoining to the continent of Great Tartary." This was too much. And with this unfortunate, tipsy, and

slanderous affair, English effort towards the north closed for many long years.

It began, indeed, to seem but a hopeless task. Hudson's Straits and Bay seemed to have been exhausted by the numerous explorers who had searched, apparently, every cranny of it. Baffin had solemnly recanted his opinion that Davis' Straits was the real gateway to the passage, and had put upon record his belief that no such passage existed anywhere between Greenland and America. The east coast of Greenland was hopelessly beset with ice. The seas of Spitzbergen were, it appeared, not only impassable, but most dangerous for ships to attempt to winter in. Around Nova Zembla the ice was more persistent and extensive than even off East Greenland. And the interminable length of the savage shores of North Russia and Siberia, besides their intolerable climate, made the hearts of adventurers and patrons sink; moreover, these seas did not belong to England.

Thus in no direction from west to east was there any encouragement for further effort; and the apparently steady increase of the ice seemed to forbid the hope of any new chances opening; nor, indeed, did the same powerful incentives any longer exist. English vessels could sail very nearly wherever they pleased. The early dreams concerning Cipango and the Spice Islands, and, for that matter, the extravagant estimation in which eastern dominion was held, had, to some considerable extent, faded away; so that, on the whole, to sail round the Cape was as safe, in the long run, as over the North Pole, or through a north-west passage.

Besides, Arctic regions were no longer the domains of wonder and mystery that they had been. The

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constant visits of the whalers to latitudes that, but a few years before, had never been visited by man, at least since the times of the sea-kings, had familiarized the popular mind with their aspect, dangers, and productions. How familiar, indeed, they must have become, appears from the interesting and accurate books published about this time on the subject.*

Henceforth, individual adventurers did little in Arctic discovery. The great Fur Company, in whose domains the north-west passage may almost be said to lie, took it up from time to time. But it soon fell into the only hands really powerful enough to have carried the enterprise to its present successful termination—those of the British government.

The Hudson's Bay Company, it will be remembered, had received from King Charles II., in 1669, an exclusive grant of "all the land and territories in Hudson's Bay, together with all the trade thereof, and all others which they should acquire." Attached to this grant, by implication, if not in express terms, was a condition that the company were to "undertake expeditions for the discovery of a new passage into the South Sea, and for the finding of new trades for furs, minerals, and other considerable commodities."

* A.D. 1671.—The most elaborate and interesting of these books by far, is Frederick Martens' "Voyage to Spitzbergen." Martens was a Dutchman, and sailed, apparently on a whaling voyage, in the year 1671, to Spitzbergen. He was evidently a man of some note, for Dr. Kirstenius and Dr. Fogel took the opportunity to furnish him with a list of scientific queries (drawn up by Henry Oldenburg, the then secretary of the Royal Society of England), to which his book is in substance a formal answer. His descriptions of scenery, topography, and natural history, especially with regard to the whale, are most accurate and lively. Till the publication of Dr. Scoresby's work on the Arctic regions and the northern whale fishery, in 1820, Martens was the leading authority on the subject, and though now superseded, will amply repay a perusal.

A.D. 1719.—This duty the company had, since their foundation, altogether neglected. They established factories on the various navigable rivers in their territory, and built forts for its defence. But their sole object was to prosecute in safety their lucrative fur trade.

From this comfortable neglect of their trust, wilful servant of their own disturbed them. JAMES KNIGHT, the governor of one of their factories, heard from some Indians of a copper mine in the north, on the banks of a navigable river, and came home at once, though eighty years old, to besiege their employers with entreaties to be allowed to go and search for this tempting acquisition. On their refusal, he added, as an inducement, that he would search for the Strait of Anian as well. They still declined so dubious an offer; and he then threatened them, that if they did not carry out the task which their charter laid on them, he would apply to the government to make them do their duty. Finding that he was in earnest, and had actually addressed himself to one of the Secretaries of State, the company yielded; and, to get rid of him, fitted out two vessels, which, under the command of Captain Barlow and Captain Vaughan, and subject to the general direction of Mr. Knight, sailed for Hudson's Bay in 1719.

For years no tidings returned of them. They had entered the gates of the great sea, as Dante passed the dreadful portals on which was written, "You who enter here, leave hope behind."

A.D. 1722.—Not that the company left their troublesome servant to his fate, whatever it was, without an effort to aid him. In 1722 they sent one JOHN

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SCROGGS to Hudson's Bay, to search for the lost ships. He seems to have contented himself with but little searching; and though he, and subsequently, in 1747, another company's captain, found some fragments of broken ships' timbers among the islands on the west coast of the bay, it was not till 1748* that the melancholy fate of the copper searchers was determined, and the hopes of those who anticipated a joyful return from the Indies finally quenched.

The catastrophe bears a painfully close resemblance to the last we shall have to record. The ships reached Marble Island (formerly Brooke Cobham) on the west coast of Hudson's Bay, much damaged. Their crews, about seventy in number, built a shed on the shore, to pass the winter in. Next year (1720) when the Esquimaux, from whom the account was obtained, visited them, only fifty remained alive. The year after (1721) only five wretched survivors crawled out to beg for raw blubber from the savages. The unwonted food killed three, whom the other two, with feeble and despairing efforts, made shift to bury. Those two, said the natives, survived many days; and frequently went to the top of an adjacent rock, and earnestly looked to the south and east, as if they expected relief from that quarter, and when none appeared, sat down and wept bitterly. At last one died; and the survivor, in trying to bury him, fell, as he digged, into the grave he was making, and weak and worn out, never rose again.

A.D. 1741.—The Hudson's Bay captains had gained such a name as Arctic sailors, that when the government, for the first time for almost a century, wished to send out an exploring expedition,

* Barrow says, 1767.

they retained the services of Captain MIDDLETON, one of the company's commanders. The dispatch of this expedition was owing to the exertions of the rather notorious Mr. Dobbs, who, after accusing the company of purposely avoiding, and even preventing any effort to discover the north-west passage, for fear their monopoly should be interfered with, not only managed to set all the officers quarrelling among each other, but made a cruel and unjust attack on the captain's reputation, accusing him of neglecting his duty, and then fabricating discoveries to hide his neglect. However, the Lords of the Admiralty were satisfied with their officer, and gave him a command the next year. And subsequent investigation has shown the perfect truth of his statements. His three discoveries were made in Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome, which, it will be remembered, was a deep inlet in the north of Hudson's Bay, between Southampton Island and the mainland, and had been discovered by Luke Fox. In its western shore Middleton found another inlet, running to the north-west, now known as Wager River. At its very top he found a deep bay, called Repulse Bay. And on ascending a hill in the neighbourhood he saw a frozen strait, separating the north of Southampton Island from the overhanging continent, and connecting the Welcome with Fox Channel. Up this strait the tide from *the east* was steadily flowing, proving that this was not the opening into the north-west passage.

Accurate and valuable as Middleton's observations are, it shows how much injury can be inflicted by unscrupulous enmity, when we find good Captain Coats, in his shrewd and exceedingly ill-spelt

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"Geography of Hudson's Bay," beginning thus:—"The Geography of H. B. has not been attempted by any person that I know of. The voyage of Hudson, James Fox, Button, and others, were directed to particular purposes; and what has passed between Mr. Dobbs and C. Middleton is so full of argument and dispute that the real geography is neglected—who by too eager pursuit after truth have outrun it, and left it behind—who by too earnest contention about it, have rendered it more doubtful, &c."*

A.D. 1743.—A few years after Middleton's expedition, parliament decided† upon offering a reward of £20,000 to the first person who made out a north-west passage from the north of Hudson's Bay. Baffin's judgment on his own bay had evidently diverted all attention from this route to the north; and Hudson's Bay seems to have been considered the only possible inlet to the desired channel, and, through Behring's Straits, could they be reached from it, the only access to the Polar Sea itself. For it should not be forgotten that Behring's Straits was at that time the *only* channel by which there was any reason to believe that it was possible to reach the Pole. In every other direction, explorers had met nothing but aged cliffs, hoary with eternal snow, or ice that seemed more firm and durable than many continents. Through this one gateway, however, a sailor‡ had carried his ship into an open sea that stretched before him northwards, apparently unhampered by land or ice, perhaps to the Pole itself.

* See Captain Middleton abundantly justified in the introduction and appendix to Barrow's edition of Coats' "Geography of Hudson's Bay."—Hakl. Soc. 1852.

† 18 Geo. II. c. 17.

‡ Behring.

A.D. 1746.—Partly induced by the large reward, and partly to test Captain Middleton's good faith, two ships were sent, under the command of Captains Moor and Smith, to the localities examined by him. The voyage was, to a great extent, a private speculation, and effected nothing. Wager River was looked into, and the tides investigated. No one detected any inaccuracy in Middleton's account, or any convincing evidence of the north-west passage.

After this a weariness of the very name of a north-west passage came over the nation, and for thirty years no one sought for it.

Not that the northern latitudes were abandoned during that period. Even when the fatal dream had sickened the very hearts of adventurers with constant and deadly ill success, they hung about the never-ending snows and ice plains with an inextinguishable curiosity. Any excuse of profit or of science was enough. Another expedition started, another disappointment hardened the stubborn English nature into a steadier determination to solve the mystery of the north somehow; if not by water, by land; if not by land, by ice.

A.D. 1769.—Geographical science and Mr. Knight's copper mine were the next pleas; and expeditions by water having failed of late rather more flagrantly than usual, the Hudson's Bay Company determined on sending one by land.

A Mr. SAMUEL HEARNE was appointed to conduct this expedition, because he was acquainted to some degree with the Indian languages, and had some influence with the native chiefs, and also because he could take an observation for the latitude. He displayed, however, so little aptitude for this latter

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pursuit, that during a journey of nearly three thousand miles, he took, or at least recorded, only one observation, and his latitudes and longitudes are wrong by about four or five degrees. So inaccurate and careless are his accounts, that a very cursory notice of his three expeditions is all that it will be needful to give here.

He started from Fort Prince of Wales, but began his first journey so late (6th November) that he was obliged to give up in about a fortnight, and, after being deserted by all his Indians, to return home.

A.D. 1770.—Next year, avoiding the previous error, he started in February, and reached the 63rd or 64th degree of latitude after suffering great privations, even to living on cranberries, water, old leather, and burnt bones. He heard of the great river on whose banks the mine of copper was; but, being assured that he was still too late in the year to reach it, and having the misfortune to break his quadrant, returned once more. He had been nearly nine months away.

On his third attempt he began still earlier, so as to have the full benefit of the summer, if possible, for the most northerly part of his journey. Starting with a band of Indians on the 7th of December, he took the old route, and on the 13th of July, reached the Coppermine River, and made what must have been little more than a guess at its latitude and longitude. His nomenclature is also astonishing. To one place he attributes perhaps one of the longest names to be found in any book of travel—Congecathawhachaga. Doubt hangs about all his discoveries, not from any suspicion of his dishonesty, but from his careless inaccuracy. It is impossible,

for instance, to discover whether he really saw the mouth of the Coppermine River or not, as he seems not to have noticed even whether the tide rose and fell; and though he says he saw the sea, he also says that the water of the river was perfectly fresh. It must have been provoking to his employers to find him calmly recording, that since a thick fog and drizzling rain came on, "finding that neither the river nor the sea were likely to be of any use, I did not think it worth while to wait for fair weather to determine the latitude exactly by an observation;" and this while he was actually at the mouth, as he supposed, of the very river he had been sent out to explore. The river, from his account, seemed quite useless for purposes of navigation, beset with islands, shoals, and ice at the mouth, and full of rapids, sandbanks, and falls.

In spite of his many inaccuracies, and his discovery that the sun remained all night "a hand-spike above the horizon," in the same spot where on the same day of the year Sir John Franklin saw it set, Hearne's journeys are interesting, especially since they were the first attempts that had been made on the American continent to follow the Russian example in Asia, and solve the problems of the northern sea coast by tracing it on land, and following the great rivers that flowed northwards to their mouths.

An examination of any map thirty years old,* will show how much this was needed. From the east cape of Siberia to the Lofoden Isles, the north coast of Europe and Asia, running far within the Arctic Circle, is, for nearly the whole way, clearly and

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accurately laid down, capes, rivers, and all. In the west, on the contrary, nothing can be seen but disjointed bays, inlets, and sounds. Wherever a ship could swim, there the coast is laid down with the *mouaths* of the rivers, but no more. Baffin's Bay, and Hudson's Bay, with its many arms, comprise nearly all that is at all clearly marked out, while, anywhere north of sixty degrees, hardly a degree of the coast is given without gaps in it. It was reserved for the great land expeditions of our own days, and the still more successful explorations by sea *and* land, to bring the Admiralty chart of the confused and intricate northern coast of America and the adjacent islands to its present advanced, though still incomplete condition.

A.D. 1773.—The north-west passage, in spite of the munificent reward offered by the government, was still in ill repute. Fatal disaster, utter ill success, and general bad luck, hung about the very name of it. The next adventure was not even in a north-westerly direction.

At the instance of the Royal Society, the Admiralty, in 1773, sent two powerfully built vessels, under the command of Captain Phipps (afterwards Lord Mulgrave), straight to the North Pole. One of Captain Phipps' midshipmen was Horatio Nelson. The history of the expedition is very simple. The ships went almost due north, west of Spitzbergen, up to the great wall of ice which, apparently without an opening, stretched from Greenland to Spitzbergen, got caught in it, shook themselves free with difficulty, and came home. They reached the latitude of 80° 48'.

It is a singular proof of the power of the gulf-

stream—if that *be* the agent—that only in this direction, that is, west of Spitzbergen, and almost due north from the British Islands, can any such latitudes as these be reached. Nowhere else does there seem to be any chance of approaching the Pole within anything like 10 degrees.

In exactly the same line Scoresby, in 1806, reached the point of $81^{\circ} 30'$, with open sea before him; and in 1827 Parry reached the latitude of $82^{\circ} 45'$, the most northerly point on the globe ever yet known to have been visited by man.

No point comparable to this has been reached in any other meridian. The great North-east Cape itself is not more than 78° north latitude, or thereabouts.

Captain Phipps made, before he returned, one discovery which deserves to be recorded in connexion with his name. It was a little rock a few hundred feet high, lying near Table Island, of which Parry wrote when he visited it, years afterwards, “bleak, barren, and rugged as it is, one could not help gazing at it with intense interest.” It was then, and still is, the most northern piece of land known to exist on the earth.

A.D. 1776.—As if all kinds of men as well as of ships were to be tried, and to fail in the fatal search, the same mission in which Captain Gibbons had met with his ignominious check was entrusted to one of the greatest sailors and discoverers England can boast of. He was a captain in the Royal Navy, and to stimulate the king's sailors, the act of parliament,* which had formerly only applied to his Majesty's subjects and to Hudson's Bay, was now amended, and the reward of £20,000 offered to all,

* 16 Geo. III. c. 6.

the navy included, who should discover the north-west passage in any direction. £5,000 was at the same time promised to any ship that should approach the North Pole within one degree.

Accordingly, the brave captain, whose name is as familiar to Englishmen, and above all, to English boys, as that of Nelson, and little less beloved—Captain Cook, started on his last voyage. This is not the place to reiterate so well known a story. It is sufficient to say, that he sailed backwards and forwards, from Asia to America, still advancing to the north, till he reached in the one continent Cape North, and in the other, Icy Cape, having carefully explored the intervening coasts. Between these ancient forelands stretched, like an eternal fortification, warding off rash intruders on the Arctic solitudes, one unbroken wall of ice, so thick that in some places it sank thirty feet below the water.

Cook found that it was hopeless to wait any longer that season, and therefore took his two ships, the *Resolution* and *Discovery*, south again. He did not live to repeat his attempts, being murdered by the Sandwich Islanders in the autumn of 1778.

A.D. 1779.—After his death, his officers made an attempt to follow out his plan; but the same obstacles met them, and they did not succeed in reaching even the points they had gained the year before. They therefore discontinued their attempts, and returned home.

A.D. 1776-7.—So confidently did the Admiralty hope that their great navigator would accomplish his task, that for two successive years they sent a brig, first under the command of PICKERSGILL, and afterwards of YOUNG, into Baffin's Bay, to meet the *Reso-*

lution and Discovery. Nothing was learned during either of these expeditions, except the valuable fact, that to get safely up the bay it is necessary to leave the shore boldly, and strike a channel which lies between the shore ice on the west coast of Greenland, and the middle ice of the bay, and is generally tolerably unincumbered with ice. After this failure, the north-west passage fell into as great disrepute at the Admiralty as with the nation in general, and for forty years nothing more was heard of it.

A.D. 1786-7.—After a lapse of about ten years, in which, besides the whalers, the only Arctic travellers seem to have been those Danish navy captains whom we have already referred to as sent out by the Danish government to search for the lost colony of Greenland, the Fur Company made another attempt to trace out the northern coast of America by a land expedition.

A.D. 1789.—ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, who commanded the expedition, was hardly more competent as a discoverer than Hearne, who preceded him in the same route. However far he and his band of Indians travelled, all he has condescended to record amounts to little more than this. They seem to have reached the great river which is called after Mackenzie, and to have seen ice and mountains to the north. Whether they really reached, or even saw the sea, it is impossible to discover, as the ingenious traveller, after calling his book "A Voyage to the Frozen Sea," says he was obliged to return "without reaching the sea," although the water by which they were encamped rose and fell, and contained many whales. The Quarterly Reviewer remarks: "The simple, easy, and obvious test of dipping his finger in the water to

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taste if it was salt," seems not to have occurred to Mackenzie.

A.D. 1790-1.—To put themselves, as it were, completely on a level with the old private adventurers and the Admiralty, the company sent out one more naval expedition to search the north of Hudson's Bay, which was as decided and humiliating a failure as those of James or Pickersgill. One CHARLES DUNCAN performed the feat of sailing out to Chesterfield Inlet and back again, so as irresistibly to recall the nursery rhyme of the King of France, who

" With twenty thousand men
Marched up a hill; and then—marched down again."

This was more than the company could bear; and the north-west passage seemed to be forsaken by its last friend, and to be finally laid to rest.

The sleep was long, and was not (in western Europe at least) broken till Arctic nature herself seemed to repent of the hopeless difficulties she had placed in the path of her persevering votaries, and, by partially opening one of her icy gates, roused the pride and curiosity of men once more to undertake the endless quest.

We pause here in our narrative to make two digressions.

While Englishmen were painfully picking out bays and mouths of rivers in the north-west, the mighty, though semi-barbarous empire of Russia, was in the north-east stretching its iron arms over the dreary steppes of Siberia, and laying down, with that persevering science for which Russian officers are still unsurpassed, *the whole* (with the exception of a few miles) of the seemingly interminable northern coast of Europe and Asia.

And in the ancient Greenland colony a still more admirable conquest was being made. With no less courage than that of the patient Cossacks, who, through frost and hunger, obeyed their imperial lord, holy and reverend men, with the gospel of Christ upon their lips, and the very spirit of his first apostles in their hearts, obeyed, as patiently and completely, their heavenly King.

Our task would be very incompletely performed were either the Russian discoveries or the Greenland missionaries omitted from notice, though it is little more than a notice of either which space will permit.

The path will then be clear for the second and concluding part of this work—Modern Arctic Discovery—that brilliant forty years from 1818 to 1859, during which no less than thirty-nine distinct and important expeditions were sent into the Arctic regions, most of them consisting of more than one vessel, by which, at a vast expense of money, and, alas! of life, the gloomy solitudes of the north-west have been made as familiar to us as the overland route, and the fatal problem at last, and fatally, solved.

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CHAPTER V

A.D. 1593—1820.

RUSSIAN ARCTIC VOYAGES.

Voyages to the north-east—Their results—State of knowledge of the northern coast of Siberia—The North-east Cape—First Russian or Cossack expeditions—*DESHNEFF*—Discovery of the Bear Islands and Liakhov Islands—Peter the Great's plans—The Empress carries them on—*BEHRING*—*TOHIRIKOW*—The Polynia or open Polar Sea—Difference between Russian north-eastern expeditions and English north-western ones, and reasons of their different success—*SCHALAUOFF*—The whole coast except the North-east Cape surveyed—*VON WRANGELL* and *ANJOU*.

VOYAGES to the north-east had not been, it will be remembered, very successful. Greater hardships, and more tragical catastrophes had attended attempts to work out by that way a passage to the Indies than any others. Othere certainly killed many whales, and got much praise. But he went no further than the mouth of the White Sea. Willoughby found the other side of the great Bay of Kola, the western shore of Nova Zembla, and, with both his crews, froze to death before he could come home. Burrough made a step further, and, passing beyond the north of Lapland, across the Bay of Kola, found that Nova Zembla, which formed its eastern shore, was not a promontory, but a chain of islands; and that between these islands, by the strait, for instance, which bears his name, a vast sea could be reached, stretching no one, not even

the Russian fishermen, could tell how far to the east. Pet and Jackman followed Burrough, and found another strait, leading from the Bay of Kola to this great sea, which was known as the Sea of Kara.

Barents confined himself to the coast of Nova Zembla, which led him northwards, out of the due eastern track.

Consequently, the whole tract from the Sea of Kara eastward, round the globe to Baffin's Bay, or about two-thirds of its circumference, had been, up to the eighteenth century, absolutely untouched by any of the multitude of European explorations sent out into the Arctic regions. Absolutely untouched, but not absolutely unknown even in early times, for from the barbarous tribes along the shores of the frozen sea it was learned that the western shore of the Sea of Kara was a mighty peninsula, to the east lay the huge estuary of the river Ob, or Obi. *Let this lay what any man chose to invent.*

Von Herberstein, who was the German ambassador to the court of Vasiley Ivanovich in the years 1517 and 1526, and thus at the head quarters for knowledge, in his "*Rerum Moscoviticarum Commentarii*," after tracing the northern coast to the Obi, takes refuge in the discoveries of the Zeni.

"The Frozen Ocean," he says, "extends far and wide beyond the Dwina to Petchora, and as far as the mouths of the Obi, *beyond which is said to lie the country of Engroueland.** I am given to understand that this country is separated from intercourse with our people by lofty mountains covered with eternal snow, as well as by the ice, which is constantly float-

* Engroueland, it will be remembered, was one of the semi-fabulous lands said to have been discovered by the Zeni.—See *ante*.

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ing upon the sea, throwing danger and impediments in the way of navigation; and hence the country is as yet unknown."

Richard Eden, also, in his most bewildering tract (printed in 1555), "Of the North-east Frosty Seas, and Kyngdomes lying that way, &c.," in which it is a considerable difficulty to make out who is supposed to be speaking, carries on his account of the coast past the river Pescora (Petchora) and the mountains named Catena Mundi, to the province of Obdora and the river Obo, "the furthest border," as he says, "of Thempyre of the Prince of Moscouia." The possible existence of the "most noble citie of Cambalu," Cathay, and the Great Cham, are all he can tell of beyond that point. He, or his informant,* nevertheless, know more than some of the travellers, Barents and others, who considered every south-easterly dip in the shore to be the corner that had to be turned to reach Cathay. "The coastes of the said sea he knew to reach infinitely to the north-east."

Infinitely they did reach, and have reached to the present time, for all practical purposes of navigation. The vast north-east cape (Severo-vostochnoi-noss) has, we believe, never yet been doubled. No living man has ever yet sailed or sledged round that stern and dreary cliff, which stands pointing to the Pole, over wastes of untrodden ice.

The Russians were not long in following the western nations in their Arctic searches. England and Holland had failed to reach even the Obi, when the rising ambition of the Czars launched them on the eastward progress which has not yet stopped, and

* Botrigarius he calls him. It appears that it could not have been Galeazzo Botriga.—*Major's Notes upon Russia*, vol. ii. pp. 183-(4).

which included the investigation, as far as the intolerable climate would permit even Russians to investigate, of the northern shores of eastern Europe and of Asia.

A.D. 1598-1610.—As early as 1598, the first step was taken eastward from the Obi. Some Samoyed savages who inhabited the banks of the Yenissi, the next great river that lay to the east of the Obi, and flowed into the North Sea, were subdued; and in a few years the mouth of this new boundary was reached, and the discoverers turned east along the coast till, far to the north-east still, they reached the mouth of the Piasia, a still more easterly river.

A.D. 1630, 1644, 1648.—The indefatigable Cossacks were not long in finding that in central Siberia, eastward still, ran a vaster river than all, flowing with a mighty stream towards the North Sea. Leaving the shore, which, from the mouth of the Piasia, ran due north, forming one shoulder of the huge promontory of which the end is the North-east Cape, they tracked this new river, named the Lena, into the Arctic Sea on the *east* of the impassable cape. In doing this they came across the sources of a smaller stream, the Olenek, which ran parallel to and to the west of the Lena. Another similar parallel river, the Iana, was found to the east of the Lena. The Tunguses, who wandered along their shores, were reduced to tribute. And the work of exploring went on rapidly along the northern coast. The Indigirka, the Laseia, the Kolyma, were traced and crossed by Staduchin, a Cossack. The same discoverer reached Cape Schellagkoi.* His work was taken up by another Cossack,

* This cape is also called Svatoi Noss, or Sacred Cape. This title is repeatedly conferred by the Russian travellers as a respectful acknowledgment

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DESHNEFF, who from the river Kolyma rounded that cape, and triumphantly sailed through the Polar Sea, and, reaching the north-eastern corner of Asia, doubled it, and found himself in that very track which had shone before poor Barents' eyes thousands of miles westward, namely, the direct road south to China and Japan. But he got no further, for he was shipwrecked in the first gulf he reached after turning the point—the Gulf of Anadyr.

“This,” it has been well observed, “is the only occasion on which such a voyage has been made; and to Deshneff and his companions belong the honour of having been the first and sole navigators from the Arctic Sea to the Pacific; and of having proved, at a period much earlier than is commonly supposed, that the American and Asiatic continents are not united.”

A.D. 1711.—Several of the numerous islands which are visible at times from parts of the northern coast suggested the idea of some great northern continent, unconnected with either Asia or America. It is stated that in 1711 two expeditions were sent out across the ice by the government of Siberia to reach, and, if possible, examine this land. The Bear Islands at the mouth of the Kolyma had been already discovered, and, after examining them, the exploring parties pushed on to the north-west. There, almost opposite the mouth of the Iana, off Svatoi Noss, the sacred promontory, they discovered the archipelago

of the great dangers they met with off any particular place. The reader should be careful, therefore, to distinguish between the various capes that bear this name. For instance, there is one in Lapland, another between the mouth of the Iana and the Indigirka, and this one, called also Schelagkoi Noss. The Image Cape in Nova Zembla seems to have been also called Svatoi Noss.

of frozen hills which are called the Liakhov, or Liaghoff Islands. The crews, however, were so terrified at the aspect of these dreary regions, and dreaded so much being compelled to make some further effort, that they took the precaution of murdering the whole of their officers, and the expedition came to an untimely end.

Some other attempts were made in the same direction, but not of sufficient importance to call for notice here.

Much of these coast journeys, as well as the inland invasions in search of tribute, were made on land. Not much of that iron-bound coast and frozen sea could be traced in boat or ship.

As soon as, from Lapland to Kamchatka, the whole of that vast field of the earth's surface had been claimed and won for the Czars, those active and vigorous sovereigns turned their energies towards the further examination of their new possessions.

Peter the Great was not slow to see that the ignis fatuus of a northern passage might, in the hands of the master of more than half the territories concerned, be of some value to him. If, as was clearly the case, America almost, if not entirely touched his dominions, the north-west passage would bring the productions of the western world, and its commerce with India and China, into and through his dominions by another route, and one very unlikely to be interfered with. Visions of profitable tolls, of vast fleets of merchant ships dependent on him for a prosperous voyage, of a new hold on the world, of which he already owned so large a part, were some only of the gigantic schemes he revolved.

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structions for the thorough examination of the northern shores of the north-eastern extremity of his dominions, particularly with a view to ascertain two facts; one, whether there was any junction of the continents of Asia and America; the other, whether there was a navigable passage along his northern shores at any time of the year.

If any practicable *land* journey even could be established from Europe to China and Japan, and thence across Siberia to Europe, the Czar would have reaped some profit. How much more, if from England and Holland merchant vessels could, by a north-west channel, sail straight into his grasp before they turned south to the spice countries, and thence by a shorter course than round the Cape of Good Hope, sail home north of Siberia, even for a part of the way. If they had to send the goods overland to Moscow from the mouth of the Lena, it would be a shorter and presumably cheaper route. At any rate, the whole subject was worth inquiring into.

A.D. 1728.—The Czar did not live to see to the carrying out of his plan himself. His mighty schemes were left, nevertheless, in hands not too weak for them. In 1728 the Empress commissioned a Russian captain, Behring, to begin the first search, viz., to the *north*, for the purpose of discovering, if possible, whether there were any land connecting Asia and America. The start was to be made from Kamchatka.

On that bleak and desolate coast there were neither navy yards, storehouses, ships, nor sailors. No timber except small larch trees grew there. Every nail, every inch of rope, every ounce of meat, and every seaman, had to be sent from Russia across the desert

wastes of Siberia, round nearly half the circumference of the globe. But the Empress had ordered it; and woe to the Russian who disobeyed, or even hesitated over, those imperial commands. To the little village of Okhotsk, on the banks of the gulf that now bears the same name, over the trackless Tartar-haunted deserts, across the torrents and the snowy steppes, came the timber, the stores, the victualling, and the men. In due time two small vessels were launched, and with Captain VITUS BEHRING and Lieutenant TCHIRIKOW* in command, left the port of Petropaulski, on the east coast of Kamchatka, about the middle of the summer. Sailing steadily north, they passed the island of St. Lawrence, which guards the southern entrance of the straits. The straits grew narrower and narrower, and then suddenly widened. To the left, Asia stretched away nearly due west. To the east and north no land at all was to be seen; and the prudent captain having, as he thought, settled the point of the separation of Asia and America, turned south again. If, however, his conclusion rested only on there being no land to the north, a progress of not many miles further in that direction would, it now appears, have undeceived him. He seems not to have sailed further north than 67° or 68° north lat. About 71° to the north-west of the northern mouth of Behring's Straits lie extensive tracts of land, whose lofty peaks have been seen,† but which have not yet been explored. Possibly it was from this early navigator that the idea of the *Polynia*, as

* Scoresby, in his "Chronological List of Voyages," mentions only Behring as in command of this expedition, and associates Tchirikow with him in his expedition to North America in 1741. The two seem not unfrequently confused.

† By Captain Kellett in 1849, and also by Baron von Wrangell.

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the Russians called it, or open Polar Sea, was first derived, which has received such striking corroboration in later times.*

A.D. 1729.—Behring sailed again the next year eastwards from Kamchatka, but with no result.

A.D. 1741.—Twelve years afterwards he sailed once more from Okhotsk to explore the coast of America. He turned southwards after striking the shore in about lat. $58^{\circ} 28'$, and soon found himself among that extraordinary chain of submerged mountains now called the Aleutian Islands, which stretch almost from America to Kamchatka. On one of these his ship struck, and, in cold and misery, the great commodore died.

The first point in Peter's instructions had been successfully cleared up. The two continents were really separated by a narrow strait; and no land, at least within sight of the most northern point that had been reached, connected or even approached them.

The second question, whether there was a navigable passage along the north of Asia, was not so easily solved. It seems at first sight as if the north-west passage was nothing to so gigantic an exploration as that of the whole northern coast of Asia and Europe. But, in truth, the latter was much easier. The vast rivers which flowed in every direction from the heart of the Czar's dominions to the Arctic Ocean enabled expedition after expedition to reach the sea at any point they pleased, and, when there, to turn right or left as the ice or the weather permitted, and add a

* Captain Inglefield, as well as Dr. Kane, considered that the sounds at the head of Baffin's Bay lead to this great polar basin. The former commander believed he was in a straight course for Behring's Straits from Whale Sound in 1852, when he was stopped by the weather. "We had no sooner," he says, "fairly opened the sound than I involuntarily exclaimed, 'This must lead into the Great Polynia of the Russians!'"

few more miles to the survey which was always going on. Subject tribes, too, lived in numbers along the greatest portion of the coast, bound to aid, and in many cases able to give most valuable information to the explorers.

Very different was the case in the North American continent. The land was an absolute desert for the greatest part of the route. The wandering savages were next to useless as guides, assistants, or sources of information. The scene of labour was far away from England, and only to be reached after an Arctic voyage of no little danger. The nature of the coast, with its hundreds of creeks, inlets, bays, and sounds, and with its countless islands and deluding capes, was very different from the comparatively straight shore which bounds the north-eastern Polar Sea. The climate was much more severe; the land stretched much further to the north; and lastly, there was no all-powerful imperial authority, and no loyal people who regarded that authority as really and literally the vicegerent of Heaven. Not that the Russian explorers lacked their enthusiasts, as keen as Fro-bisher, as persevering as Davis, as patient and as faithful as Barents.

A.D. 1761-3.—One of these was the merchant SCHALAUROFF. He had conceived the idea of sailing round the north-eastern angle of Asia, a feat that had never been performed except by Deshneff. With true Tartar pertinacity, he clung to the task he had set himself, so long as life lasted :

“ Like that old sea-dog, who, till death
Hung to the vessel's side,
Till hands were lopped, and then with teeth
He held on till he died.”

He was a trader of Yakutsk, on the Lena, and

sailed one of his own ships to its mouth. At first he was not able to get further to the east than the mouth of the Iana. There the ice stopped him, and for a month or so he lay frozen up in the height of summer. On his release, he succeeded in coasting round the Sacred Cape (Svatoi Noss), which forms the eastern boundary to the mouth of the river, and ran eastward past the Indigirka to the mouth of the Kolyma, where the early Arctic winter fixed him fast for many months. It was not much before the autumn of the next year that he shook his ship free of the ice, and immediately pursued his easterly track, and soon came to the Schelagkoi Noss, which none but Deshneff had ever passed. Again and again he tried to pass it; but the drifting ice was too strong for him, and he was compelled to return to the mouth of the Kolyma, purposing to wait till next summer and try again. This his crew would not put up with, and their mutiny drove him home to the Lena.

Once again the brave trader set out on the same hopeless effort; but Arctic dangers were not again to be tempted with impunity. His ship was, it is said, found drifting empty about the mouth of the Kolyma. He and his crew were, it is also said, murdered by the Tchutchki, in Kamchatka. Whether they had really passed the straits and reached the Gulf of Anadyr, or whether they had abandoned their ship, and were travelling overland from the impassable Schelagkoi Noss, is very doubtful. But whatever the fate was which had befallen them, Schalauoff and his comrades never re-appeared among men.

Our space will not allow of any detailed account of the slow but persevering efforts by which the Czar

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Peter's second problem was solved. Some expeditions sailed from Archangel to the mouth of the Obi. Some made their way from the mouth of the Obi to the mouth of the Yenisei. Some crept from the Yenisei even to the mouth of the Piasia, at the very root of the great and mysterious North-east Cape itself, and thence even on to and across its hoary shoulders, though never round the last dark promontory. Others, like Schalauoff, spent labour and life in tracing the coast west of the cape to Kamchatka in sledges, in ships, on foot.

One way or another, all the northern coast had been, even before the beginning of the nineteenth century, tolerably accurately traced, with the exception of the two capes, Severo-vostochnoi-noss and Schelagkoi Noss.

A.D. 1820-3.—The various discoverers so frequently saw or heard of land to the north during their progress along the coast, that a very general impression of the existence of some great northern continent, occupying a considerable area of the polar space, began to gain ground. More to set this question at rest than for the purpose of examining any further the tolerably exploded theory of a navigable north-east passage, the Emperor Alexander, in the year 1820, sent out two expeditions; one under Lieutenant ANJOU, to the mouth of the Iana; the other, under Admiral VON WRANGELL, to the mouth of the Kolyma. Their instructions were to travel north over the ice. Again and again the attempt was made with dog-sledges, but without result. Once Von Wrangell reached the lat. of $70^{\circ} 51'$, a distance of 105 versts from the mainland, over thin and breaking ice. The dangers the adventurers went through are

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enough to chill the most impassive reader. The ice would break in every direction round them, while their dogs were rushing with the desperation of instinct through the blinding sleet and wind to the next ice-field that would support them. Once one of these pieces was absolutely crushed to fragments under them, and it was only by a headlong scramble over the broken pieces and through the freezing water that they saved their lives. And in spite of all their gallant struggle to carry out their orders to the uttermost, no success rewarded them. Not a rock, not a hill could they see. The savages told them that from Cape Jakan, not far west of the straits, snow-covered mountains could be seen far to the north. But though they "gazed long and earnestly on the horizon, hoping, as the air was clear, to see this northern land, they could see nothing of it."

Though, however, they failed in the primary object of their journey, Anjou and Wrangell succeeded in accurately surveying the whole coast from the mouth of the Lena to the straits. Perhaps, too, it is not too bold a prophecy to say that, while the earth's climate continues what it is, their experience will prevent any further attempts being made to establish a north-eastern communication by sea between Europe and India.

CHAPTER VI.

A.D. 1721—1839.

GREENLAND MISSIONS.

The lost church of ancient Greenland—Mr. EGEDE—The Moravians—The first awakening among the heathen—Its fruits—Relics of the ancient colony—Goodhaab, the first missionary settlement—Bishop de Watteville's visitation—Lichtenfels—Lichtenau—Present condition of Lichtenfels—Heathen superstitions, and mythology of the Esquimaux—Missionary stations in Labrador.

THERE is always something peculiarly affecting in the spots where man has dwelt, and now dwells no longer. The poet can select no more touching subject than a deserted village, nor one that can move the pity and wrath of the reader more than that of an Acadian settlement, whose simple inhabitants are pictured as driven out from their homesteads by a tyrannous mandate, to wander in misery over the face of the earth. To this day, the valley of the Nile owes its fascination for the traveller to its multitudinous signs of a former, but departed, life and civilization. Many a Scotch tourist has felt the touch of a similar sentiment when among the brown heather he finds the green knolls, each of which marks where some clansman's home once stood, now abandoned to grouse and deer.

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tion, but of an extinct faith, they are, to thoughtful minds, even more solemn. The mysterious ruins in Central America—the granite temples of Egypt—the broken columns of Palmyra—have an interest of their own above that of the Pyramids, the Cyclopean walls of Tiryns and Argos, or the tombs of Etruria. These latter tell of the bodily life and death of races long gone by, perhaps forgotten; but the ruined house of prayer, though nothing but a carved fish or a stuffed cat occupied its shrine, are memorials of that immortal part that made the difference between the ancient worshippers and their deities. To such natural feelings of solemn interest is added a far keener and more painful one, when the faith, whose broken records alone remain, is the faith of the Redeemer. Then the ruined settlement, the roofless church, under whose walls savages shelter from the wind, the desecrated burying ground where wolves and foxes prowl, seem like the trophies of him who “has nothing”* in that Redeemer. This feeling has animated many a holy preacher of the truth. It has cost many a life. It sent Gregory to England. It drove the Crusaders to Jerusalem. It founded the Greenland mission.

The history of that mission has been often told,† and this is not the place for many particulars. But we gladly avail ourselves of the fact, that the Greenland missionaries were occasionally discoverers, or re-discoverers, to pay our tribute of admiration to those noble men, who literally “counted not their lives dear to them,” but with all singleness of heart, hoping

* John xiv. 30.

† The Religious Tract Society's compendium on the subject—“Missionary Records—Northern Countries.”

for no profit or fame, went out into the frozen wastes and among the savage heathen of the north, to preach Him who died "for the sins of the whole world."*

A.D. 1721-36.—Every one knows how good Mr. Egede, the parish priest of Vogen, in Norway, heard of the old colony, and immediately pictured to himself the colonists, lapsed into heathenism, worshipping idols and tyrannized over by wizards. Every one knows how his simple-hearted wife, after many objections, became as great an enthusiast as himself—how, with the text concerning those who love father or mother more than Christ ringing in his ears day and night, he gave up his cure, and at last attained the summit of his wishes—permission to go, with a wife and four little children, and spend the rest of his life amid Arctic snows, preaching the gospel to Esquimaux. Every one knows, too, how patiently, faithfully, and humbly the good man toiled on to his life's end, and then came home to die, leaving behind him, where before were only devil-worshipping heathens, the nucleus of a congregation of Christians.

Not less worthy of the admiration of all Christians are the humble Moravian Brethren, who laboured with him, and to whom is peculiarly due the honour of having first learned the way to those heathen hearts. The story contains a lesson which cannot be too deeply impressed.

Day after day, in all faithfulness, the Danish missionaries and their Moravian assistants had preached the main truths of Christianity—the fall of man, the attributes of God, the redemption of the world, the necessity of holiness and self-conquest. Day after day, for nearly seventeen years, the only re-

* 1 John ii. 2.

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sult, with a few scattered exceptions, had been gibes and unanswerable cavils from the subtle savages. They would assent to Mr. Egede's teaching, because they could not but love and venerate him. But any assistant teacher had a hard time of it. For every statement he made to them, they told him some wild story about the marvellous feats of their angekoks, or wizards, and asked him if he believed it; and if not, why not. A far easier question to ask than to answer at once. If the missionary said, as of course he did, that he believed not one word, the reply was prompt: "You will not believe our word, why should we believe yours, especially when we cannot understand you?" If he said that their story was contrary to common sense and probability, they asked him why it was more so than the greater marvels of which he had just been telling them. If he asked them whether they had ever seen an angekok do one of these wonders they related, they asked if he had ever seen a miracle.

To all attempts at exposition of the character of God, or of the scheme of redemption, they were as ingeniously impervious as better educated heathens. They required proof of his existence. They declared their own beneficent deity sufficient for them. They denied that *their* souls were diseased. "People in your country," they said, "may have diseased souls; ours are healthy. From the examples we see of your people, we can believe that they do require a physician of souls; but we really do not. Besides, we should find your spiritual joys and felicities too tedious; nor can our souls, as far as we know, exist apart from our bodies. And as our bodies require

seals, fishes, and birds, and our god promises us these, we are content, and will leave your empty paradise to you."*

They asked, "Why?" when they were told to despise earthly things; and when they were answered by a solemn description of the judgment, replied frankly, "If the Son of God be so terrible, we do not wish to go to heaven."

Man after man would profess Christianity for a time, but hardly one of them with sufficient earnestness to warrant his being baptized, though they were all eager to undergo the ceremony. Some of the children did better, but they soon wandered away, and were lost sight of; and amid the idle, alternately praying, cursing, professing, and blaspheming crowd that remained, the missionaries' hearts sank within them.

It is no injustice to these admirable men (for they charge it against themselves) to say, that they had forgotten to teach one element of the gospel, without which it seems to make very little practical impression on men—the sufferings of Christ as man for sin. The Redeemer, the Atonement, the Sacrifice, the Son of God, all these great and glorious titles they had made familiar to the Greenlanders. But the one idea that at last touched their hearts, that touches ours, is, that Christ Jesus really suffered for us; that he was the patient Shepherd, who came, faint, weary, pierced with thorns, through the wilderness, to carry us home; the friend who follows every step of ours with faithful and infinite love.

One day the missionary had preached of God, of the creation and the fall, and of the redemption. Not an

* Crantz, vol. ii. p. 39.

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idea seemed to have penetrated the listless, vacant throng. He preached of the sufferings of Christ; of the ingratitude of rejecting him, of its danger. His words seemed not to have entered one dull brain. He finished his sermon by *reading*, no longer preaching, of the agony in the garden. He looked up. God's words had reached further than men's. Trembling with agitation, a Greenlander stood close to him, and called out in a loud voice, in almost the words of the jailer of Philippi, "How was that? Tell me that once more, for I want to be saved too."

All round, the crowd were listening with open mouths. The missionary had been trying to make the Bible easy; and the most mysterious narrative in the Bible, unexplained, had struck home into the minds that had not understood his simplest words. He had been talking of an abstract Saviour. The Bible spoke of the man Christ Jesus in uttermost and awful distress, and they at last comprehended that this agony was for them. Pity, awe, gratitude, and, at last, compunction, woke one after the other. The missionary had told them of a merciful God. The Bible spoke straight to their hearts of the Son of God who had suffered to death for love of them.

For seventeen years the patient husbandmen had been working with little apparent fruit. From this time they prospered. "What strange event is this?" said the savages. "When you were always telling us of God and the two first parents, we continually said we believed it all, but we were tired of hearing it, and thought, What signifies this to us? But now we find that there is something interesting in it."*

"I myself," said an old Greenlander, who had

* Crantz ii. p. 75.

come to urge the speedy baptism of his son, "dare not think of such a favour, being very bad, and old, too; yet I will live and die with you, for it refreshes my soul to hear of our Saviour."

"Oh! how is it possible that our Saviour can love poor men so exceedingly?" was the cry of the first communicants.

"It is true," said an old man, who begged to be baptized with his daughters, "I can *say* but little, and very probably I shall never learn so much as my children, for thou canst see that my hairs are quite gray, and that I am a very old man; but I believe with all my heart in Jesus Christ, and that all that thou sayest of him is true."

Throughout the whole history of this church, it is plain that the one softening, converting, and sanctifying element among the heathen was personal love to Christ as their human friend and brother, as well as their God. And it needs but a glance at the simple and touching narrative of the missionaries to see that this feeling was no mere hysterical sentimentality, such as so easily affects uncultivated minds. Bitter persecutions unflinchingly endured, good works steadily persevered in, and faithful Christian living, proved how real was the grace they had received, and how watchfully they tended it.

Mr. Egede's object and hope had been, as has been said, to find the remnant descendants of the old Danish colony. In this he was disappointed. He found, indeed, plenty of records of them. The very savages whom he taught boasted how their ancestors destroyed the *Kablunät*, or foreigners. Years after, the Moravians were told by their hearers that they

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dared not become Christians, lest in the next world the Christian's God would visit on them the crimes of their ancestors in murdering the colonists. In a trip which Mr. Egede made by order of the government from his station at Baal's River (Godhaab), as far as Staten Hook, his guides pointed out old pastures, many ruins of old Norwegian buildings, and in one place the remains of a church and churchyard. Close to the original missionary settlement of Godhaab is a plain which is called Pissiksarbik, *the place of shooting*; and the Greenlanders said that there was a great fight there between their ancestors and the Kablunät, in which the enemies shot at each other across the river. But though he seems always to have clung to the idea that in some secret valleys, or on the banks of some desert fiords, there might be hidden away a few survivors of the old Scandinavian colonists, he never found any. Nor is there any evidence that a single man of them existed by the end of the sixteenth century.

A.D. 1733.—The first missionary settlement was Godhaab, on the banks of Baal's or Ball's River, or Fiord. Several attempts were made to found another further north, in a better position for fishing, but without success. Indeed, the whole mission, after ten years' trial, was almost on the point of being given up by the government. The arrival of the Moravians, in 1733, who, from the first, worked cordially with the Danish missionaries, saved it. The new comers built their own settlement close at hand, and named it New Herrnhut,* in affectionate remembrance of their quiet Lusatian home.

A.D. 1752.—A few years after the first episcopal

* Lord's watch.

visitation, the church had increased so much in numbers, that the barren region around Godhaab and New Herrnhut was not sufficient to support those who desired to join the community. Many considerations pointed towards the south, as the proper spot for any new settlement. Most of the new converts were from that quarter. The southern coast was stated to be more populous than that about Baal's River. And those who came from the south to hear the missionaries could not support themselves, partly from the scarcity of game, and partly because the modes of fishing requisite in an inlet were so different from those practised on the coast or on islands, that the tyros ran some risk of starving while they were learning their new and unwelcome accomplishment.

A.D. 1758.—Bishop de Watteville had urged the establishment of a new station; and six years afterwards (1758) his suggestion was carried out. Three brave missionaries, accompanied by four Greenland families, left New Herrnhut, and settled thirty-six leagues to the south, at a place called Fiskernaes. There the same teaching which had been so effective at Godhaab soon gathered and converted many heathen. The following short extract shows how the missionaries clung to that form of doctrine which had been so successful.

"The grace which our Saviour confers on us is inexpressible. He is every day, nay, every hour, with us. We cannot, indeed, see him with our bodily eyes, but our hearts can feel his presence, if we love him, and cleave to him as the *angmarset* (a kind of herring) do to the rocks about which they swarm. Let them be driven away ever so often,

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they return immediately, striving to reach the rocks. Just so ought we to cling to the person of Jesus."

There are few who have had to bear trouble, or go through trial and anxiety, whose hearts will not answer to this homely illustration of the truth, which can make the saddest life a happy as well as a holy one.

The missionaries gave the name of Lichtenfels* to their establishment at Fiskernaes, a name not undeserved, even by the testimony of the heathen themselves. "I think," said one candid old savage, "that I am good for nothing; but as my children have a great desire to hear such things, I will not hinder them; and perhaps I shall some time follow them hither, for, indeed, it is very agreeable to be here, *because the people love one another so much.*"

A.D. 1774.—Once more the rapid increase of converts, and the earnestly expressed desire of the "Southlanders" to have spiritual instruction within their reach, induced the indefatigable missionaries to found another settlement. They selected, this time, a spot near Cape Farewell, where great numbers of Greenlanders resided within a comparatively short distance, and named it Lichtenau.

The same simple faith and untiring energy had the same result; and in a few years, Lichtenau, like Lichtenfels and New Herrnhut, ceased to be a missionary settlement, in the strict sense of the term, from nearly all the nation having become professedly Christians, and having been collected into quiet, well-ordered communities.

The most serious trouble they had to bear, next to the desolating pestilence that again and again

* Rock of light.

attacked the settlements, was the order of the Danish government that they should disperse into smaller settlements, and not collect in such large numbers in only a few places. Salutory as this direction probably has proved, it grieved the good missionaries bitterly. It was impossible for them, with their small numbers, to continue to give the minute and attentive care, which they delighted to bestow on their people, to congregations scattered up and down the most inhospitable and impassable country, perhaps, in the world. However, their people have, it is said, shown great faithfulness and steadiness in their Christian course, although debarred from most of the means of grace.

The success of the Moravians has been participated in by the Danish mission, which is under the direct patronage of the government, and is administered by a board appointed by the crown. Indeed, as was to be expected, the more organized and powerful body, when the way had been pointed out, in some degree supplanted the Moravians, between whom and the Lutherans, however, cordial feeling has, it is believed, always existed. The Moravians have no government aid whatever, and depend even for their necessary supplies upon their own trading, and the courtesy of the Danish vessels.*

Dr. Kane gives the following sketch of the present condition of Lichtenfels:—

“While we were beating out of the fiord of Fiskernaes I had an opportunity of visiting Lichtenfels, the ancient seat of the Greenland congregations, and one of the three Moravian settlements. I had read much of the history of its founders; and it was

* Dr. Kane.

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with feelings almost of devotion that I drew near the scene their labours had consecrated.

"As we rowed into the shadow of its rock-embayed cove, everything was so desolate and still that we might have fancied ourselves outside the world of life. Even the dogs, those querulous, never-sleeping sentinels of the rest of the coast, gave no signal of our approach. Presently, a sudden turn round a projecting cliff brought into view a quaint old Silesian mansion, bristling with irregularly disposed chimneys, its black overhanging roof studded with dormer windows, and crowned with an antique belfry.

"We were met, as we landed, by a couple of grave, ancient men, in sable jackets and close velvet skull-caps, such as Vandyke or Rembrandt himself might have painted, who gave us a quiet but kindly welcome. All inside of the mansion house, the furniture, the matron, even the children, had the same time-sobered look. The sanded floor was dried by one of those huge white-tiled stoves, which have been known for generations in the north of Europe; and the stiff-backed chairs were evidently coeval with the first days of the settlement. The heavy built table in the middle of the room was soon covered with its simple offerings of hospitality; and we sat around to talk of the lands we had come from, and the changing wonders of the times.

"We learned that the house dated back as far as the days of Matthew Stach;* built, no doubt, with the beams that floated so providentially to the shore some twenty-five years after the first landing of Egede; and that it had been the home of the brethren who now greeted us, one for twenty-nine, and the

* One of the first Moravian missionaries.

other for twenty-seven years. The 'Congregation Hall' was within the building, cheerless now with its empty benches; a couple of French horns, all that I could associate with the gladsome piety of the Moravians, hung on each side of the altar. Two dwelling rooms, three chambers, and a kitchen, all under the same roof, made up the one structure of Lichtenfels.

"Its kind-hearted inmates were not without intelligence and education. In spite of the formal cut of their dress, and something of the stiffness that belongs to a protracted solitary life, it was impossible not to recognise in their demeanour and course of thought the liberal spirit that has always characterized their church. Two of their 'children,' they said, had 'gone to God' last year with the scurvy; yet they hesitated at receiving a scanty supply of potatoes as a present from our store."

Thanks to the unwearied exertions of the Lutheran and Moravian missionaries, Greenland, at least along the coast and in all its southern portion, is a professedly Christian country. But the "wild" Esquimaux in the far north still believe, as Pastor Egede's first hearers did, in the old Greenlandic Pantheon. This consists of two great spirits, and a crowd of inferior "Tornguk," or demons. One of the great spirits is supposed to be good, and is named Torn-garsuk (great spirit). Being benevolent, no one thinks it worth while to worship him or offer him any sacrifices. The bad spirit is a female, from whom most evil is supposed to come, but who is considered not so much malignant as disagreeable. Her abode abounds with worldly affluence, but no one can endure to be near her.

The heathen, when they first heard of the Al-

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mighty, identified him with Torngarsuk. But this seems to have been a mistake, as Torngarsuk was never held to be the author of the universe, but was supposed to be of very limited stature, and to be able to be killed, and sometimes to resemble a white bear. Indeed, the whole account is rather like a dim tradition of the two first parents of mankind, with all the evil attributed to the woman. This idea is corroborated by the fact that, according to the Greenland heathen theology, after all men are dead, the earth will be shattered, a deluge will purify it, a tempest will reunite it in greater beauty than before, covered with everlasting verdure, and swarming with revived animals, while Pirksoma (*He that is above*) will breathe life into all mankind again.*

Among hardly any other heathen nation can a clearer tradition of the promised resurrection be found. At any rate, this mysterious restorer seems clearly the one faint record they have preserved of the true God.

In connection with the superstitions of the Greenlanders, a very singular story exists, which is stated to be well authenticated.† A boy, while playing in the field at noonday, was suddenly seized by his mother, who had been buried in that place, and addressed in words like these:—"Fear not: I am your mother, and love you much. You will come to strange people, who will instruct you in the knowledge of Him who created heaven and earth." This story was related to a missionary by the boy after his baptism, and was confirmed by many others.

Among the heathen the missionaries found an abundance of traditions relating to the old Norwegian

* Crantz, p. 190.

† Crantz, p. 193.

colonists, of whom the natives always spoke with the most vindictive hatred, and describe them as dogs turned into men. Their account of the contest is, that one of these degraded wretches dared to use contemptuous language towards a Greenlander, deriding his bad shooting, whereupon the irritated hunter thrust him through with a dart. This homicide was the beginning of a war, in which the Greenlanders destroyed all the foreigners.

These traditions, however, with the ancient religion, are fast fading away from among the peaceable and well disposed inhabitants of Danish Greenland, who are all now, nominally at least, Christians. Dr. Walker mentions having seen, during a recent visit, the last of the Angekoks in South Greenland, and that he had recently embraced Christianity.

Around Smith's Sound, nevertheless, in the north, all along the forgotten and mysterious eastern coast, and down the American side of Baffin's Bay, heathenism still reigns.

A.D. 1752.—Further south, however, in Labrador, the great eastern boundary of Hudson's Bay, the good work of the Moravian missionaries has been prosperously carried on. Our limits will not allow of more than a mention of this mission. It was commenced in 1752, under the auspices of Matthew Stach, one of the earliest of the Greenland missionaries. It was supposed, and rightly, that the Labrador Esquimaux were of a kindred race with the Greenlanders, and the same persevering efforts that had been made to Christianize the northern continent, were repeated in the more southerly, but, if possible, colder and drearier region to which their

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love of their fellow-beings and their great zeal for God now carried these admirable men.

Four settlements were successively founded on its bleak coast, and called Nain, Hopedale, Okkak, and Hebron. The history of their slow progress is very similar to that of the Greenland settlements—long and repeated failure—till at last one chief man was touched and converted, then another, and another, and then a general awakening; angry opposition on the part of the heathen, trials from persecution, worse trials from epidemic disease, faithful perseverance through all; till at present more than nine hundred individuals are under the direct operation of the means of grace.

Indeed, without in the least pretending to exalt one form of Christian worship or discipline over another, it does seem that the simplicity, and, so to speak, cheerful strictness of Moravianism, with its quiet faith and zeal, is peculiarly suited to the stolid and superstitious, but by no means unintelligent natures of these northern savages. Their Tartar subtlety and argumentativeness meets with an overmastering match in the ardent and self-sacrificing faith of these noble missionaries. The strict, though gentle discipline under which they are brought, whatever may be thought of its merits in other cases, seems to be the best possible correction for their vagrant ferocity; and the constant inculcation of the one great principle of Christian love appeals more strongly than a more elaborate ecclesiastical machinery, to that responsive chord that lurks in the most benighted and imbruted natures.

At any rate, in the multitudes of wild men and women of the north who have died confessing with

their mouths the Lord Jesus, and believing in their hearts that God has raised him from the dead, and in the multitudes of decent, God-fearing families, who every Sunday meet to worship the great Father of all, and record his redeeming love for mankind, is as noble a monument of simple Christian faithfulness as can be found in the world.

It is with a feeling of something akin to humiliation that most of us must regard it. But while we may regret how far short of such heroic self-sacrifice our best attempts have fallen, it is not the less a ground for a very catholic thankfulness that any branch of Christ's church has edified the whole with the spectacle of the devotion and persevering courage of such men as good old Pastor Egede, Christian and Matthew Stach, John Beck, and Mr. Drachart.

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CHAPTER VII.

A.D. 1816—1847.

MODERN ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS—FIRST PART—UP TO FRANKLIN'S
LAST EXPEDITION.

Abandonment of all attempts at Arctic discovery in the beginning of the 19th century—Breaking up of the Greenland ice in 1818—New attempts resolved on—ROSS'S FIRST VOYAGE (Baffin's Bay)—The "Croker Mountains"—BUCHAN AND FRANKLIN'S VOYAGE (Spitzbergen)—Russian inhabitants of Spitzbergen—Their piety—PARRY'S FIRST VOYAGE (Baffin's Bay and Lancaster Sound)—The "Croker Mountains" proved not to exist—Melville Island reached—Winter management of crews—FRANKLIN'S FIRST LAND EXPEDITION (Coppermine River)—PARRY'S SECOND VOYAGE (Hudson's Bay)—Esquimaux chart-drawing—LYON'S VOYAGE—CLAVERRING'S VOYAGE (East Greenland)—PARRY'S THIRD VOYAGE (Prince Regent's Inlet)—Naval masquerades—Fury and Hecla Strait—FRANKLIN'S SECOND LAND EXPEDITION (Mackenzie River and Coppermine River)—BEECHY'S FIRST VOYAGE (Behring's Straits)—PARRY'S FOURTH VOYAGE (North Polar Sea)—Boat travelling—Drift of the ice—Parry's and Barrow's opinions as to reaching the Pole—ROSS'S SECOND VOYAGE (Prince Regent's Inlet)—Mr. Booth—The Fury's stores—Ship abandoned—BACK'S LAND EXPEDITION (Great Fish River)—DEASE AND SIMPSON'S LAND EXPEDITION (north coast of America)—RAE'S LAND EXPEDITION (north-east coast of America)—Condition of Arctic discovery—North-west passage practically discovered—Various routes—A final search determined on.

BOTH the Admiralty and the Hudson's Bay Company had had enough of Arctic expeditions. The constant ill success that had attended every naval effort, and the feeble failures of the company's officers, had seemingly extinguished all public interest in the subject. Captain Phipps was supposed to have disposed of the practicability of the direct northern route. Cook was supposed to have demonstrated

that, even if there were water along the whole northern coast of America, the Behring's Strait end of the north-western passage was blocked up by perennial walls of ice. Hearne and Mackenzie were supposed to have had this much justification for their disappointing return, that the northern lands of America were intolerable to human beings, and entirely useless for any practical purposes of travel.

Indeed, all attention was soon concentrated on a drama that left little time or interest for the contemplation of any other—the explosion of the French Revolution, and the changing fortunes of that great revolutionary war, whose history, though so recent, still reads like a woe of the Apocalypse. Till the peace had enabled the exhausted nations to draw breath and somewhat recruit their shattered energies and finances, nearly all attempts at discovery were abandoned. Even England, undisputed sovereign of the seas, had no ships or men to spare from that desperate struggle for life or death.

For years after the peace, indeed, the very existence of the Arctic regions seems to have been forgotten, or remembered only with a silent shudder. The gallant attempt of Lieutenant Kotzebue in 1815 to explore the eastern coast of Behring's Straits, and his discoveries among the Aleutian Islands, attracted little attention; and many years would probably have passed before any but whalers would have faced the ice, but for the news which those whalers brought home in 1817.

A.D. 1817.—In 1271, the Danish chronicle states that a strong wind from the north-west carried to Iceland a large quantity of ice, laden with a number of bears and much wood. The Greenland whalers in the

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winter of 1816-7 found that the same thing had taken place on an extraordinary scale. No less than 18,000 square miles of ice had broken loose from the anchorage of centuries, and came plunging and whirling south and west, filling the bays and creeks of Iceland, wandering even to Labrador and Newfoundland, and disappearing only in the Gulf stream.

Dr. Scoresby, then engaged in the whaling trade, wrote to Sir Joseph Banks, telling him of this phenomenon, and it soon became the subject of general interest. Sir John Barrow laid the news before the Admiralty, and, after due deliberation, it was resolved once more to commence the endless search. Two simultaneous expeditions were ordered, one to attempt the north-west passage up Baffin's Bay, the other the polar passage between Spitzbergen and the north of Greenland. Two ships were commissioned for each service; the *Isabella* and the *Alexander*, under Captain Ross, for the first; the *Dorothea* and the *Trent*, under Captain Buchan, for the other. In the list of persons engaged in the latter expedition occurs, for the first time, the name that is now so mournfully familiar, "*Trent*—John Franklin, lieutenant and commander."

CAPTAIN JOHN ROSS—BAFFIN'S BAY—1818.

A.D. 1818.—This voyage closely resembled Baffin's second expedition, and nothing more was achieved than had been done by the old navigator two hundred years before. The ships reached Disco Island, on the west coast of Greenland, in safety, thanks to the shore-channel in the ice. There they were fain to take shelter, with forty-five whalers, which they found

there, in Waygats Strait behind the island, and wait till the ice let them out. They were released on the 20th of June, if cutting passages and then warping the ships through them could be called a release. Giving the name of Melville Bay to the northern angle of the shore as it trends westward at the head of Baffin's Bay, and admiring the cliffs of from one thousand to two thousand feet high which composed it, Captain Ross passed the gateway of Smith's Sound, afterwards to become so famous as the scene of the heroic constancy of Dr. Kane, the American explorer, and his gallant crew. An Esquimaux interpreter, John Sacheuse, was sent on shore to make friends with his countrymen. He brought several to visit the ship, where they were treated with hospitality, and after having, to their great delight, had their portraits taken, indulged in something between a dance and a romp with the sailors on deck.

"Sacheuse's mirth and joy," says Captain Ross, "exceeded all bounds; and with a good-humoured officiousness, justified by the important distinction which his superior knowledge now gave him, he performed the office of master of the ceremonies. An Esquimaux M.C. to a ball on the deck of one of his Majesty's ships in the icy seas of Greenland, was an office somewhat new; but Nash himself could not have performed his functions in a manner more appropriate. It did not belong even to Nash to combine in his own person, like Jack, the discordant qualifications of seaman, interpreter, draughtsman, and master of ceremonies to a ball, with those of an active fisher of seals and a hunter of white bears. A daughter of the Danish resident (by an Esquimaux woman), about eighteen years of age, and by far the

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best looking of the half-caste group, was the object of Jack's particular attention; which being observed by one of our officers, he gave him a lady's shawl, ornamented with spangles, as an offering for her acceptance. He presented it in a most respectful, and not ungraceful manner, to the damsel, who bashfully took a pewter ring from her finger, and gave it to him in return, rewarding him at the same time with an eloquent smile, which could leave no doubt on our Esquimaux's mind that he had made an impression on her heart."

Near Cape Dudley Digges, Ross observed what seemed to him a most marvellous phenomenon, crimson-coloured snow. It is known now to be not unusual, but there is still some doubt as to its cause. The most probable theory seems to be that the colour arises from thousands of birds making these cliffs their roosting-place during the summer months. Others maintain that it is caused by a minute lichen that grows in the snow. Martens notices this curious appearance in Spitzbergen, and says that there there is a hill that even "looketh like fire."

Another most invaluable discovery Ross also made on this voyage, that men could go without sleep for as much as three days, working hard all the time, if they were only supplied with extra food. How often this was their salvation may be imagined when it is remembered that for nearly three-and-twenty days the ships had literally to be tracked and poled through the heaving floes, when a minute's inattention might have cost all their lives.

On passing the two capes which, as it were, form the portal of Smith's Sound, he gave them the names of his two ships, Isabella and Alexander. Sailing

still westward, he turned south and passed Jones' Sound, and arrived off the mouth of that fatal inlet, which was to admit so many brave men to suffering and death, and which commenced its ill-omened career by ruining for many years his own naval reputation—Lancaster Sound.

The officers differed as to whether it were an inlet or a strait. Captain Ross and Captain Sabine thought it was an inlet; that there was "no indication of a passage, no appearance of a canoe, no drift-wood, and no swell from the north-west." They further saw, as they thought, a high ridge of mountains at the bottom of the inlet, to which they gave the name of Croker Mountains.

To all this Lieutenant Parry and his party demurred. They seem to have maintained that there *was* a swell, and that the Croker Mountains were apocryphal. As it turned out, they were right. But it should have been remembered that the ablest navigators have been over and over again deceived in this way;* and Captain Ross's character should have protected him from the personal attacks and imputations on his probity which were indulged in in some quarters, and which too often have disfigured the scientific discussions on these subjects, into which no acrimony should have been imported.

After correcting a few of the landmarks and soundings in Baffin's Bay, and extinguishing James' Island—a little island which had somehow crept into

* Lieutenant Wilkes (now well known in England as the Commander of the *San Jacinto* in the Trent affair) took views of the mountains in the Antarctic continent (as he called it) and laid down their bearings in a most elaborate manner.

Sir James Ross, a few years later, sailed over these mountains, just as Captain Parry sailed over the Croker range.

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the charts without the requisite qualification of being in existence—the ships returned in November, according to orders.

CAPTAIN BUCHAN AND LIEUTENANT FRANKLIN—
SPITZBERGEN—1818.

A.D. 1818.—The Trent and Dorothea meanwhile pursued their northerly course, past Cherie Island, which they saw on the 24th of May, straight into the heart of the northern ice; and after much battering, and being separated for some time, both reached Magdalena Bay, in Spitzbergen, the port they had agreed upon, on the 3rd of June.

So completely had the remembrance of this once well-known whaling station fallen out of popular remembrance, that it was like a new discovery to the sailors. Captain Beechey, the chronicler of the expedition, gives a most vivid account of the grandeur of its cliffs, three thousand feet high, and, above all, of its four huge glaciers,* creeping unceasingly into the sea. The smallest of these, the “hanging glacier,” as it is called, struck them with most astonishment. It flows down the slope of a mountain, and projects from the cliff at an altitude of two hundred feet above the sea. Its vicinity cannot be pleasant, as huge masses are constantly falling from it into the sea, and the report of a gun will always bring down a considerable fragment. The experiment was tried once, and the wave caused by the fall washed a boat and its crew who were half a mile off, ninety-six feet on to the beach. On another occasion a mountain of ice

* See a more extended description of these glaciers, *post.*

fell, which was computed to weigh 421,660 tons, and produced such a wave as to compel the *Dorothea*, then careening four miles off, to right.

While in this bay, they one day saw, to their astonishment, a boat pulling in. Captain Buchan received the strangers, who were at first quite as surprised, and a good deal more frightened than the English sailors, very kindly, and by supplying them with whatever they needed, soon put them at their ease. They turned out to be Russians, in the employment of the Archangel merchants, the last remnant of the extensive establishments once kept up on Spitzbergen. In gratitude for the English captain's kindness, the Russians sent him a side of fat venison, and otherwise behaved themselves so courteously, that the English paid a visit to their hut, which stood at the head of a cove about four miles off.

Captain Beechey relates with much pleasure the evidence of piety which he observed in these poor exiles. "On landing," he says, "from their boat, and approaching their residence, these people knelt upon its threshold, and offered up a prayer with evident fervour and sincerity. The exact nature of the prayer we did not learn, but it was no doubt one of thanksgiving, and we concluded that it was a custom which these recluses were in the habit of observing on their safe return to their habitation. It may, at all events, be regarded as an instance of the beneficial effects which seclusion from the busy world and a contemplation of the works of nature almost invariably produce upon the hearts of even the most uneducated part of mankind."

Spitzbergen seems, indeed, to have been in the visitor's eyes no such unenviable summer resort.

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The following beautiful and vivid description of an Arctic summer's day is worth extracting:—

"In cloudy or misty weather, when the hills are clothed with newly fallen snow, nothing can be more dreary than the appearance of the shores of Spitzbergen; whereas, on the contrary, it is scarcely possible to conceive a more brilliant and lively effect than that which occurs on a fine day, when the sun shines forth and blends its rays with that peculiarly soft, bright atmosphere which overhangs a country deeply bedded in snow; and with a pure sky, whose azure hue is so intense as to find no parallel in nature. On such an occasion the winds—near the land, at least—are very light or entirely hushed, and the shores teem with living objects. All nature seems to acknowledge the glorious sunshine, and the animated part of creation to set no bounds to its delight.

"Such a day was the 4th of June, and we felt most sensibly the change from the gloomy atmosphere of the open sea to the cheerful glow that overhung the hills and placid surface of Magdalena Bay. Although surrounded by beds of snow and glaciers, with the thermometer scarcely above freezing point, there was no sensation of cold. The various amphibious animals, and myriads of birds which had resorted to the place, seemed to enjoy in the highest degree the transition thus occasioned by a few bright hours of sunshine. From an early hour in the morning until the period of rest returned, the shores around us reverberated with the merry cry of the little auk, willocks, divers, cormorants, gulls, and other aquatic birds; and wherever we went groups of walruses, basking in the sun, mingled their playful roar with the husky bark of the seal.

"There was certainly no harmony in this strange din; but it was at least gratifying to know that it arose from a demonstration of happy feelings. It was a pleasure of the same character as that which must have been experienced by every traveller who, on some fine bright evening in a tropical climate, has listened to the merry buzz of thousands of winged insects which immediately succeeds the setting of the sun. And here we cannot fail to notice the manner in which the great Author of nature has varied his dispensations. In the burning region of the torrid zone the descent of the sun calls into action myriads of little beings which could not exist under the fierce glare of his meridian ray; whereas here, on the contrary, it is the signal for universal repose.

"This period of the day had no sooner arrived in Magdalena Bay than there was a stillness which bordered on the sublime—a stillness which was broken only by the bursting of an iceberg, or the report of some fragment of rock loosened from its hold. These sounds, indeed, which came booming over the placid surface of the bay, could hardly be considered interruptions to the general silence; for, speedily dying away in the distance, they left behind a stillness even more profound than before.

"In the daytime, the presence of our expedition was not disregarded. The birds shunned us in their flight, and every noise which was occasionally made sounding strange to the place, sent to a greater distance the seagulls that were fishing among the rocks, and kept on the alert whole herds of animals, many of which would otherwise have been lost in sleep; causing them to raise their heads when anything fell upon our deck, and to cast a searching

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look over the bay, as if to inquire whence so unusual a disturbance proceeded. These little alarms, which would have passed unheeded in situations frequented by man, proved more than any other incident how great a stranger he was in these regions; a feeling which, I must confess, carried with it an agreeable sensation, arising, no doubt, from the conviction that we were treading on ground which had been but rarely visited before."

Nothing came amiss to the delighted observers of this new land—new because so completely forgotten. The very polar bears and walruses, which to modern travellers have lost nearly all interest, aroused their keenest curiosity.

"One sunshiny day," says Beechey, "a walrus of nine or ten feet in length rose in a pool of water not very far from us, and, after looking around, drew his greasy carcass upon the ice, where he rolled about for a time, and at length laid himself down to sleep. A bear, which had probably been observing his movements, crawled carefully upon the ice on the opposite side of the pool, and began to roll about also, but apparently more with design than amusement, as he progressively lessened the distance that intervened between him and his prey. The walrus, suspicious of his advances, drew himself up, preparatory to a precipitate retreat into the water in case of a nearer acquaintance with his playful but treacherous visitor; on which the bear was instantly motionless, as if asleep; but after a time began to lick his paws and clean himself, and occasionally to encroach a little more upon his intended prey. But even this artifice did not succeed: the wary walrus was far too cunning to allow himself to

be entrapped, and suddenly plunged into the pool; which the bear no sooner observed than he threw off all disguise, rushed towards the spot, and followed him in an instant into the water, where, I fear, he was as much disappointed of his meal as we were of the pleasure of witnessing a very interesting encounter."

On leaving the bay, Captain Buchan tried again and again to penetrate the ice, but found that even the whalers had been stopped. The narrative of the persevering efforts of the commanders to carry out their instructions, and of the hair-breadth escapes which the ships had from destruction, is one of the most exciting passages in naval literature; but we have not space for its insertion here. One valuable discovery, however, was made—that Lieutenant Franklin was one of the coolest, most competent, and bravest Arctic commanders that had ever sailed. "If ever," says Captain Beechey, "the fortitude of seamen was fairly tried, it was assuredly not less so on this occasion; and I will not conceal the pride I felt in witnessing the bold and decisive tone in which the orders were issued by the commander (Lieutenant Franklin) of our little vessel, and the promptitude and steadiness with which they were executed by the crew."

Even after Captain Buchan had determined that, with the *Dorothea* almost sinking, they must patch up the battered vessels and return, Franklin begged to be allowed to try again alone to break the icy barrier that kept him from the polar sea. His commander, however, felt that it would not be safe to trust to the *Dorothea* alone, and was reluctantly obliged not only to abandon the enterprise himself,

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but to call off his indefatigable lieutenant. In October the ships reached England.

LIEUTENANT PARRY—BAFFIN'S BAY AND LANCASTER SOUND—1819-20.

A.D. 1819.—The strong conviction expressed by so competent an eye-witness as Lieutenant Parry, that the Croker Mountains did not exist, and that Lancaster Sound was a strait, had such an effect on the Admiralty, that the next year they sent him to clear up his own doubts.

He set about his task with characteristic energy and ability. In the centre of Davis' Straits and Baffin's Bay lies, in most seasons, a vast tract of ice called the *middle ice*, as well known as the weed-banks off the Azores, and as bitterly detested by the whalers as the Goodwin Sands by homeward-bound Indiamen. It clings across the mouth of the straits, and hangs close to the western shore of Greenland, while, during summer, it leaves the opposite coast of America tolerably free. The whalers have to go round the north of it, if they wish to reach the western shore of the straits, unless they get a chance of boring through it further south. Parry, convinced that competent boring was far quicker than slow and dangerous tacking northwards, dashed into the thick of it at once, and in seven days succeeded in sawing, blasting, and warping his ships more than eighty miles through the ice, and at the end of July sailed out into the tolerably open western water, and made his way at once to Possession Bay, a small harbour in the very jaws of Lancaster Sound. There he waited for an easterly breeze. While thus

waiting, the shore was cursorily examined, and some observations were taken. To their astonishment, the discoverers saw in the snow, as fresh as if they had been made but the day before, the footprints that Captain Ross's crew had left behind them during the previous year. The weather was tolerably mild. The birds and beasts were plentiful. Whales abounded. And the sailors concluded that there was honey somewhere about, because they saw a bee.

At last the wind blew from the east, and the ships sailed into the sound, straight for the dubious Croker Mountains. "It is more easy," says Captain Parry, "to imagine than to describe the almost breathless anxiety which was now visible in every countenance while, as the breeze increased to a fresh gale, we ran quickly up the sound. The mast-heads were crowded by the officers and men during the whole afternoon; and an unconcerned observer, if any could have been unconcerned on such an occasion, would have been amused by the eagerness with which the various reports from the crow's nest were received; all, however, favourable to our most sanguine hopes. . . . We were by midnight in a great measure relieved from our anxiety respecting the supposed continuity of land at the bottom of this magnificent inlet, having reached the longitude of $83^{\circ} 12'$, where the two shores are still thirteen leagues apart, without the slightest appearance of any land to the westward of us for four or five points of the compass."

Still sailing west, Captain Parry found that the channel narrowed into what is now called Barrow's Strait, and then threw off two branches north and south. The southerly branch to his left, he named

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Regent Inlet, or Prince Regent's Inlet. The northerly, to his right, received the name of Wellington Channel. Thus he proceeded, naming capes, bays, and islands, till the channel widened into something like an inland sea. Straight before him lay a great island, afterwards called Melville Island, a little to the north, off the shores of which, for the first time since he left England, the adventurous commander let go his anchor.

Hares, musk-oxen, reindeer, ducks, and grouse, supplied the crews with abundance of amusement, and, what was quite as important, with abundance of fresh food. So plentiful were the grouse, indeed, that an exploring party which lost its way suffered from frost, but not from hunger, as they could kill as many birds as they could eat. Nor was other good sport wanting, for they discovered a fresh-water lake, in which were two kinds of trout.

The winter beginning to close round them, Captain Parry, whose ships were victualled for two years, prepared to pass the Arctic night in the harbour where he was. The ships were unrigged, banked up with snow, and the crews laid themselves out to be as comfortable as they could, till the sun appeared again. And very comfortable they were. With admirable common sense, Captain Parry undertook to keep his crew's health good, by keeping them amused and employed. He set a school on foot. A theatre, in which sailors and officers acted farces and amusing little dramas, occasionally composed by the commander himself, was opened. And, best of all, he established a weekly newspaper, the first probably that ever was seen, certainly that ever was published, in such a latitude, or in such a temperature. This

periodical was called, "The North Georgia Gazette and Winter Chronicle."

On the 5th of November we read, while the thermometer stood at zero outside the ships, and at the freezing point inside, the "Miss in her Teens" was performed. On the 23rd of December, again, the officers performed "The Mayor of Garratt," followed by an after-piece, composed by the captain himself, and entitled, "The North-west Passage, or the Voyage Finished."

On the 6th of January, while the thermometer was actually 27° below zero, the companies performed, with the greatest *éclat*, the farce of "Bon Ton."

The effect of this kind and judicious management was that, while the thermometer descended to the deadly level of even 51° below zero, and brandy froze to the consistency of honey, the men, with the exception of some frost-bitten fingers, some snow-blindness, and a twinge or two of scurvy, speedily repressed, remained in good health and spirits; only one dying just before they left their refuge.

Not that they were without real trials. On the 26th of February a fire broke out in their observatory, which was also their storehouse. In terrible alarm, all hands turned out to put it out. They had nothing but snow, of course, to throw on the fire, and dry snow would not overcome the flames, which had dry mats and such like combustibles to feed on. The snow, however, saved the instruments. In spite of the violence of the flames, their heat was very small in that frozen air. Many officers and men were severely frost-bitten; and one man, Captain Sabine's servant, in his zeal catching hold of the dip-needle, which was close to the store, and of which he knew

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the great value, ran out with it into the cold. He had not put on his gloves, and his fingers were so benumbed, that when the surgeon put them in a basin of cold water to thaw them, they froze the water instead. The surgeons did their utmost to save the poor fellow's hands, but were obliged, after all, to amputate a part of four fingers on one hand and three on the other.

Captain Parry says: "The appearance which our faces presented at the fire was a curious one, almost every nose and cheek having become quite white with frost bites in five minutes after being exposed to the weather, so that it was deemed necessary for the medical gentlemen, together with some others appointed to assist them, to go constantly round while the men were working at the fire, and to rub with snow the parts affected, in order to restore animation."

In the spring the weather moderated, and expeditions were made to explore the island whose shores had sheltered them. It seems to be about the most fertile of these northern lands. In the summer it becomes "a luxuriant pasture ground," covered with grass and flowers, and with "almost the same lively appearance," it is stated, "as that of an English meadow." This, of course, is sufficient to account for the abundance of animals that frequent it, migrating to it in numbers from the neighbouring continent.

A gallant effort to reach a still more westerly point was hopelessly stopped by the ice, and after several hairbreadth escapes, the ships were turned reluctantly eastwards, and on the 30th of October, 1820, reached Peterhead in safety.

This voyage was a great stride in Arctic knowledge. Nearly half the north-west passage had been discovered at once; and the bewildering network of sounds, inlets, straits, islands, and bays, which fringes the northern coast of America, had been more thoroughly explored than ever before. The meridian of 100° w., in the latitude of $74^{\circ} 44' 20''$, had been passed, by which the expedition became entitled to a reward of £5,000.* The second meridian specified in the Act, viz., that of 130° , they had not been able to reach.

But, perhaps, the greatest discovery had been how to keep a ship's crew in the Arctic regions happy and healthy through the whole winter. The example of Captain Parry has been since constantly followed, and his maxims and practice have saved hundreds of useful lives.

FRANKLIN'S FIRST LAND EXPEDITION—COPPERMINE RIVER—1819-22.

A.D. 1819.—At the same time that Parry, with the *Hecla* and *Griper*, was sent through the northern sea of America, Franklin, now a captain, was sent on a land expedition to its northern shore, apparently with a vague hope that the two expeditions might come across one another. Of this well-known and most interesting expedition we can give but a very short sketch here. It is little to say that the original story is as interesting as a novel. Very few novels since "Robinson Crusoe" have so taken hold of the popular heart of England. Very few ordinarily well-read men or boys have not shuddered at the

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meals of putrid meat and bones stewed with leather and *tripe de roche*, "a lichen of a most nauseous taste." Still fewer have not sympathized with Dr. Richardson in his internal struggles before he could make up his mind to shoot the sullen and murderous Iroquois, who had just killed Mr. Hood like a dog.

A.D. 1820.—The expedition started from Fort Chipewyan, on Lake Athabaska, in July. Besides Dr. Richardson and Messrs. Back and Hood, two midshipmen who had served in the Trent, and an English seaman named John Hepburn, several Indians, and sixteen Canadian voyageurs, accompanied Franklin. Their object was to winter at Fort Enterprise, north of the Great Slave Lake, so as to be ready to start on the Coppermine River as early as possible the next year. After much and long suffering from snow-shoes and intense cold (Mr. Back having travelled 1,100 miles in the depth of winter, with the thermometer almost constantly below zero, and on one occasion actually indicating the frightful temperature of 57° below zero, or *eighty-nine degrees of frost*), they reached the fort, with most of their baggage, and endured the winter as best they might.

A.D. 1821—By June in the next year, they had succeeded in dragging their canoes and baggage to the Coppermine River, and, embarking, reached the sea on the 18th of July. Their great difficulty was the entire uncertainty of being able to find game, which obliged them to load themselves with provisions for many days, and, as their stores disappeared and their strength lessened, subjected them to the most cruel privations.

Franklin turned eastward when he reached the mouth of the river, which was hampered by ice and islands. Naming a small river which flows into the

sea close by the Coppermine after Dr. Richardson, he next doubled a cape which he called Cape Barrow, and traced laboriously the whole coast of Coronation Gulf, a distance of nearly 600 miles. The season was so far advanced by the time this was finished, that they could not hope to reach the Coppermine River again. Their provisions were exhausted, and they had not, as they had hoped, met with any natives from whom to obtain a fresh supply. They therefore turned south up Hood River, a small river they had discovered a few days before. It soon became impassable to the canoes. Then, on the 1st of September, they started for Fort Enterprise, 150 miles away, by land. The narrative of this journey, and of their subsequent wanderings, forms as wonderful a record of what men can endure, and live, as ever was written. As has been said, "Short of food, ill supplied with clothing, and exposed to the howling severity of the climate, the escape of any one of the number appears a miracle." Yet they never seem to have lost heart or repined. "Previous to setting out," says Franklin, on one occasion, "the whole party ate the remains of their old shoes, and whatever scraps of leather they had, to strengthen their stomachs for the fatigues of the day's journey. These would have satisfied us in ordinary times; but we were now almost exhausted by slender fare and travel, and our appetites had become ravenous. We looked, however, with humble confidence to the great Author and Giver of all good for a continuance of the support which had hitherto been always supplied to us at our greatest need."

The steady piety and faithfulness of these brave men may well make us proud of our country. When several, utterly broken down, too feeble to move,

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were left literally crouching in the snow, with nothing but vile lichens and old bits of leather to eat, they crept into their blankets in the drift, and having a few religious books with them, read portions to each other as they lay, in addition to the morning and evening service. "We found," says Dr. Richardson, "that they inspired us, on each perusal, with so strong a sense of the omnipresence of a beneficent God, that our situation even in these wilds appeared no longer destitute, and we conversed not only with calmness, but with cheerfulness; detailing with unrestrained confidence the past events of our lives, and dwelling with hope on our future prospects."

In spite of this hopefulness, to many of the party these future prospects were only realized in another world. Several of the Canadians died of starvation and fatigue, others were murdered by one of the Indians. Mr. Hood also fell a victim to this savage's moody temper, against whom, indeed, there were horrible suspicions of cannibalism. To preserve the lives of the emaciated survivors from the threatened attack of this well-armed, and well, though horribly fed ruffian, Dr. Richardson considered it a justifiable act of self-preservation to anticipate him, and, bravely taking the whole responsibility of the act upon himself, shot the Indian through the head.

A.D. 1822.—Fort Enterprise was reached on the 11th of October, but it was deserted; and not till the 7th of November did any relief reach the famishing and almost desperate survivors of the expedition. After they had somewhat restored their strength with food and fire, they set out for Fort Chipewyan, where they remained till the summer of the following year. In July they arrived at York Factory, which they

had left three years before, having in the meantime traversed 5,550 miles through an amount of suffering and peril which has been seldom endured, and survived, before.

But a small portion of the coast was added to the chart by this expedition. It served, however, to prove that the hardships and difficulties attendant on land journeys in these regions were such as almost to preclude the hope of much ever being done by their means.

Accordingly, the next effort was by sea.

PARRY'S SECOND VOYAGE—NORTH OF HUDSON'S BAY —1821-3.

The expeditions that have been already mentioned in this chapter had gone over most of the ground traversed by the old explorers, and had added much to their discoveries. Ross and Parry had taken up Baffin's exploration of Baffin's Bay. Buchan had followed Hudson and Phipps towards the Pole. Franklin had trodden in the steps of Hearne and Mackenzie over the ice-wildernesses of the northern coasts of America. Two of the problems which had perplexed their forerunners remained for modern discoverers to attempt. Hudson, Munck, Fox, and many others, had again and again endeavoured to find their way north-west through the intricate channels that open into the mouth of Hudson's Bay. They had never, it is true, found it, but the channels had never been proved to be mere inlets. On the contrary, Fox Channel, and Sir T. Rowe's Welcome, were generally believed to be straits, though whither they led no one knew.

The other problem, and a problem indeed it was, was that mysterious and impregnable east coast of Greenland, which every now and again incited, and baffled, some bold endeavour to reach it, and which even the Greenland missionaries knew nothing of, and mentioned with an almost superstitious awe.

A.D. 1821.—Parry had found the cold so severe and the barriers of ice so disappointing among the archipelago of great islands in the high latitude of Lancaster Sound, that he conceived a better passage must exist further south, along the very seacoast of America itself. And the opening of this passage must be, he felt convinced, somewhere in the north of Hudson's Bay. He had shown such capacity, and obtained such success in his previous voyage, that he found no difficulty in obtaining leave to test his theory. He was accordingly appointed to the command of two ships, the *Fury* and *Hecla*; and in a few months after he had returned from his former expedition, sailed again for Hudson's Bay. That sea vindicated its ancient reputation as one of the most savagely difficult and dangerous of all the waters of the earth to navigators, and it was not till August that the ships reached the Frozen Strait which Middleton discovered in 1741. This strait, it will be seen on reference to the map, connects the top of Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome with Fox Channel. Repulse Bay, which forms the end of the Welcome, was examined, and then the ships returned to Fox Channel, and prepared to pass the winter there, at a small island which they called Winter Island, in the mouth of Lyon Inlet, a deep bay which lies just north of the Frozen Strait.

Here Captain Parry exerted himself with his customary success to make the winter pass pleasantly and profitably. Its unavoidable tedium, however, was not a little lessened by the neighbourhood of a large party of Esquimaux, who, allowing for the drawbacks of their being exceedingly filthy, and more than usually dishonest, were not uninteresting, or, as it proved, unprofitable visitors.

"In less than an hour," says the account, "the ships were beset with thirty 'kayaks,' or men's canoes, and five of the women's large boats, or 'oomiaks.' Some of the latter held upwards of twenty women. A most noisy but merry barter instantly took place, the crew being as anxious to purchase Esquimaux curiosities, as the natives were to procure iron and European toys.

"It is impossible to describe the shouts, yells, and laughter of the savages, or the confusion that existed for two or three hours. The females were at first very shy, and unwilling to come on the ice, but bartered everything from their boats. This timidity, however, soon wore off, and they in the end became as noisy and boisterous as the men. It is scarcely possible to conceive anything more ugly or disgusting than the countenances of the old women, who had inflamed eyes, wrinkled skin, black teeth, and, in fact, such a forbidding set of features as scarcely could be called human; to which might be added their dress, which was such as gave them the appearance of aged ourang-outangs. Frobisher's crew may be pardoned for having, in such superstitious times as A.D. 1576, taken one of these ladies for a witch, of whom it is said, 'The old wretch whom our sailors supposed

to be a witch, had her buskins pulled off, to see if she was cloven-footed; and being very ugly and deformed, we let her go.'

"In order to amuse our new acquaintances as much as possible, the fiddler was sent on the ice, where he instantly found a most delighted set of dancers, of whom some of the women kept pretty good time. Their only figure consisted in stamping and jumping with all their might. Our musician, who was a lively fellow, soon caught the infection, and began cutting capers also. In a short time every one on the floe, officers, men, and savages, were dancing together, and exhibited one of the most extraordinary sights I ever witnessed. One of our seamen, of a fresh, ruddy complexion, excited the admiration of all the young females, who patted his face, and danced around him wherever he went.

"The exertion of dancing so exhilarated the Esquimaux, that they had the appearance of being boisterously drunk, and played many extraordinary pranks. Amongst others, it was a favourite joke to run sily behind the seamen, and, shouting loudly in one ear, to give them at the same time a very smart slap on the other. While looking on, I was sharply saluted in this manner, and, of course, was quite startled, to the great amusement of the by-standers: our cook, who was a most active and unwearied jumper, became so great a favourite, that every one boxed his ears so soundly as to oblige the poor man to retire from such boisterous marks of approbation. Amongst other sports, some of the Esquimaux, rather roughly, but with great good humour, challenged our people to wrestle. One man, in particular, who had thrown several of his countrymen, attacked an officer

of a very strong make, but the poor savage was instantly thrown, and with no very easy fall; yet, although every one was laughing at him, he bore it with exemplary good humour. The same officer afforded us much diversion by teaching a large party of women to bow, curtsy, shake hands, turn their toes out, and perform sundry other polite accomplishments; the whole party, master and pupils, preserving the strictest gravity.

"Towards midnight all our men, except the watch on deck, turned into their beds, and the fatigued and hungry Esquimaux returned to their boats to take their supper, which consisted of lumps of raw flesh and blubber of seals, birds, entrails, &c., licking their fingers with great zest, and with knives or fingers scraping the blood and grease which ran down their chins into their mouths."

These ugly and dirty savages, however, proved of no little service to the tired, and, in some respects, puzzled travellers. One of them, in particular, a woman named Igloodik, besides being very intelligent and obliging, showed a marked talent for topography, and succeeded in drawing charts of their future course, which were so accurate as to be afterwards of considerable use. From her descriptions and drawings, it appeared that they were now really almost at the north-east corner of the mainland of America. The corner itself she depicted as consisting of a great island or peninsula, separated from the neighbouring islands to the north and east by a strait, apparently navigable, from its size. The correctness of her other information has been since abundantly proved. Meanwhile, Parry and his crews waited impatiently for the summer to attempt

this strait, which was to lead them round the angle of America into the north-west passage itself.

A.D. 1822.—By the 2nd of July they were free, and began to beat slowly north, up the hitherto undiscovered part of Fox Channel. The whole of the summer was consumed in this most arduous navigation, and in the few expeditions to the neighbouring land. Much of their course had to be cut through ice of great thickness; and when their second winter came, it found them struggling in the jaws of the much-desired strait, now called Fury and Hecla Strait.

A.D. 1823.—The ice here was most obstinate and dangerous, and they did not get free till August, when the appearance of scurvy and the shortness of provisions, as well as fear of the consequences of a third Arctic winter, determined Captain Parry to turn homewards. After driving with the boundless wilderness of ice which the north-western current sets in motion, for three hundred miles, the Atlantic swell relieved them of their unwelcome companions, and they reached home on the 10th of October.

During this voyage they had found no scarcity of game. The crew of the Hecla killed, in a fortnight, four deer, forty hares, eighty-two ptarmigan, fifty ducks, three divers, three foxes, three ravens, four seals, with many ermines, marmots, mice, and such smaller deer.

The game-laws established at Melville Island for the general good were again put in force. All deer, musk-oxen, and larger animals killed by any one, were treated as common property, and were served out instead of the regular rations of meat. Smaller animals belonged to the sportsman, or his immediate

employers. As an encouragement to seek and attack the larger game, it was further provided that the head, legs, and offal of the victims were to be the sportsman's perquisites. This regulation had a strange anatomical effect. Captain Lyon, the narrator of the voyage, remarks: "In the animals of this day we were convinced that our sportsmen had not forgotten the latitude to which their perquisites might legally extend; for the necks were made so long as to encroach considerably on the vertebræ of the back—a manner of amputating the head which had been learned during the preceding voyage, and, no doubt, would be strictly acted on in the present one."

This expedition proved that, except in extraordinary seasons, this southern route—if it were a route—with its narrow, tortuous, ice-blocked channels, constantly, during summer, vexed with bewildering and violent currents, and frequent storms, was not practicable, and that, consequently, the north-west passage must, after all, be sought along Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait.

A.D. 1824.—A subsequent expedition under Captain Lyon, in the *Griper*, to the same parts, during the next year, proved this still more clearly. He never got further than Wager River, half-way up Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome, and his voyage was a complete failure. The peril which the old vessel was in was frequently extreme. She was heavily laden, and barely sea-worthy. Off the entrance of the Welcome, so tremendous a gale burst upon her, that, as a last chance to check her, as she drifted to destruction, Lyon brought her up with four anchors in a bay where there were but five-and-a-half fathoms water. The sea broke on the shore close astern; and had the

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anchors parted, nothing could have saved them. The last preparations for the impending catastrophe were made, though no boat could possibly live in the sea that was running. Every man was ordered to put on his warmest clothes, and take charge of some instrument. The commander speaks with merited warmth of his brave men's behaviour.

"Each brought his bag on deck, and dressed himself; and in the fine athletic forms which stood exposed before me, I did not see one muscle quiver, nor the slightest sign of alarm. Prayers were read, and they then all sat down in groups, sheltered from the wash of the sea by whatever they could find; and some endeavoured to obtain a little sleep. Never, perhaps, was witnessed a finer scene than on the deck of my little ship, when all hope of life had left us. Noble as the character of the British sailor is always allowed to be in cases of danger, yet I did not believe it to be possible that among forty-one persons not one repining word should have been uttered. Each was at peace with his neighbour, and with all the world; and I am firmly persuaded that the resignation which was then shown to the will of the Almighty was the means of obtaining his mercy. God was merciful to us; and the tide, almost miraculously, fell no lower."

To the scene of this narrow escape, Captain Lyon, in the spirit of the ancient Arctic adventurers, gave the appropriate name of the Bay of God's Mercy.

CLAVERING'S VOYAGE—EAST GREENLAND—1823.

A.D. 1823.—Before the *Griper* was employed on this, it is believed her last foreign service,* she had been

* She is now a coast guard hulk in Chichester harbour.

sent to East Greenland, on a mission of science as much as discovery. Captain Sabine, who had extended his magnetic observations, and his inquiries, by means of the vibrations of the pendulum, into the configuration of the earth, to most latitudes and longitudes between the equator and the Arctic Circle, desired to make a few experiments still further north. The Admiralty placed the Griper, under the command of Captain Clavering, at his disposal, and, after a short sojourn near the North Cape, in Norway, he set sail for Spitzbergen, and soon afterwards directed his course to East Greenland.

In his course northwards he had reached the latitude of $80^{\circ} 20'$. He did not reach the coast of Greenland higher than $75^{\circ} 12'$. He landed on the desolate shore, and carried out his observations on some islands, which he named Pendulum Islands. He afterwards made an expedition along the coast. It consisted chiefly of bleak cliffs, thousands of feet high, and stretched, as far as they could see, due north.

In spite of the great ice-shift which had so recently taken place, the masses of ice-floes collected so fast, and in such quantities, that Clavering was soon obliged to take his departure, leaving, as the chief record of his visit, about two inches and a-half of coast laid down in scraps on the Admiralty chart.

PARRY'S THIRD VOYAGE—PRINCE REGENT'S INLET—1824.

A.D. 1824.—Once more the indefatigable Captain Parry obtained leave to prosecute the search in which he had raised himself to an almost undisputed pre-eminence.

This time his object was the southern of those two great branches which, under the names of Wellington Channel to the north, and Prince Regent's Inlet to the south, opened on the right and left of the adventurer, who succeeded in penetrating Lancaster Sound to the point where it narrows into Barrow's Strait.

The ships were his former ones, the *Fury* and *Hecla*; and the expedition was started in the spring of 1824. The year was singularly unfavourable, from the quantity of ice and roughness of the weather; so that it was not till the 10th of September that they reached Lancaster Sound, and not till the 27th of the same month that they gained the mouth of Prince Regent's Inlet. And here the captain determined to spend his fourth Arctic winter.

Once again, all the devices of amateur theatricals, schools, parties, balls, magic lanterns, and so forth, were tried and almost exhausted; when Commander Hoppner, the second officer in command, hit upon the idea of a masquerade. "It is impossible," says Parry, "that any idea could have proved more happy, or more exactly suited to our situation. Admirably dressed characters, of various descriptions, readily took their parts; and many of these were supported with a degree of spirit and genuine good humour which would not have disgraced a more refined assembly; while the latter might not have been disgraced by copying the good order, decorum, and inoffensive cheerfulness which our humble masquerades presented. It does especial credit to the dispositions and good sense of our men, that, though all the officers entered fully into the spirit of these amusements, which took place once a month alternately on board of each ship, no instance



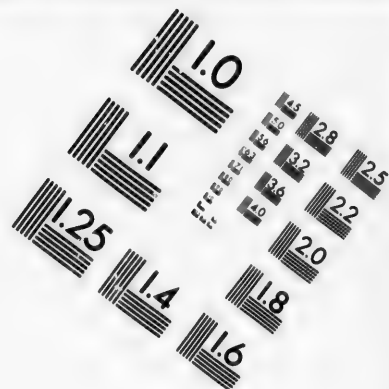
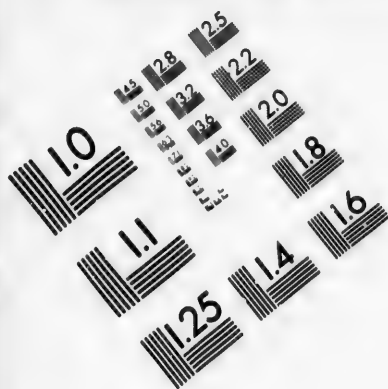
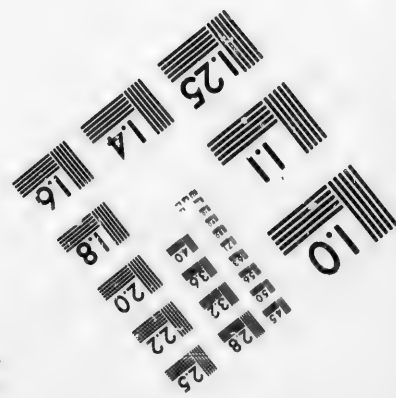
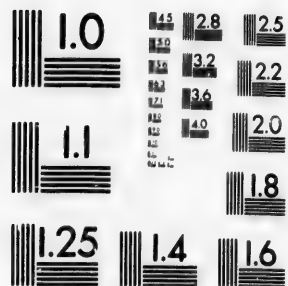


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occurred of anything that could interfere with the regular discipline, or at all weaken the respect of the men towards their superiors. Ours were masquerades without licentiousness — carnivals without excess."

In spite, however, of all the energy of the commander, and all the discipline of the men, this voyage was not destined to bear much fruit. Not till the 20th of July, in the following year, did the ice relax its grip at all. Nor did it leave them once during the remainder of their sojourn, till after a series of buffetings, which dashed the *Fury* on shore, and crushed her when she floated, till it was necessary to try and dock her for repairs. A basin was formed for her in the ice; but no sooner were all her stores taken out, and the ship hove down, than the malignant flocs broke up, and all the stores had to be hastily re-embarked. The miserable *Fury* was once more pounded against the shore. No efforts availed to get her off, and with bitter disappointment the gallant old vessel had to be left to her fate; and the *Hecla*, with both companies, had to get home as fast as she could. She arrived at Peterhead on the 12th of October.

Far different from Melville Island, which he had reached on his first voyage, hardly any animals were seen on the barren shores of this inlet—an additional difficulty in the way of exploring expeditions. Had Parry had better success in this undertaking, he might have discovered that the inlet he was in led southward till it joined *Fury* and *Hecla* Strait, which he had discovered on his second voyage.

As it was, he was only more keenly convinced of the practicability of the passage. "It may be tried

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often and fail," he says; "for several favourable and fortunate circumstances must be combined for its accomplishment. But I believe, nevertheless, that it will ultimately be accomplished."

FRANKLIN'S SECOND LAND EXPEDITION—MACKENZIE
AND COPPERMINE RIVERS.

A.D. 1825.—The person least satisfied with Franklin's first expedition was Franklin himself. He was earnestly desirous of exploring the north coast of America, *west* of the mouth of the Coppermine River, and had persuaded himself, as he told the Admiralty, "that in the proposed course similar dangers (to those he had experienced before) were not to be apprehended; while the objects to be attained were at once important to the naval character, scientific reputation, and commercial interests of Great Britain." The Admiralty yielded unwillingly to his urgent representations; and in February, 1825, he, with his old companions Richardson and Back, accompanied by Mr. Drummond, a botanist, and Lieutenant Kendal, started once more for the scene of their former sufferings.

Their instructions were as follows. They were to descend the Mackenzie River, which flows out of the same lake (Great Slave Lake) as the Coppermine River, but slopes far away to the west, and by the time it reaches the Northern Sea is 20° distant from it. When they reached the sea, Captain Franklin, with one party, was to go westward towards Behring's Straits, and look out for the Blossom, which, under Captain Beechey, would be dispatched to meet them. Dr. Richardson, with the remainder, was to

go eastward along the coast to the Coppermine River, and return up that stream to Fort Chipewyan.

The party descended the Mackenzie in four boats, and, well on in the autumn, reached the Great Bear Lake, which lies about halfway between the Mackenzie and the Coppermine. After making preparations for spending the winter there, they pursued their journey to the Polar Sea. As they still descended the Mackenzie, they saw the great masses of coal which Mackenzie had seen burning in the last century, still alight. They observed another natural curiosity also. All along one part of the river stretched layers of the thick whitish mud, which is also found on the Orinoco, and which proves such a temptation to Indian appetites. The travellers tried it themselves, and found it agreeable, with a milky taste, but finally contented themselves with using it to whitewash their winter house with.

On reaching the sea, Franklin hoisted his flag on Garry Island, a ceremony he participated in with but a heavy heart, as the very flag itself had been embroidered for him by his wife, whom he had left on her death-bed, having been married to her but two years before.

On the 5th of September, he reached the Great Bear Lake again, and there spent the winter, not unpleasantly, in hunting, fishing, science, and natural history.

A.D. 1826.—On the 24th of June in the next year, they embarked once again on the Mackenzie; and on reaching the Delta at its mouth, the parties separated, as they had been directed, and each proceeded on its own mission.

Franklin, after narrowly escaping being murdered

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by some particularly fierce and thievish Esquimaux, proceeded on his survey, and reached, with much labour, a point about halfway to Behring's Straits, having explored about 374 miles of coast. He then, having reached a point in long. $149^{\circ} 37'$, which he named Return Inlet, and seeing no signs of the Blossom, thought it prudent to return; though, if he had only known it, a boat from the Blossom was waiting not 160 miles further along the coast. He reached his winter quarters on the 21st of September, and there found Dr. Richardson and his party, who, after having explored all the coast between the Mackenzie and Coppermine, according to his instructions, had returned to Fort Franklin, instead of ascending the latter stream.

A.D. 1827.—The adventurers passed another winter at Fort Franklin, in tolerable comfort, and then Franklin, with the majority, returned home; while Dr. Richardson and Mr. Drummond went off to collect specimens of plants and animals on the Saskatchewan River, a pursuit in which they had been already remarkably successful—Mr. Drummond having contrived, during one winter, to accumulate 200 specimens of birds, animals, &c., and more than 1,500 of plants.

CAPTAIN BEECHEY'S VOYAGE—BEHRING'S STRAITS— 1826-8.

A.D. 1826.—The Blossom, which had been sent to meet Franklin somewhere between Behring's Straits and the Mackenzie River, reached Kotzebue Sound near the end of July, 1826. Captain Beechey proceeded to explore the coast to the north-east, and finally dispatched Mr. Elson, one of his officers, in

the barge, to carry on the survey, while he returned to Chamiso Island, at the very head of Kotzebue Inlet, which was the appointed rendezvous. Here he found that the Esquimaux had been busy, and had dug up and appropriated some provisions which he had carefully buried.

These savages, with whom he soon fell in, displayed the same talent for topography as those on the western coast did to Parry. At first Captain Beechey did not take much notice of their scratching on the sand; but his attention once attracted, he soon found plenty worth noticing in their rude charts. He says:—

“They, however, renewed their labour and performed their work upon the sandy beach in a very ingenious and intelligible manner. The coast line was first marked out with a stick, and the distances regulated by the day’s journey. The hills and ranges of mountains were next shown by elevations of sand or stone, and the islands represented by heaps of pebbles, their proportions being duly attended to. As the work proceeded, some of the bystanders occasionally suggested alterations; and Captain Beechey moved one of the Diomed Islands, which was misplaced. This was at first objected to by the hydrographer; but one of the party recollecting that the islands were seen *in one* from Cape Prince of Wales, confirmed its new position and made the mistake quite evident to the others, who were much surprised that Captain Beechey should have any knowledge of the subject. When the mountains and islands were erected, the villages and fishing stations were marked by a number of sticks placed upright, in imitation of those which are put up on the coast wherever these people fix their abode. In time a complete hydrographical

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plan was drawn from Cape Derby to Cape Krusenstern."

Meanwhile, Mr. Elson, with the barge, fought his way eastward, till he reached a point from which the coast slopes steadily south-eastward to the very mouth of Mackenzie River. This point he named Point Barrow, and past it he could not get, even had he known that Franklin was only 160 miles off. After much danger from the ice and the natives, he managed to escape, and rejoined his commander in Kotzebue Sound. Beechey soon after left his anchorage, and, being short of provisions, and afraid of being locked up in the ice, sailed south for a cruise to California and the Sandwich Islands.

A.D. 1827. — Next year he returned to Chamiso Island, and beat about the coast till October, when, having lost several men, he left the straits, and the year after reached England.

PARRY'S FOURTH VOYAGE—THE NORTH POLAR SEA—1827.

The year in which Captain Beechey returned disappointed, saw Captain Parry start on a new quest, with a new theory to substantiate.

In the year 1806 Captain Scoresby had reached the extraordinarily high latitude of $81^{\circ} 30'$, and found a wall of ice stretching to the north, with clear water beyond it. In 1826 he read a paper before the Wernerian Society, advocating a plan which had been suggested by Colonel Beaufoy some years before, for reaching the Pole itself by sledging over the fields of ice in boats which could be floated when the adventurers came to clear water, and hauled up again

when ice had to be crossed. A similar plan had been recommended by Franklin; and Parry now begged permission from the Admiralty to try to carry it into execution. His request was granted, and his old ship the *Hecla* was again placed at his service. With several of his old officers and crew among his company, he started on the 4th of April, 1827, and on the 18th of June anchored off the northern coast of Spitzbergen, which he intended to make his base of operations.

He had with him two boats specially built for his purpose, 20 feet by 7, flat-bottomed, double-planked, felted between the double planking, covered with waterproof canvas, and with sledge-runners on each side for easier draught over the ice. They had wheels also on which they could be placed, if convenient. Provisions for seventy-one days were packed in the boats, consisting of biscuit, pemmican, and cocoa. Spirits of wine were taken for fuel, and a little rum and tobacco, to be served out weekly all round.

On the 22nd of June the boats started due north, and passing eighty miles of open water, entered a region of sloppy ice and water mixed, with which the real trials of the journey began.

"Let any one," says a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, "conceive for a moment the situation of two open boats, laden with seventy days' provisions, and clothing for twenty-eight men, in the midst of a sea nearly covered with detached masses and floes of ice, over which these boats had to be dragged, sometimes up one side of a rugged mass and down the other, sometimes across the lanes of water that separated them, frequently over a surface covered with deep snow, or through pools of water. Let him

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bear in mind that the men had little or no chance of any other supply of provisions than that which they carried with them, calculated as just sufficient to sustain life, and consider what their situation would have been in the event, by no means an improbable one, of losing any part of their scanty stock. Let any one try to imagine to himself a situation of this kind, and he will still have but a faint idea of the exertions which the men under Captain Parry had to make, and the sufferings and privations they had to undergo."

Once the calamity which the writer contemplates had all but befallen them. A floe of ice on which the tired travellers had lodged boats, sledges, and all, broke with their weight, and let them into the water. But, providentially, both men and property were saved.

They travelled usually by night, because the glare of the ice and snow was not then so distressing to the eyes, and also because the comparative warmth of the daytime was of more importance to them, while not in exercise, as well as almost necessary to dry their sodden clothes.

They rose in the evening, and, after morning prayers, packed up their fur sleeping dresses, breakfasted on cocoa which they warmed with a spirit lamp, and biscuit, and set out for hours of toilsome travelling, rowing where the water was clear enough, tracking where the ice would bear, and in the meantime keeping their spirits up by carefully noticing anything that turned up to break the depressing monotony of an Arctic sea. A gull furnished conversation for hours, a little auk or two, or a couple of seals, created a sensation. Two flies

were regarded with a minute attention and interest; while a half-frozen aphis, a hundred miles away from land, was hailed with unmingled delight, and discussed with a more than scientific interest.

At daybreak they halted for rest, hauling up the boats on the largest piece of ice they could find. The boats were placed side by side, and an awning spread over them. Dry clothing was put on, the night's damages were repaired; and then, "after serving the provisions for the succeeding day," says Parry, "we went to supper. Most of the officers and men then smoked their pipes, which served to dry the boats and awnings very much, and usually raised the temperature of our lodgings ten or fifteen degrees. This part of the twenty-four hours was often a time—and the only one—of real enjoyment to us: the men told their stories and fought their battles o'er again, and the labours of the day, unsuccessful as they too often were, were forgotten." A watch was set, and after prayers, the tired sailors lay down and slept till the bugle woke them.

It was not long, however, before the unwelcome fact forced itself on Parry's notice, that the fields of ice over which he and his men were slowly making their way with such labour, sometimes obliged to crawl on hands and knees, more often obliged to wade ankle deep through slush or melting snow, never making more than a mile or so in an hour, and sometimes only a few hundred yards, was itself travelling south almost as fast as they were travelling north. On one day, after many miles had been walked, and the boats launched and hauled up four times, and dragged over twenty-five separate pieces of ice, between three and four miles in a

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straight line was all they could count; while the ice had been drifting south so fast, that even this had to be reduced to a mile and a half of northerly distance. Sometimes they made only fifty yards in two hours of unremitting toil. Once, after eleven hours' labouring with their utmost strength, they were only two miles on their journey. Once they found the ice running south five miles an hour, and they lost thirteen miles in twenty-four hours. Once they thought they had gained twenty-three miles at least, and found themselves just one mile north of the place they had started from.

After a desperate struggle to reach lat. 83° , Parry was obliged to give up in lat. $82^{\circ} 45'$, with the barren satisfaction of having been nearer to the Pole than any other human being has probably ever been in this epoch of our earth's history.

The return, being in the same direction as the drift of the ice, was much quicker than their outward journey, and on the 21st of August they reached the ship. They were, on the whole, in wonderfully good health, after a fatiguing journey of 1,127 miles, extending over sixty-one days; and during which, as Captain Parry says, they had generally been drenched in snow-water for twelve hours out of every twenty-four.

Parry considered the only cause of his failure to have been his having started too late; and, with all a projector's earnestness, expressed himself certain that if a boat expedition left Hakluyt's Headland, in Spitzbergen, in April, before the Arctic ice broke up, it could reach the Pole with ease. This view was not shared by the authorities. It was urged that the task, if to be done at all, must be

done by ships, which could neglect the loose ice that formed so serious a hindrance to the boats.

Sir J. Barrow, in advocating this latter plan, is still sanguine of success. "The distance," he says, "from Hakluyt's Headland to the Pole is six hundred geographical miles. Granting the ships to make only twenty miles in twenty-four hours, even in that case it would require but a month to enable the explorer to put his foot on the pivot or point of the axis on which the globe of the earth turns, remain there a month, if necessary, to obtain the sought-for information; and then, with a southerly current, a fortnight, probably less, would bring him back to Spitzbergen."

Whether this method of solving this greatest of geographical mysteries will ever be carried out no one can say. But so many indications point to an open Polar Sea, and the feasibility of reaching and navigating it has been so repeatedly seen by accurate observers with their own eyes, and recorded with their own hands, that it is not impossible that some happy captain may yet, in Sir John Barrow's vigorous language, "put his foot" on the point of the earth's axis. He may have then the happiness of feeling that to him there is no longer any north, east, or west, but that the only motion he can make must be southward. He may stand upright, and know that there is a perpendicular column of the atoms of his body that is perfectly stationary as regards the earth, not even revolving. He may lie horizontal, and be conscious that every twenty-four hours his feet and his head, with no effort of his own, have pointed to all the points of the compass.

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CAPTAIN JOHN ROSS'S SECOND VOYAGE—PRINCE
REGENT'S INLET—1829-33.

For more than ten years Captain Ross had lain under the imputation of precipitation and carelessness, at least in some quarters. He had certainly described mountains where no mountains were; and his first voyage had left him in no great favour with the naval authorities as an Arctic explorer.

The many expeditions that had been dispatched into the Arctic regions had none of them achieved their main object. And Ross, thinking it a favourable opportunity for a new attempt, made an earnest petition to the Admiralty for leave to try once more. The government of the day, however, was in the midst of a course of strict retrenchment. They abolished the Board of Longitude, the constant patron of Arctic adventure. They discountenanced all such expeditions. They refused Captain Ross any such employment. And they repealed the North-west Passage Act, which had offered £20,000 as a reward for the coveted discovery.

Contrary, perhaps, to their expectation, the repeal of this Act started one of the most successful and at the same time perilous of the northern journeys that have been made in this century. Mr. Felix Booth, a wealthy London merchant, had long been as desirous of helping Captain Ross in his project as Captain Ross was of being helped. The £20,000 which might be pocketed if the venture were successful, made the expedition too commercial looking in this chivalrous patron's eyes. As soon, however, as the act was repealed, and there was

no further possibility of profit, or, as he phrased it, "when no other motive could be imputed to him than the advancement of the honour of his country, the interests of science, and the gratification of the feelings of a friend," Mr. Booth advanced between £17,000 and £18,000. To this Captain Ross added £5,000. A small steam packet—the first ever employed on this service—named the *Victory*, was bought. And on the 23rd May, 1829, accompanied by the son who but the other day died full of years and honours, Captain Ross set sail for Prince Regent's Inlet, last visited by Captain Parry five years before, who had left one of his ships, the *Fury*, on its western shore.

A.D. 1829.—The commencement of their voyage was prosperous. In Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait no ice was to be seen, except on the tops of some of the mountains. The officers dined in the cabin without a fire, and with the skylight open. In high spirits, they turned south and entered Prince Regent's Inlet. Passing the spot where the *Fury* was abandoned, they noticed that all her stores were safe, though, strangely enough, she herself had disappeared. They supplied their deficiencies of provisions without scruple, and sailed on. On the 15th of August they crossed Cresswell Bay, and passing Parry's furthest point, entered on a new field of discovery; namely, the unknown tract of land or water or ice which connected Parry's two discoveries, Prince Regent's Inlet, and *Fury* and *Hecla* Strait.

The importance of tracing a practicable passage between these two arms of the sea was obvious. If a ship could reach Barrow Strait from Hudson's

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Bay, by way either of Fox Channel and Fury and Hecla Strait, or Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome, there would be another and a southerly opening available into what was now generally felt to be the real north-west passage, if Baffin's Bay or Lancaster Sound were closed. Indeed, little more than twenty degrees of tolerably navigable channel, viz, that between Melville Sound and Mackenzie Bay, would have to be discovered, and the problem might almost be considered solved.

Accordingly, unmindful of Captain Parry's experience of the impracticability of this very channel, Captain Ross applied himself with his utmost energy to the task of working southward. For eight hundred miles he fought his way on among the ice, exploring the western coast of Prince Regent Inlet minutely; till the winter fixed him in Victoria Harbour, almost opposite the mouth of Fury and Hecla Strait.

During the eleven months that their ship remained imbedded in the ice, the father and son explored the new land on whose shores they found themselves, and which they named Boothia. It proved to be a peninsula, stretching nearly due north. Commander Ross especially, in a land journey, reached the great island lying on the western side of Boothia, whose name, King William's Land, is now so sadly familiar.

A.D. 1830.—After shaking herself free from the ice, the Victory floated for six days in September, and was then frozen in once more. During this winter and spring, Boothia was still more minutely explored; and on one of his journeys Commander Ross had the satisfaction of determining the Northern Magnetic Pole. His dip-needle stood perpendicular in lat $70^{\circ} 5' 17''$ N. and long. $96^{\circ} 46' 45''$ W.

Subsequent scientific investigation has somewhat impaired the value of this discovery, as, according to Hansteen, the Magnetic Pole moves $11' 4''$ every year, and revolves in 1890 years; so that the cairn which Ross erected, as he hoped, to fix its situation for ever, will not mark its place again till the year 3722.

Once more, after four days' freedom, the unfortunate Victory was frozen in for a third winter; and the crew, in despair, abandoned her, and made their way to where the remains of the Fury's stores were still lying. These stores, in fact, saved their lives; for Barrow's Straits, which had been so treacherously open when they commenced their voyage, were now one mass of ice, with not a channel or crack for their boats to swim in.

A.D. 1833.—At last they contrived to push across Prince Regent Inlet in their boats, and made their way to Navy Board Inlet, in the mouth of Lancaster Sound. Thence, after some waiting and some disappointments, they were taken by a whaler, which turned out to be, strangely enough, the very *Isabella* in which, fourteen years before, Captain Ross himself had led the way in modern Arctic adventure.

The unfortunate wanderers were assured of their own deaths, and had the utmost difficulty in persuading their deliverers of their identity.

In October they reached home, and were received as men from the dead, with an outburst of joy that many now living can remember.

CAPTAIN BACK'S LAND JOURNEY—GREAT FISH RIVER —1833-5.

A.D. 1833.—The lost travellers had not, indeed, been forgotten. An expedition had already started in search

of them. Captain Back, Captain Ross's friend, on the first intimation of his old companion's presumed danger, had hurried home from Italy, and was already deep in the snowy wastes of North America, toiling towards the frozen seas, where it was feared his old comrades and friends were pining in a living tomb.

Dr. Richardson had already proposed to complete his own famous explorations while searching for Ross. His plan was to start from Coronation Gulf, his old quarters, into which the Coppermine River falls, and trace the north coast of America eastwards, past Point Turnagain, to Melville Island; thus completing the whole northern coast line of America, with the exception of the small piece between Franklin's westernmost point and the easternmost reached by the boats of the Blossom. This plan was not approved, and Captain Back left Liverpool on the 17th of February, 1833, with instructions to start from the Great Slave Lake, and make his way into the Northern Sea by the easternmost of the three great rivers which flow out of or from the neighbourhood of that lake into the Polar Ocean. The two others, the Mackenzie and the Coppermine, had been already explored. Of the third, the Thlew-ee-choh, or Great Fish River, also called Back River, next to nothing was known. Few living Indians even had ever been upon its desert banks. It was admirably suited, nevertheless, for the object in view, as it opened into the Northern Sea at the south-eastern angle of the peninsula of Boothia, where, if anywhere, the Rosses were to be found.

Space will not allow us to follow Back and his companions at all minutely through their gallant struggle with hardships and dangers innumerable,

FISH RIVER

and all but insurmountable. It has been long said of this journey:—

“It is impossible to rise from the perusal without being struck with astonishment at the extent of suffering which the human frame can endure, and at the same time the wondrous display of fortitude which was exhibited under circumstances of so appalling a nature as to invest the narrative with the character of a romantic fiction, rather than an unexaggerated tale of actual reality.”

His first summer and autumn were spent in discovering the source of the river down which he was to travel; to do which he had to cross lakes, rapids, rivers, and cataracts, and discovered several splendid sheets of water, stretching northwards from the Great Slave Lake. Having found the main stream, he returned to Fort Reliance on East Slave Lake, and there passed a fearful winter of privation and suffering.

Even while the weather was warm, the trials of this intolerable country were almost more than could be endured. Captain Back's feeling account of the insect tormentors, whose attacks he survived, is enough to make the reader tingle. The mosquitoes disfigured them to that degree that their features were nearly obliterated. Horse-flies, which the men, with grim facetiousness, nicknamed bulldogs, sucked their blood till they (the horse-flies) were ready to burst. And the sand-flies rose up against them with a disciplined ferocity that was almost awful.

“It is in vain,” says the poor captain, “to attempt to defend yourself against these puny blood-suckers. Though you crush thousands of them, tens of thousands arise to revenge the death of their com-

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panions; and you very soon discover that the conflict you are waging is one in which you are sure to be defeated. So great at last are the pains and fatigue in buffeting away this attacking force, that in despair you throw yourself, half suffocated, in a blanket with your face upon the ground, and snatch a few moments of sleepless rest. . . . How can I give any idea of the torment we endured? As we dived into the confined and suffocating chasms, or waded through the close swamps, they rose in clouds, actually darkening the air. To see or to speak was equally difficult, for they rushed at every undefended part, and fixed their poisonous fangs in an instant. Our faces streamed with blood, as if leeches had been applied; and there was a burning and irritating pain, followed by immediate inflammation, and producing giddiness, which almost drove us mad, and caused us to moan with pain and agony."

The winter of that year was one of tremendous cold and scarcity. The very Indians froze and starved. They hung around the huts and fire, watching every mouthful the men ate, with longing looks, but never complaining. Or, if they could get near the fire, they roasted and devoured small bits of their deerskin clothes, already an imperfect protection against the hideous cold—102° below freezing point.

"Famine," says Back, "with her gaunt and bony arm, pursued them at every turn, withered their energies, and strewed them lifeless on the cold bosom of the snow. . . . Often did I share my own plate with the children, whose helpless state and piteous cries were peculiarly distressing. Compassion for the full-grown may or may not be felt, but that

heart must be cased in steel which is insensible to the cry of a child for food."

At last, white and red men together were reduced to extreme suffering. Had it not been for the gallant behaviour of an Indian chief, named Akaitcho, who laboured, travelled, and hunted for them to the last, few would probably have survived. "The great chief trusts in us," said this noble savage; "and it is better that ten Indians perish than that one white man should perish through our negligence or breach of faith."

At last the winter wore through, and while preparing to start on their northern journey, the hearts of the Englishmen were cheered by the news of Ross's safe return.

"In the fulness of our hearts," writes Back, "we assembled together, and humbly offered up our thanks to that merciful Providence who, in the beautiful language of Scripture, hath said, 'Mine own will I bring again, as I did sometime from the deeps of the sea.' The thought of so wonderful a preservation overpowered for a time the common occurrences of life. We had just sat down to breakfast; but our appetite was gone, and the day was passed in a state of feverish excitement. Seldom, indeed, did we indulge in a libation, but on this joyful occasion economy was forgotten; a treat was given to the men, and, for ourselves, the social sympathies were quickened with a generous bowl of punch."

Neither the good news, however, nor the intensely English spirit of mingled devotedness and good fellowship with which they received it, turned the explorers from their task. As soon as possible, they reached and embarked on the unknown river—a river

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of falls, rapids, and cataracts. With patient courage and through hairbreadth escapes, which we cannot recount here, they followed it for 530 miles through a desolate wilderness, over or round its eighty-three falls and rapids, till they reached the sea. Back had intended to turn west, and reach, if possible, Point Turnagain, on the eastern shore of Coronation Gulf. But want of food and fuel rendered this impossible. After a return journey up the stream, in which all their previous hardships and labour were doubled, they reached Fort Reliance once more, and passing another winter there, made their way to England.

A.D. 1836.—Next year Back was sent to the same spot which Captain Lyon had failed to pass in 1824, Wager River, in Sir Thomas Rowe's *Welcome*, and there the same fate befell him. He was frozen in off Cape Comfort, and drifted about amid the grinding ice up Frozen Channel; till, as soon as he got his crushed ship free, he had to run for home as fast as might be, in danger of foundering by the way.

DEASE AND SIMPSON'S LAND JOURNEY—NORTH COAST OF AMERICA—1837-9.

A.D. 1837.—All the northern coast of America had been explored except three long reaches; the first from Point Barrow, the furthest point reached by Beechey's expedition from Behring's Straits, to Return Inlet, where Franklin turned back, while the *Blossom's* boat was waiting for him 160 miles off; the second from Point Turnagain, on the east of Coronation Gulf to the mouth of Back River; and the third from the eastern side of Boothia to the east of Melville Peninsula, the north-eastern corner of America itself.

The Hudson's Bay Company, feeling that for their own credit, government officers and private adventurers ought hardly to be allowed to trace all their coasts for them, in 1836 sent two of their most trusted servants, Mr. Dease and Mr. Simpson, with twelve men, to fill up these gaps in the map of North America.

The routes they were to take were, of course, the great rivers, which from the Great Slave Lake in the heart of the Hudson's Bay territory, radiate to the Polar Ocean; the Mackenzie to the west, the Coppermine to the north, and the Great Fish, or Back River, to the east.

By July, 1837, the boats had reached the mouth of the Mackenzie, and before the end of the month passed Return Inlet, where Franklin turned back. Two new rivers, the Garry and the Colville, were discovered, and through the dog-days, in which, nevertheless, the ground was frozen almost too hard to drive the tent-pegs in, they pressed on towards Point Barrow. But the cold increased. The spray froze on the oars; and by the 1st of August, further progress by boat became impossible. Mr. Dease accordingly remained with the boats, while Mr. Simpson, and some of the men, finished their task on foot. After he had reached Point Barrow, and rejoined his comrade, the party returned to their winter quarters on Great Bear Lake.

A.D. 1838.—Next year, the same party started on the second of their missions. They descended the Coppermine River, and, turning eastward, made their way towards Coronation Gulf. They had hardly entered its western limb, when the ice, which was peculiarly thick and immovable that year,

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stopped them. Once more Mr. Simpson started to walk, and passing Point Turnagain, crossed over the promontory which lies over the north of Coronation Gulf, and, looking to the north across the strait named after Mr. Dease, saw before him the southern shore of the immense island, on various parts of which the names of Prince Albert's Land, Wollaston Land, and Victoria Land, have been bestowed by various explorers.

No more, however, could be done that year, and they returned to Great Bear Lake.

A.D. 1839.—Their next attempt was in the highest degree successful. Coronation Gulf was free of ice, for a wonder, and the boats made their way through the strait discovered the year before, and joyfully pursued their course to the eastward. On the 13th of August they reached the westernmost point which Back had attained, and found on Montreal Island, in the mouth of Back River, the remnants of stores which he had left there five years before.

This completed their task; but with a laudable zeal, Messrs. Dease and Simpson considered that while they were so near, and the weather so favourable, they might as well solve one more problem, viz., whether Boothia was an island or a peninsula, and if the latter, where it joined the main land.

Accordingly, they crossed the estuary of Back River, and landing, went on till they reached the other side of Boothia. Then they traced the coast of the Gulf of Boothia, which runs down to within forty miles of Repulse Bay; and crossing the neck of the peninsula once more, followed its western shore, in order to make sure, till they were within ninety miles of the Magnetic Pole.

A.D. 1839.—As they made their way back to the mouth of the Coppermine River, they surveyed the south coast of Victoria Land, laying down Cambridge, Wellington, and Byron Bays; and, on the 24th of September, reached Fort Confidence, after the longest and most entirely successful expedition of the kind that has ever been made: 1,600 miles of sea had been traversed, and the survey of the northern coast had been completed, with the exception of Melville Peninsula, which, adhering to the north-eastern angle of America by a narrow neck of land, separates Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome, the north-western corner of Hudson's Bay, from the Gulf of Boothia—the great water which leads through Prince Regent's Inlet and Lancaster Sound, round again into the north of Baffin's Bay.

DR. RAE'S LAND EXPEDITION—NORTH-EAST COAST OF AMERICA—1846-47.

A.D. 1846.—To the completion of this task, the company addressed itself a few years later, sending thirteen men, under the command of Dr. John Rae, to trace the coast between Dease and Simpson's furthest eastern point and Fury and Hecla Strait.

Dr. Rae started from Fort Churchill, on the western coast of Hudson's Bay, intending to make his way to, or towards, Fury and Hecla Strait, and then, rounding the angle of Melville Peninsula, to push on westward, till he reached the part of the coast surveyed by Dease and Simpson.

The ice was very troublesome that year; and by the time the expedition had reached Cape Fuller-

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ton, at the mouth of Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome, Rae found that it would be almost, if not quite, impossible to make his way up the outer side of Melville Peninsula. Nor was this, indeed, his object, as Parry, in his second voyage, had already traced this part of the coast. The object now was, the inner side of the peninsula. Accordingly, Rae determined to cross the narrow neck of land which connects Melville Peninsula with the continent. This task was all the easier, as several large lakes lie in the narrowest part. He therefore laid up one of his boats, and dragged the other, when he could not float it, across the isthmus into Committee Bay, which he reached on the 2nd of August. By the time the other boat was got across, the winter had begun to close in; and Dr. Rae devoted his energies to stocking the larder, which was fortunately easy, as the reindeer were just then migrating south, and partridges and salmon were tolerably plentiful.

Early the next spring, Dr. Rae completed the survey of the northern coast of America from the bottom of Committee Bay to the narrow isthmus, not more than a mile broad, which alone saves Boothia from being an island. Here, it will be remembered, Dease and Simpson had been.

Returning to his quarters at the bottom of Committee Bay, he next went up the western coast of Melville Peninsula, and before the end of May came in sight of the Fury and Hecla Strait.

Having thus accomplished his task, he waited till the ice broke up; and then, going back by the way he came, arrived again at Fort Churchill on the 31st of August.

The whole north coast of America had thus been traced in boats; and in this way, Beechey, Franklin, Richardson, Back, Dease, Simpson, and Rae, may be said to have discovered between them a north-west passage. This, however, was not what had been intended by these fatal words: the idea that still fascinated men was that of a *navigable* passage, by which a ship could pass in one season from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

To the final solution of this mystery of centuries everything seemed tending. Parry had shown how crews could be kept healthy and happy for winter after winter in darkness and desperate cold. Dease and Simpson, Back and Rae, had proved how, where ships could not go, boats and sledges could. Franklin and Richardson could bear testimony, if testimony were needed, to the unconquerable courage and patient discipline of English seamen.

The means seemed ample; the task, too, was half, more than half done. Parry had actually sailed from England up Baffin's Bay, through Lancaster Sound, due west, till he wintered at the south-west corner of Melville Island, and believed himself to be, as he was, in the western jaws of the north-west passage. Nothing but ice lay between him and Behring's Straits.

All that had to be solved was this: After passing Lancaster Sound, now generally admitted to be the eastern gateway of the passage, there were, it appeared pretty clear, three courses to Behring's Straits, each feasible—the question being which was the most feasible—along which a ship could make her way in one year. One was to the north, by Wellington Channel, which turned off to the right from Barrow's

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Strait. Many supposed that by this course a vessel sailing north of the Parry Islands would avoid the ice that clung about Melville Island. The next was the direct course, due west, along Barrow's Strait, across Melville Sound, through Banks' Strait, round Banks' Land, and so south-west to Behring's Strait. The advocates of this route had in their favour the argument that it had all but been accomplished. The third was to the south, by turning to the left from Barrow's Strait, either down Prince Regent's Inlet, or some other southerly channel, of which there were several, in order to get as soon as possible into the channel of open water which, during summer, the ice left along the northern coast of America. The length of this course, which was clearly the chief objection to it, would be, it was hoped by many, more than compensated for by the comparative certainty of clear water in an ordinary season, at least for boats and small vessels.

Besides these, it should be remembered, that there were the polar routes either outside Greenland by Spitzbergen, or inside, by Smith Sound or Jones Sound in the north of Baffin's Bay, each of which, it was believed, led into the desired Polynia, or open Polar Sea of the Russians. These polar routes were not generally considered to promise much success.

It seemed tantalizing to leave the task which England had for so long made her own, more than half done. No serious calamities had happened for years. Polar travelling was hardly more dangerous than a voyage to India.

The Admiralty was urged to send out one last expedition—to put the keystone into the noble arch of

Arctic adventure—to make the last step forward, and reap for England the reward of so much heroism amid the applause of the world.

The expedition sailed; but it will never return.

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CHAPTER VIII.

A.D. 1845—1853.

MODERN ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS—SECOND PART—FRANKLIN AND THE SEARCHES FOR HIM.

SIR J. FRANKLIN—His last expedition—his orders—Last sight of him—Alarm at his prolonged absence—Searches ordered—KELLETT and MOORE—Their expedition to Behring's Straits—Mr. Sheddon—RICHARDSON and RAE—Search along the north coast of America—SIR JAMES ROSS—Search along Barrow's Straits—The NORTH STAR—Mr. GOODSIR—Esquimaux reports of Sir John Franklin's safety and of his murder—LADY FRANKLIN—The rendezvous in Lancaster Sound—COLLINSON and M'CLURE—AUSTEN—OMMANEY—CATER—OSBORNE—PENNY—STEWART—ROSS—FORSYTH—Discovery of Sir John Franklin's first winter quarters—Sledge—Search of Barrow's Straits—Examination of Wellington Channel and the islands—The American expedition—DE HAVEN—Dispute between Austen and Penny—The Polynia, or Polar Sea—Sir J. Franklin assumed to be there—Dr. RAE—Search in Wollaston Land—Close to the lost ships—WILKES—His opinion on boat searches in the northern sounds of Baffin's Bay—BELCHER—SAUNDERS—INGLEFIELD—Search down Prince Regent's Inlet—KENNEDY—BELLOT—Bellot's death—McClure's discovery of the north-west passage—Collinson's examination of the north coast of America and of Wollaston Land—Captain Kellett relieves McClure—Disappointment in England at the failure of the expeditions.

CAPTAIN SIR JOHN FRANKLIN—1845.

THE long list of expeditions of Arctic discovery closes with the voyage of the ill-fated ships whose fragments lie mouldering on the shore of King William's Land. Those that have been since undertaken have no longer had for their object the north-west passage, or the advancement of scientific or geographical knowledge, but rather the saving, if it were possible,

of the gallant lives that were ebbing and dwindling in the merciless ice.

One of the oldest and bravest of Arctic sailors was chosen to end the long and wearisome task that England had imposed on herself. Sir John Franklin was put in command of two veteran ice-ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, with picked crews of 138* men in all, and with Captain Crozier as his second in command. He left Sheerness on the 26th of May, 1845, with three years' full provisions on board, and a transport in attendance with additional stores, which were to be transferred when the ships reached Davis' Straits.

His orders were these. He was to proceed with all dispatch to Lancaster Sound, and after passing through it, he was to sail westward in latitude 70° N., without losing time or stopping to examine any openings to the northward, till he reached Cape Walker. Cape Walker, it will be seen on reference to the map, is a point on the south side of Barrow's Straits, about half way between the mouth of Lancaster Sound, that is, the *eastern* opening into the north-west passage, and the mouth of Banks' Strait, which is its *western* end. West of Cape Walker, it had been found that even in favourable seasons the difficulties from ice began.† Sir John's instructions

* When Sir J. Franklin's appointment was proposed, Lord Haddington, the First Lord of the Admiralty, sent for Sir Edward Parry, and said, "I see by the Navy List, that Franklin is sixty years old—do you think we ought to let him go?" Sir Edward answered, "He is a fitter man to go than any I know; and if you don't let him go, the man will die of disappointment."—See Sir Edward Parry's speech at Lynn, at a dinner given to Lieutenant Cresswell.

† Sir Edward Parry remarks that experience showed that there was something peculiar about the south-western extremity of Melville Island, which made the icy sea there very unfavourable to navigation, and which

accordingly were to endeavour, as soon as he reached this point, to penetrate to the southward and westward, and make his way to Behring's Straits by this route. He was warned, indeed, not to try to pass by the direct western route through Banks' Straits, until it was certain that ice or some insuperable obstacle barred the *south-westward* route against him.

The reasoning which dictated these instructions was apparently sound. Parry, in one of the fairest seasons ever known, had found the ice which hung about the south-western extremity of Melville Island, in the very jaws of Banks' Straits, quite impassable. Franklin, Elson, Richardson, Simpson, and others, had almost invariably found navigable water along the north-western American shore. It was a most feasible looking plan to turn southwards from Barrow's Straits, *before* reaching the point when it became dangerous, and strike the coast channel *after* it became navigable, even up to Behring's Straits themselves. The question was how to do it. Prince Regent Inlet had been sailed through from end to end, and Simpson had proved beyond a doubt that Boothia was a peninsula, and that there was no way of reaching the shore channel from the Gulf of Boothia or Committee Bay. It was, however, more than probable that west of Prince Regent's Inlet many channels might be found leading south into the shore channel at or near Coronation Gulf, or perhaps further west still.

seemed likely to bid defiance to all efforts to proceed much further to the west in this parallel of latitude.

The sea south-west of Melville Island has never been seen in a navigable condition.

The immovable nature of the ice in this quarter has been attributed to the meeting of the tides from the Atlantic and Pacific in Banks' Straits.

To the discovery of this one step, accordingly, Franklin went out committed.

On the 26th of July, a whaler saw the ships moored to an iceberg on the eastern side of Baffin's Bay, nearly opposite the mouth of Lancaster Sound, waiting for a chance to push through the middle ice. A few days previously, a Mr. Robert Martin had been alongside of the Erebus and Terror, and had had several conversations with Sir John Franklin and his officers—conversations which were afterwards eagerly remembered and commented on. Sir John said he had provisions for *five* years; that, if necessary, he could make them last *seven*, and that, in addition, he had got several casks of salted birds. On the 26th or 28th two parties of the officers dined with Mr. Martin, and told him that they fully expected to be out four, five, or even six years. Next day he received an invitation to dine with Sir John, but, the wind shifting, he was obliged to proceed on his course. For two days more he saw the ships lessening in the distance. That was the last sight of them. They went on their appointed way; and, except Esquimaux, no man ever saw them again.

It was not expected that Franklin would return until 1847 at the earliest. Nevertheless, when the close of that year approached, without the smallest information as to his welfare or his whereabouts, considerable uneasiness began to be felt. This deepened to positive alarm when the last flight of whalers returned, not only without having seen the ships, but without even having heard any tidings of them. Early in 1848 the nation was demanding, and the government was eagerly preparing, to have

the bays and straits of Arctic America thoroughly searched for their missing sailors.

That this search might be complete, and, as it was hoped, at once successful, it was arranged that it should be carried on in three directions at once. First, ships were to be dispatched to Behring's Straits, to sail eastward, so as to meet the *Erebus* and *Terror*, if their efforts had been so far successful as to bring them anywhere near the western end of the passage.

Next, boats were to coast along the northern shores of America, from the mouth of the Mackenzie River to Victoria Land, not far from the mouth of Great Fish River, so as to discover if, from any disaster, the crews had been compelled to abandon their ships. Had they done so, it was expected that they would at once make their way south to some of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts.

Lastly, two vessels were sent to follow their track as closely as possible. These, it was hoped, could hardly fail to come across some traces of the wanderers, or to hear some reports of them from the natives.

It might have been anticipated that it was impossible for two ships and a large body of men, such as Sir John Franklin's crews, to escape being traced, when thus, as it were, beset on all sides in a tract of country of no very great extent, and inhabited by numerous wandering tribes of nations, some of whom must have come across the vessels.

CAPTAIN KELLETT AND MOORE—BEHRING'S STRAITS— 1848-9.

A.D. 1848.—The first expedition was a complete failure. The *Herald* and the *Plover* were dispatched early in 1848 on the mission to Behring's

Straits, but never even reached the straits during that year.

In 1849, the *Herald*, under Captain Kellett, passed the straits, and explored Wainwright's Inlet, near Point Barrow, while Lieutenant Pullen made his way along the coast to the mouth of the Mackenzie River.

In the same year Captain Moore, in the *Plover*, in endeavouring to follow in the same track, failed entirely in his attempt to proceed to the eastward, and had to take refuge in Norton Sound, south of Behring's Straits.

Nothing was accomplished except to ascertain that the lost ships had not yet reached any point on the coast west of Mackenzie River, and to mark down on the map one or two islands and certain high peaks in the sea north of Behring's Straits which were guessed to be the northern continent which Baron von Wrangell had been told was visible from Cape Yakan.

One touching circumstance shows how keen was the interest and alarm felt for Sir John Franklin and his men throughout England. A Mr. Sheddon, a mate in the navy, had been invalided and was dying of consumption. He owned, and sailed himself, a small steam yacht. At his own expense he undertook the search for Sir John Franklin, and meeting Lieutenant Pullen during his boat journey to the Mackenzie River, he assisted him in every possible way. His kindness to the sailors was most generous. He followed the boats at great risk, and supplied them with everything he could spare. He also deposited provisions, so that the lost crews might find them if they passed that way.

Exhausted by his exertions, this gallant and gene-

rous seaman died two months afterwards, having spent almost literally his last gasp in the effort to succour brother sailors in danger and distress.

RICHARDSON AND RAE — MACKENZIE AND COPPERMINE RIVERS—1848.

A.D. 1848.—The second expedition was prompter in its operations than the first, but not more successful. The command was given to a man who was doubly competent, as one of the boldest and most successful of Arctic travellers, and as Franklin's old and warm friend—Dr., subsequently Sir John Richardson. With him was associated Dr. Rae, whose persevering exploration of the Melville Peninsula, and many other similar exploits, were well known.

From the splendid volumes in which Sir John, on his return, published the results of his expedition, it appears that after descending the Mackenzie River, the boats entered its estuary on the 3rd of August, 1848, and sailing along the coast, reached Cape Krusenstern, the western shoulder of Coronation Gulf, on the 29th of August. In making their way towards the mouth of the Coppermine River, their boats were so crushed that they were obliged to abandon them and make their way overland to the northern end of Great Bear Lake. They reached Fort Providence on the 15th of September, and on the 17th of September Sir John Richardson read prayers to a congregation of forty-two persons, and returned thanks to God for their safety. Next year he returned to England. He was sixty-one years old, and that part of his task which consisted of searching for Sir John Franklin had been ful-

filled, and numerous most interesting observations and discoveries had been made.

A.D. 1849.—Dr. Rae, meanwhile, remained behind, and on the 7th of June, in the next year, commenced a survey of the shores of Wollaston and Victoria Lands, the great northern islands which, so to speak, fit into Coronation Gulf and the adjoining American shore. He failed in reaching Wollaston Land; but, meeting some natives from that place, he heard from them that neither white men, ships, nor boats had been seen or heard of in their country. After this, the weather broke entirely, and Dr. Rae was compelled to return.

These expeditions, however, had decided that the Erebus and Terror had not touched the American coast between the Mackenzie or the Coppermine.

SIR JAMES ROSS—BARROW'S STRAIT 18.

A.D. 1848.—The third expedition started also in 1848, with the object, it will be remembered, of following on the track of Sir John Franklin. This was the most likely to be successful, it was thought, of all the three, as Sir John's instructions were definite, and he was much too old a sailor and too strict a disciplinarian to have departed from them unless obliged. Nothing, therefore, seemed more probable than that ships sent directly along the same route would come across, if not the missing vessels themselves, at least some traces or tidings of them.

The ships were built expressly for the service, and named the *Enterprise* and the *Investigator*, powerful vessels, thoroughly manned and equipped, and pro-

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visioned for three years. The command was given to Sir James Ross.

The *Erebus* and *Terror* had been last seen off the eastern shore of Baffin's Bay, and accordingly Ross made his way to Upernavik, the most northerly of the Danish settlements, and thence to Melville Bay.* A gale from the north-east helped them through the middle ice and across to Pond's Bay. Here Ross began his search, and examined the coast minutely up to Lancaster Sound, and then proceeded along that sound and Barrow's Straits, making nightly signals, erecting beacons and flagstaffs, and depositing cylinders with directions to Sir John Franklin to make for Port Leopold, where a depôt of provisions was to be left.

Port Leopold was an admirably selected spot for this purpose, as it is situated just at that part of Barrow's Straits where Wellington Channel from the north, and Prince Regent's Inlet from the south, open into it. Ross reached it on the 11th of September, just in time; for that very night the ice, which was then unusually dense, shut up the harbour, and did not let the ships out till next year. They could not, however, have chosen a better position, since no travelling party could come from the south, north, or west, without passing them.

Every device that friendly ingenuity could suggest was adopted to convey, if possible, the tidings of help

* The four spots in the Arctic regions to which the name Melville is given should be clearly distinguished. *Melville Bay* is the north-eastern angle of Baffin's Bay; *Melville Peninsula* is the north-eastern angle of America, north of Hudson's Bay; *Melville Island* is 40 degrees of longitude away to the west, and forms part of the northern side of the western entrance to the north-west passage; *Melville Sound* is the great reach of water south of it, a continuation of Barrow's Straits and Lancaster Sound.

being at hand to the lost crews. Arctic foxes were caught, and let loose again with collars fixed round their necks, on which were engraved the requisite directions. Beacons and cairns were erected right and left. Notice cylinders were left in every appropriate place. Depôts of meat, bread, fuel, and skins, were carried out by sledges, and left where they would be most likely to be fallen in with.

A.D. 1849.—On the 15th of May, 1849, Sir James Ross and Lieutenant McClintock, with twelve men, set out from the ships to explore North Somerset, the land in the coast of which Port Leopold is an inlet. They went round its northern shores, and then found that it turned sharply to the south, forming the eastern border of the strait subsequently known as Peel Strait and Franklin Strait, which runs west of and parallel to Prince Regent's Inlet. As they turned south they could see Cape Walker, which was Franklin's mark, before them to the west, and could also see that from it to Wellington Channel in the north, Barrow's Strait was one sheet of moveless ice.

Up to the 5th of June they plodded south along the coast till they reached a bay—Brentford Bay, which is separated from a corresponding bay—Cresswell Bay, on the other side of North Somerset, in Prince Regent's Inlet, by only a narrow neck of land. Sir James was obliged to halt here, though he wished much to go forward till he reached his old discovery, the Magnetic Pole, which lay just before him. But all the party, except Lieutenant McClintock, whose capacity for Arctic adventure was becoming daily more evident, were nearly exhausted.

It is sad to think that this party were, if they had only known it, on the direct route to the ships they

were seeking. Whether they would have been able to find any of the crews alive is impossible to say. But, ignorant of how near his object he was, Sir James turned, and reached his ships once more on the 23rd of June. It was just in time, for he had only one day's provisions left, and his men were all ill and completely knocked up.

During their absence three other parties had been sent out from the ships, east, north, and south-east. Lieutenant Robinson commanded the latter, and travelled down Prince Regent Inlet parallel to Sir James Ross's route. At Fury Point he found the remains of the old Fury. Her provisions and stores were as fresh as when Parry left them. The shed which Sir John Ross had built, and named Somerset House, during that terrible voyage in which the Fury's stores were his only hope of life, was still standing, and in such good preservation that some footsore men were left behind in it, and stayed there in comfort till the party returned. At Cresswell Bay Lieutenant Robinson deposited the usual directions in a cairn.

The second expedition from the ships was over the ice to the north, across Barrow's Straits, on the north shore of which they erected a beacon, and made the usual deposit of food and directions.

The third, with the same object, travelled east across Prince Regent's Inlet to a high hill called the Peak.

Sir James, on his return to the ships, built a house at Port Leopold, and left in it twelve months' provisions, with the Investigator's steam-launch, a vessel large enough to have carried the whole of Sir John Franklin's party to Baffin's Bay.

A.D. 1849.—It was not till the 26th of August, 1849, that the ships got clear of the ice, and then only after having cut a channel of two miles long.

As soon, however, as he was free, Ross endeavoured to make his way to Wellington Channel, with the view of exploring it, and then reaching, if possible, Melville Island itself.

But he had not made twelve miles from the shore when he found himself fixed in the ice once more; most unfortunately, for it was beginning to break up and move with the wind. So malignantly did the surging floes close round the vessels, that when the temperature fell again, as it suddenly did, to freezing, they were firmly embedded in the centre of a field of ice fifty miles in circumference. Happily, this floating territory neither grounded nor caught anywhere, or Ross would have had to pass another winter in the ice. On the contrary, a westerly wind drove the whole fabric, with the frozen ships in the midst, the whole length of Lancaster Sound, till, after a perilous journey of 240 miles, the vast island split into thousands of fragments; and the ships were released but little damaged.

They crashed through the broken ice for thirty-six hours and at last found themselves in clear water in Baffin's Bay. They turned their vessels' heads homewards joyfully, and in November arrived in England.

While Ross was making his way south down the west side of Baffin's Bay, a ship, the *North Star*, had been sent out, with orders and supplies, to meet him, and also with instructions to deposit provisions on various points along the south side of Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait. She failed in her task from the extraordinary severity of the season. The

Baffin's Bay ice was impassable, and she had to winter in Wolstenholme Sound, on the east side—the most northerly position in which any vessel had before passed the winter. And the cold the crews endured was worthy of their latitude. *Twice* the thermometer marked the frightful degree of $63\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ and $64\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ below zero, or $95\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ and $96\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ of frost.

Even when the North Star got across the bay, she could not enter Lancaster Sound; and so, discharging her cargo near its mouth, she returned in September, 1850.

CAPTAIN PENNY AND MR. GOODSIR—1849.

A.D. 1849.—By the year 1849 the excitement and distress occasioned by the prolonged absence of the expedition became painfully intense. Many can remember how, in every social gathering, on every steamboat, in every public conveyance, in every newspaper and journal, their possible fate, and the chances for and against their preservation and liberation, were discussed with a seriousness and interest hardly to be elicited by any other of the topics of those days.

More than one voluminous blue book attests the keen attention that parliament bestowed on the distressing question. Nor were public rewards and inducements wanting, if any stimulus had been required, to urge sailors forward in the noble task of endeavouring to rescue perishing comrades. Lady Franklin had offered first £2,000 and then £3,000 to the first crew who should bring effective help to her husband and his men. And in 1849 the government offered a more substantial incitement in the shape of a bounty of £20,000 on the same terms.

But there was no lack of willing and able hands to work, regardless of reward, at the noble task. One of these private attempts we select as a sample of the feeling that stirred all hearts.

Mr. H. Goodsir was the assistant surgeon on board the *Erebus*. His brother, Mr. R. A. Goodsir, also a medical man, heart-sick with hope deferred, offered his services to a whaling captain, Mr. W. Penny, of the *Advice*; and in the spring of 1849 started to search himself, as far as he could, for tidings of the expedition in which he was so fatally interested. His own record of his adventures and experiences in the, to him, novel scenes of Arctic whaling is one of the most interesting and amusing little books on the subject.

After a season's most successful whaling, the very success of which, as he confesses, had its unpleasant side to him, as the whaler remained in the same place as long as there were whales to be got there, he reached Lancaster Sound.

Poor Mr. Goodsir soon found the truth of Captain Kellett's remark, that "the Esquimaux are quick; and when it is likely that their natural cupidity would be gratified, are ever ready, when they can but get a lead, to exercise their ingenuity by inventing a story. In fact, the whole of the small extent of coast accessible to ships is at this moment alive with native reports" [as to the fate of Sir John Franklin].

Mr. Goodsir says as follows:—

"We this morning had what might have been considered as cheering intelligence of the Franklin expedition. Mr. Parker, the master of the *True-love*, of Hull, came on board to breakfast, and informed us that some Esquimaux, who had been on

board the Chieftain, of Kirkcaldy, had sketched a chart, and pointed out to Mr. Kerr where both Sir John Franklin's and Sir James Ross's ships were lying; the former being at Whaler Point, the latter at Port Jackson, at the entrance to Prince Regent's Inlet. Sir John Franklin had been beset in his present position for three winters. Sir James Ross had travelled in sledges from his own ship to Sir John Franklin's. They were all alive and well. The Esquimaux himself had been on board all the four ships three moons ago, *i.e.*, about the end of April or the beginning of May. Mr. Parker seemed confident as to the correctness of this information; and as his ship is nearly full, and he will proceed homewards very shortly, Mr. Kerr had given him the chart, which he said he intended to forward to the Admiralty, and inform them of what he had learned."

How bitter must have been the gradual disappointment he had to go through before he could bring himself to believe that so circumstantial an account was altogether false.

His first question to the pilot on his return was, "Has anything been heard of Sir John Franklin?" "Oh yes, sir; he's all safe." "It may be believed," he adds, "that I leaped with joy; but was as instantly depressed when the man continued his information, and I found it was merely that rascally Esquimaux report."

Many other Esquimaux stories were current, equally false. One narrated, in full detail, a pitched battle between the shipwrecked crews and the natives, somewhere on the coast between the Mackenzie Point and Behring's Straits, the result of which was that "the natives shot them with arrows and stabbed

them with knives, till they were all killed, after which they were buried, some on one side of the river, and the remainder on the other."

Another story, long believed, was that the ships had been crushed by the ice off Cape Dudley Digges, in the very northernmost corner of Baffin's Bay, and that the crews, weak and exhausted, had all been slain by the Esquimaux.

The Advice entered Lancaster Sound, and searched the shore for traces of the lost expedition. Mr. Goodsir gives an instance of the kind of disappointment and deception to which the nature of the Arctic atmosphere often renders the observer liable.

"A long point of ice," he says, "stretched out ahead. I was standing on the fore-castle, examining with a telescope every part of the shore with an anxious eye, when with a thrill of joy I recognised a flag-post and an ensign. I gazed earnestly at it. There could be no mistake. I could almost make out the waving of the flag. Without saying a word, I put the glass into the hands of a man who was standing near me, and told him to look at the point ahead. He did so, and with a start immediately exclaimed that he saw a signal flying. Delighted and overjoyed, I snatched the glass from his hands, and again applied it to my eyes. For an instant I saw the wished-for signal, but for an instant only. It faded, and again appeared, but now distorted into a broken and disjointed column, now into an up-turned and inverted pyramid. The refraction had caused a hummocky piece of ice to assume those forms.

"I need not attempt to explain the sudden elevation I experienced at this moment, still less the worse

depression I had to undergo when I found my fond hopes were dashed aside. Still I resumed my eye-search along the shore, as did also not a few warm-hearted souls on board, the master scarcely ever leaving the crow's nest."

This, it will be remembered, was the exact spot where Sir James Ross had seen, as he had fancied, the Croker Mountains. The zeal of the discoverer in one instance, the affection of a brother in the other, had been aided and stimulated by the deceptive clearness of the air, into clothing the fancy of the brain and the wish of the heart in a temporary garb of reality.

Mr. Penny took his ship up Lancaster Sound, till he reached Cape York. There he found that the land ice along Barrow's Straits and Prince Regent's Inlet had broken up. His ship was deep in the water with the spoils of her hitherto successful voyage. To catch whales amidst seas of tumbling broken ice was hopeless, and his duty to his employers compelled him reluctantly to abandon the search which was hardly less interesting to him than to his surgeon. When he turned back he was actually within sight of Leopold Island, where, at that very moment, was Sir James Ross with the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*.

Mr. Goodsir comforted himself as well as he could by disposing of Admiralty cylinders here and there, in the most conspicuous places; and the whaler proceeded with her business. By the autumn she was safe in Aberdeen, the good captain having suffered neither in ship nor cargo by his kind indulgence of a brother's anxiety.

SEARCHING EXPEDITIONS IN 1850 AND 1851.

A.D. 1850.—The feelings of pity and horror which thrilled all England at the idea of the ghastly fate which must be impending over, if it had not already overtaken, the lost crews, only deepened as months passed by, and ship after ship returned, with no word of hope or news. If those feelings had needed any urging, the untiring exertions, utter self-sacrifice, and pathetic appeals of Lady Franklin, would have roused the deepest sympathy of the country. Both public and private assistance was eagerly offered; and during the years of 1850 and 1851, the polar regions were so literally thronged with vessels that it is difficult to give anything like a connected or intelligible narrative of even the more prominent expeditions within any moderate limits. The minor and less successful voyages we must omit, as much has been already purposely omitted, or mentioned very slightly.

The *Enterprise* and *Investigator* were sent out again in January, 1850, almost as soon as they returned with Sir James Ross, but now under the command of Captain Collinson, Captain (now Sir Robert) McClure, being in command of the *Investigator*. Their destination was Behring's Straits, which the *Investigator* succeeded in reaching and passing before the ice closed them. Captain Collinson was not so fortunate, and had to pass the winter at Hong-Kong before he could follow his subordinate. What befell these vessels will be told more conveniently hereafter.

Later in the year 1850, no less than ten vessels were collected in Lancaster Sound to carry on the search from the east. The *Resolute*, under Captain Austen, and the *Assistance* (Captain Ommaney), with

two steam tenders, the *Intrepid* (Lieutenant Cater) and the *Pioneer* (Lieutenant Osborne), were commissioned to make Melville Island, if it were possible, from the east, so as to meet the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* as they came from the west. Captain Penny received due acknowledgment for his former services, and his kindness to Mr. Goodsir, in being commissioned by the Admiralty to the *Lady Franklin*, with the *Sophia* (Captain Stewart) as a tender. To these are to be added two ships, the *Advance* and the *Rescue*, from the United States,* and the *Felix*, with her tender, the *Mary*, under Admiral Sir John Ross, who, at the age of seventy-three, though the Admiralty had declined his services, redeemed his promise to Franklin in 1845, that if he did not return in 1847, he would go in search of him. Lady Franklin herself had sent a small schooner, the *Prince Albert*, under Captain Forsyth, to examine Prince Regent's Inlet.

Before this goodly company had assembled in Lancaster Sound in August, some work had been done. Captain Penny landed at Beechey Island, at the mouth of Wellington Channel, and found three graves and other evidence that Sir John Franklin had been there. Captain Ommaney found similar traces at Cape Riley, a headland close by. Captain Austen came to the conclusion, when he arrived on the scene, that this spot had been the quarters of the crews during the winter of 1845-6. Captain Ommaney drew two painful conclusions from his observations; one that, since the graves were those of *young* men, the crews were not in good health, and the other that the preserved meats were of bad quality. This last distressing supposition received terrible confirmation

* Sent out by, and at the expense of, Mr. Grinnell, of New York.

during the Crimean war, when it was discovered that the contractors had supplied the navy with putrid meat, and had even filled the tins with the vilest garbage.

Captain Forsyth, in the *Prince Albert*, brought home the news of these discoveries the same year. His voyage had been, though short in time, very extended. He left England later than any of the other ships, and after overtaking them in Lancaster Sound, went down Prince Regent's Inlet further than Sir James Ross had been, and searched Fury Beach. Then, returning, he went up Wellington Channel and searched the coast as far as Point Innis. Having thus done all that could be expected of his little vessel, he turned homewards, leaving Captain Austen, Captain Penny, Sir John Ross, and the rest, to winter in the ice.

A.D. 1851.—As soon as Captain Austen found his ships fairly fixed, he began to send out sledging parties—at first with the object of laying down stores of provisions on the route, which more extended expeditions were to follow subsequently. In the spring of 1851 these expeditions began. Captain Ommaney collected them all on the ice north-west of the ship's winter quarters by Griffith Island, on the northern shore of Barrow Straits, near the mouth of Wellington Channel. There were fourteen sledges, 106 officers and men, and the parties were provisioned for about forty days. The men all joined in a prayer for protection and guidance, and on the 15th of April started on their several errands, along the northern and southern shores of the north-west passage.

Lieutenant McClintock in particular made his way along the north shore as far as Melville Island,

and thoroughly explored both shore and island, bringing back, as Othere brought back his walrus tooth, a piece of one of Parry's cart wheels, left there in 1820. The weather he and his men met with may be conceived from the facts, that bottles of water carried in the men's breasts froze in an hour or two; and when they cooked in their small tents, the vapour descended on them in showers of snow. He met with not a trace of Franklin. It would have been consolatory if he had, for he found animal life so abundant, that the lost crews could have found no difficulty in supporting life, had they taken that route. Along the 700 miles he travelled, he found musk oxen in great herds, bears, deer, hares, and foxes, besides birds innumerable.

Captain Penny's sledging parties took Wellington Channel as their part of the task; and a new discovery, and one of no small interest, awaited them. Captain Stewart, who was in the command of one of these parties, found that Wellington Channel, after running due north for a considerable distance, turned to the west, and then turned north again. To his astonishment he found that, though the mouth of the channel was blocked up by ice, evidently the deposit of many years, yet here, twenty degrees further north, the channel opened into what was very like an open sea. The temperature was mild, ducks and sea fowls were floating on the water, snipes and sand pipers were running and piping along the shore. There was abundance of drift-wood, and they met with bears, deer, walruses, and whales.

Captain Ommaney had been meanwhile travelling along the south shore parallel to McClintock, and

examined all the coast for 480 miles most minutely, in spite of a thermometer standing at 71° below freezing point. He came to the conclusion from the nature of the shore and the ice along his route, that there was no navigable channel in that direction. Other sledge parties followed much the same course as McClintock and Ommaney, searching where they did not search, and thoroughly completing the survey of, in all, two thousand miles of coast.

Another party examined the islands, small and great, at the south of which the ships were frozen in. Neither in Cornwallis Island, Bathurst Island, Byam Martin Island, or anywhere thereabouts, was a trace to be found of the objects of their search.

By August, all the searching parties had returned, and the ice broke up. Captain Austen considered that he had demonstrated that Franklin had not gone westward or southward of Wellington Channel. We know now that he was wrong; but, considering the minuteness of his own and Sir James Ross's examination of every corner along the very route the lost ships had travelled, the frightful severity of the climate, the desolateness of the regions, and the utter absence of the smallest sign that they had passed that way, we cannot but admit that he had good reason for supposing that Sir John Franklin had taken some other course.

When Captain Austen reached Captain Penny's ships, and heard his account of the search of Wellington Channel, and the open Polar Sea beyond, a possible solution of the mystery presented itself.

The nearer to the Pole the ships could keep, the less distance they would have to traverse in making the north-west passage. Might not this fact, and

the mild climate and abundant game of this Polynia, furnish the key to Franklin's whereabouts?

The American ships had never shaken themselves free from the ice,* but had literally been hustled out almost into the Atlantic again. All that could have been done, had been done; and Captain Austen turned homewards, reaching England in October, not long after Captain Penny and Sir John Ross.

An unfortunate dispute, now embalmed in a blue book, had arisen between Captain Austen and Captain Penny, in which, perhaps, a little of the mutual jealousy of the two noble professions (the navy and the merchant service) may have mingled. Captain Penny complained that Captain Austen had not helped him as he ought, to explore Wellington Channel more completely. Captain Austen said he had asked Captain Penny if there was any use in such a search, and that Captain Penny said that there was not. Into the merits of the disagreement between the two brave sailors we need not enter now. Probably both were in some sense right, as both were unquestionably upright men and thoroughly devoted to the work in hand. To their dispute, however, and the ardent partisanship with which the press espoused the cause of the merchant sailor against the naval officer, is probably attributable a good deal of the fatal popularity which Captain Penny's theory, that Sir J. Franklin must be in the polar basin, enjoyed. We say fatal, because much energy and time was, in consequence, bestowed on these regions, which might, if otherwise directed,

* They had been driven early in the year, and still firmly embedded, in the ice up Wellington Strait, and are thus entitled to be considered the discoverers of Grinnell Land.

have reached the imprisoned ships or the retreating crews in time to save some lives. The arguments, and, indeed, evidence, in favour of the existence of a Polynia, or polar basin, of moderate temperature, fascinated the public mind. Most writers indulged in the sanguine anticipation that Sir John Franklin was safe, though imprisoned, in that sea, unable to complete the passage into Behring's Straits, on account of the land whose peaks had been seen by Wrangell and Kellett, and the circumjacent ice. The simple and conclusive argument that any such course was not in Sir John's *orders*, and that he always obeyed orders, was disregarded. Cape Walker, the point at which he was to turn south, had been carefully searched by Captain Ommaney, and no sign had been discovered. The only record he had left was at the mouth of Wellington Channel. What more certain proof could be required that he had taken refuge in the northern paradise? But for all that, the old sea captain *had* obeyed his orders, and had died obeying them.

It is tantalizing to read that the ships and dead or dying crews were again on the point of being discovered. Sir James Ross had all but come on them from the north in 1849. Dr. Rae, the indefatigable Hudson's Bay traveller, in one of his many explorations about the mouth of the Coppermine River, and along the coasts of Wollaston and Victoria Islands, and Dease and Simpson's Straits, nearly met them from the south. He absolutely intended to cross over to the very spot where we now know the Erebus and Terror lie. The state of the ice turned him back within a short distance. He was a little to the west of the spot, when he deter-

mined to return in a due southerly direction instead of going further east. He actually picked up a stanchion which belonged to one of the ships, and the butt-end of a flag-staff, on the copper work of which the broad arrow was stamped.

SEARCHES IN 1852 AND 1853.

A.D. 1852.—The attention of the public, and of sailors themselves, had been so fixed on the Polar Sea as the prison of Franklin and his comrades, that nearly all the efforts that were made for their rescue during the years 1852 and 1853 were in this direction.

The highest authorities were almost unanimous in recommending this, and in further suggesting that Captain Austen's plan of using the ships merely as a base of operation, and of searching by means of boats and sledges, should be adopted. Captain Wilkes, of the United States navy, put the common sense of this in a very trenchant way.

"Fatal errors," he observes, "have been made in attempting the search in vessels, it being quite evident to the simplest mind, that if ships can track Sir John, he certainly would be enabled to get out. Therefore, it always has appeared to me absurd nonsense, and a waste both of time, energy, and money, to keep vessels, the scene of whose operations must be limited to the line of the fast ice."

The object proposed, accordingly, in 1852, was to examine in this manner the sounds that lead, or were conjectured to lead, from Baffin's Bay and Lancaster Sound northwards into the open water which Penny had observed. These sounds are seven in number.

Four, which were discovered by Baffin—Wolstenholme Sound and Whale Sound on the east, Smith Sound in the middle, and Jones' Sound on the west—open out of the top of Baffin's Bay. Three others—Wellington Channel to the east, Byam Martin Channel in the middle, and Kellett Strait to the west—open out of the northern side of Lancaster Sound.

Sir Edward Belcher sailed in 1852 with a powerful and efficient squadron, and most thoroughly carried out his instructions. From Prince Patrick's Island on the extreme west, to the northern mouth of Jones' Sound on the east, he searched the whole of the southern shore of the Polynia, and laid down the Polynia Islands, Parry Islands, and North Cornwall. This expedition, with Captain Austen's searches, exhausted Wellington Channel and Jones' Sound. Master Saunders explored Wolstenholme Sound. There remained in Baffin's Bay only Whale Sound and Smith's Sound to examine.

All this time the faithful Plover had been hovering about north of Behring's Straits, watching and waiting for any sign from the east. In this year, she was pushed as far forward as Point Barrow; and there, in Moore Harbour, watched and waited still.

A.D. 1852.—To Whale Sound and Smith's Sound, meanwhile, came Captain Inglefield, an ardent supporter of the theory that Franklin was imprisoned in the northern sea, and a most successful navigator. He was in command of the Isabel, a screw schooner, intended to have sailed, under Captain Beatson, to the lands north of Behring's Straits seen by Wrangell and Kellett. This scheme failed; and Lady Franklin, on whose hands the ship was thrown by

its failure, intrusted it to Captain Inglefield, to be employed as he thought best.

He entered Whale Sound first, and believed that he had actually entered the great basin of which he dreamed, but was driven back by stress of weather. Then he sailed well into Jones' Sound; but not meeting with any traces of Franklin there, and being most unwilling to abandon his first attempt, he recrossed the head of Baffin's Bay, and on the 25th of August, after three unsuccessful efforts to overcome the pertinaciously bad weather he met with, succeeded once more in fairly lodging himself five-and-twenty miles within Whale Sound. Here he found that the channel stretched away eastwards, whither he knew not. He considered it not improbable that it separated Greenland from the other more northern lands, and thus verified old Lord Burleigh's dictum that "Groyneland is an island." He named the channel after Sir R. Murchison, and then turned to the north shore of Whale Sound, which he soon found to be a mere archipelago of islands, between which he could, without much difficulty, make his way, even into Smith's Sound. This he did forthwith, and on the 26th saw Cape Alexander.

Here he found this great arm of the sea so wide, so free from ice, its shores so green, and its climate so temperate, that he assumed, with no little exultation, that he must be in, or on the very margin of, the great Russian Sea. The year was too far gone to allow him to advance very far. Had he gone further on, he would soon have found, as Kane did a year or two afterwards, that the climate was not very different from the Arctic climate, and that, further

than he had any idea of, the shores of the channel ran on parallel to one another. Where, if at all, they open right and left into the banks of the circum-polar sea, is not yet known, if it ever will be.

Lady Franklin had another vessel in the Arctic regions at this time—the *Albert*, under Captain Kennedy, with whom was the gallant Lieutenant Bellot, of the French navy, as a volunteer. Kennedy had not followed the then popular route; but, with something almost like an instinct as to the right quarter to search, had made his way to Prince Regent's Inlet, and bestowed once more on those well-searched shores a patient and thorough investigation. He was not aware of the pains which Captain Austen's parties had bestowed on Peel Sound, the next channel westward of Prince Regent's Inlet, which turns south from Lancaster Sound, and included it in his examination.

He and his brave French companion made a winter journey of sixty-three days, in which they discovered that Boothia, Felix, and North Somerset did not form one long peninsula; but that a narrow strait, which still bears the name of Lieutenant Bellot, divided it from east to west, and made North Somerset an island. Prince of Wales' Land, the island lying due west of North Somerset, and forming the western shore of Peel Sound, Kennedy crossed and recrossed in every direction; but neither there nor at Cape Walker, which is its northern extremity, did any sign meet his eye to turn him from his useless labour to where, a few miles south, the missing ships or their wrecks were lying.

Once, when at the bottom of Peel Sound, and off the western entrance of Bellot Strait, he looked

southward, to see if there were any passage in that direction down which Franklin might have gone. There was, whether Franklin had ever gone down it or not; and there, at the bottom, lay the remains of Franklin's ships and crews. But to Kennedy's eyes, islands impassable, rocks, and shoals seemed effectually to bar the way.

It was on this voyage that the gallant Bellot lost his life. He had been, with two seamen, upon a floe of ice, when it separated from the main pack, and was blown away from the shore. The two sailors stayed crouching on the ice, and, after thirty hours' hopeless tossing, were rescued; but Bellot had mounted a small hummock of ice, in order to make out where they were, and to see if anything could be done. A gust of wind hurled him from his slippery seat, and he fell into a fissure in the ice, and appeared no more. "The records of Arctic heroism," it has been justly remarked, "can show no brighter name than that of Bellot. He was endeared to all his shipmates by every social quality, as well as by his unflinching valour and daring."

A subscription was afterwards set on foot in England, with the view of providing for Bellot's family, and erecting a monument to his memory in Greenwich Hospital.

A.D. 1850.—We must now return to the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*. The former, it will be remembered, was obliged to pass the winter at Hong-Kong; the latter made her way within Behring's Straits, and was frozen in not far from the mouth of the Mackenzie River. Captain McClure had been fortunate enough to find a break in the ice off Wainwright Inlet, after he had passed the Icy Cape. He succeeded in round-

ing Point Barrow, and made his way eastward, further out to sea than the various boat parties which had so often coasted along that part of the North American shore had ever been. The consequence of his following this course was that he discovered, soon after passing the mouth of the Mackenzie River, a great island, which he was not long in determining to be the land of which the northern part had been hitherto known as Banks' Land.

This was a discovery just so far as seeing and surveying what every one already knew to exist in a discovery. It was quite certain, since boats had been along the whole coast of North America, from Boothia to Behring's Straits, that Banks' Land, which formed the southern, as Melville Island formed the northern, portal to the western entrance of the long channel made up of Banks' Strait, Melville Sound, Barrow Strait, and Lancaster Sound, could not possibly be a part of the American continent. It might, indeed, form part of the great mass of land lying just north of the mouth of the Coppermine River, of which parts had been surveyed from time to time, and named Victoria Land and Wollaston Land. To the solution of this problem, McClure now devoted himself. He soon found a narrow channel running north-east, which cut off the island of Banks' Land from all that lay to the east. To the eastern shore of this channel, the southern end of which is now McClure Strait, and the northern Prince of Wales' Strait, he gave the name of Prince Albert's Land; thus adding one more to the names by which this vast island is confused, rather than distinguished. He and his officers practically established the continuity of Prince Albert's Land with Wollaston Land, going about as far to

the east, in surveying its north shore, as Osborne had come *from* the east.

Dr. Rae, almost at the same time, had been surveying the south coast, so as to connect Victoria Land with Wollaston Land. Indeed, ten days after Lieutenant Harwell reached the north side of Prince Albert Sound (a deep bay which partially divides Prince Albert Land from Wollaston Land), Dr. Rae reached and surveyed its southern side.

A.D. 1851.—Having satisfied himself on this point, McClure endeavoured to take his ship up his new strait into Melville Sound. All his efforts were vain, though he was once within five-and-twenty miles of the northern opening of the strait. If he could have got out he would most likely have met Captain Austen's ships, and reached England that year, and thus literally have sailed through a north-west passage. But it was not to be. The wind shifted to the north-east, and hurled masses of ice upon them, and he was obliged to run south again.

McClure was loth to abandon his position, so much further to the east than any former discoverer from Behring's Straits had ever been. He had sent a land party across Banks' Land in the spring, who reported that there was certainly an open channel to the north, between Banks' Land and Melville Island. He determined, accordingly, to abandon the thankless task of beating up and down the narrow and ice-blocked strait he was in, and to endeavour to go north *outside* Banks' Land, and then, turning to the east, to aim once more for Barrow's Strait, Lancaster Sound, and England.

He succeeded in much of his plan—in all, in fact, but the essential part of it. Not even then did the

grim genius of the north allow this last and all but successful seeker to wrest the empty prize—in seeking which so many a gallant ship had foundered, so many a gallant seaman had stiffened in death—from his icy grasp.

A.D. 1851.—A snow storm of more than ordinary density and fury, drove the ship before it, and blinded her patient crew. On the 24th of September she struck on a reef, and, thanks to the severity of the weather, instead of filling and going down, froze hard and fast in a bay in the north of Banks' Land, called by the captain, no doubt in fervent gratitude, by the—to a quiet landsman somewhat inappropriate—name of Bay of Mercy.

A more provoking and disappointing calamity could hardly be. If McClure turned his face north-east, he was literally looking across the ice at the very place where Parry had passed the winter thirty years before. Parry could not achieve the north-west passage because he could not get west; McClure, because he could not get east. The distance between the positions which the two ships had been fixed in was not more than seventy miles.

McClure went across the ice to Winter Harbour—Parry's winter shelter—left a dispatch there, and then returned to his ship.

His colleague and superior officer, Captain Collinson, had, a year later, followed, or attempted to follow, the same route as McClure. Like him, he never got beyond the northern end of Prince of Wales' Strait. He soon abandoned further effort along these channels, and, turning southward, passed the winter of 1851-2 off Wollaston Land. As soon as the summer set him free, he followed the channel traced by

Franklin, Richardson, Rae, Dease, and Simpson, on shore or in boats, and, for the first time, took a ship eastward, by Dolphin and Union Strait, and Dease Strait, along the northern coast of the continent of America.

Along these narrow channels he passed slowly, sending out sledge parties, and carefully examining the coast of Victoria Land. He soon found he was on the traces of Dr. Rae, and was unable to go more than twenty miles beyond that untiring traveller's furthest point in this direction. He reached Gateshead Island opposite Boothia, and then turned back. Again a traveller had been searching within a few miles of the lost ships, and had missed them. Captain Collinson, like Dr. Rae, picked up pieces of them, without suspecting that he was almost within sight of what he and thousands of his countrymen had been searching for for years.

Finding his coals running short, he made his way westwards, and, after three winters in the ice, returned safe to England.

Meanwhile Captain McClure's ship was sticking fast, and he and his crew were employing their spare time in shooting. As they were almost in the line of the great annual migrations to and from Melville Island, they had plenty of sport, among musk-oxen, bears, wolves, deer, hares, grouse, ducks, and geese. This fortunate circumstance enabled him to keep up the spirits and health of his men tolerably well, under circumstances which must have often caused him deep anxiety. Of escape for the ship there was not, apparently, the smallest chance. And how to make their way on foot across the desolate wilderness to any place where they might meet with men, was a

problem, any attempt at solving which only too clearly promised the fate which, it was then feared, and is now known, had befallen Franklin.

But nothing keeps sailors' hearts up among great dangers like little ones. One honest sailor was charged by one of the musk-oxen—who were the most dangerous customers they had to deal with—with such agility and ferocity as, in his assailant's opinion, to warrant an extraordinary weapon of defence. He accordingly fired his iron ramrod at the advancing foe, and luckily dropped him dead almost at his feet.

Deer-shooting afforded inexhaustible excitement, as well as excellent dinners. The deer were very wild, and the only way to get within shot was to creep in perfect silence among the ravines and sand-hills till the deer was heard tapping the dwarf willows with his fore-foot to shake off the snow. Then one of the sportsmen went round, behind the unsuspecting victim, and drove him past the concealed gun. So skilful did the sailors become at this sport that they killed in all not less than 110 deer.

A.D. 1853.—Still the time wore on; and had it not been for Captain McClure's foresight in depositing his despatches in Winter Harbour, his situation would have become very critical. As it was, there happened that year to have come westward along Barrow's Straits the *Resolute*, now under Captain Kellett. Some of her crew found Captain McClure's notice; and a relief party, under Lieutenant Pim, was immediately sent to the Bay of Mercy. Their meeting is thus described:—

“McClure and his first lieutenant were walking on the floe. Seeing a person coming very fast towards

them, they supposed he was chased by a bear, or had seen a bear. They walked towards him. On getting onwards a hundred yards, they could see from his proportions that he was not one of them. Pim began to screech and throw up his hands (his face as black as my hat); this brought the captain and lieutenant to a stand, as they could not hear sufficiently to make out his language.

"At length Pim reached the party quite beside himself, and stammered out, on McClure asking him, 'Who are you, and where are you come from?' 'Lieutenant Pim, Herald, Captain Kellett.' This was more inexplicable to McClure, as Kellett was the last person he shook hands with in Behring's Straits. He at length found that this solitary stranger was a true Englishman, an angel of light. He says: 'He soon was seen from the ship. They had only one hatchway open, and the crew were fairly jammed there in their endeavour to get up. The sick jumped out of their hammocks, and the crew forgot their despondency. All was changed on board the Investigator.'"

It need not be said that Captain Kellett tended the worn-out comrades he had saved with all care. They accompanied him home, leaving the Investigator in the ice: the first men who ever, to our knowledge, made their way between Behring's Straits and Baffin's Bay in one journey, at least by the north.

In England every one remembers the moderate congratulations and applause with which they were received, McClure's knighthood, and the parliamentary and other rewards given to him and his comrades as discoverers of the north-west passage.

Far be it from any one to even seem to undervalue

the achievements of these brave men, or grudge them their hardly earned reward. But, as Sir J. Richardson has forcibly pointed out, it is idle to call a journey made on foot over an "impenetrable waste of ice," as Parry calls it, "the discovery of a north-west passage." A passage means a channel whereby, at least at some seasons of the year, ships can make their way. All testimony concurs in representing the channel between Banks' Land and Melville Island as always and totally impassable. McClure found it just what Parry found it, just what Osborne found it, just what Captain Austen and Captain Collinson found it—a vast and venerable sheet of ice, to be gazed over respectfully, but not to be sailed through. No boat, of any size or shape whatever, has ever floated across these gloomy waters, of which the ice never melts nor stirs. No eye has ever seen that channel navigable.

And this is the end of it. All the life and all the treasure has only availed to find that continents of ice, not land, connect the eastern and the western oceans. All the golden dreams of the broad, galeon-laden channel, that was to lead from hungry, war-weary Europe to the peaceful islands of spice and the cities of the marvellous east, have been fulfilled only by a few half-starved, toil-worn sailors, dragging a sledge or two from a wreck to a frozen ship. So end the theories of Cabot, "by reason of the sphere;" Frobisher's "great hope of the passage to Cataya;" and Burleigh's grave decision, that "those seas are open."

Yet we look back over the long record with thankful pride. For hundreds of years Milton's reproach that "discovery by the northern ocean, made first of

any nation by Englishmen, might have seemed an enterprise almost heroic if any higher end than excessive love of gain and traffic had animated the design," has lost its sting. For hundreds of years, among the ice, and blinding snow, and deadly frost, as ardently as elsewhere, Englishmen have been labouring foremost in man's divinely appointed task of exploring the earth which God has given to him for a dominion. And the latter years of that long search have been elevated by a higher duty, and saddened by keener anxiety, than ever before. The problem was solved, the mighty secret was discovered, that men had been labouring at, with little intermission, for nearly 400 years. And the news fell almost idly on the nation's ears. "Only the north-west passage! Where is Franklin?"

"Where is he?—where? Silence and darkness dwell
About him: as a soul cut off from men,
Shall we behold him yet a citizen
Of mortal life? Will he return to tell
(Prisoner from Winter's very citadel
Broken forth) what he before has told, again,
How to the hearts and hands of resolute men,
God aiding, *nothing* is impossible?
Alas! the enclosure of the stony wave
Is strong, and dark the depths of polar night.
Yet One there is omnipotent to save;
And this we know, if comfort still we crave,
Into that dark he took with him a light,
The lamp that can illuminate the grave.*

* Burbidge.

CHAPTER IX.

A.D. 1853—1859.

THE SEARCH FOR SIR JOHN FRANKLIN CONCLUDED.

Dr. KANE—Despatched in the Advance to Smith's Sound—Esquimaux dogs—Storm—Part cables, and drift to the north—Tow the ship along the ice-foot—Drag her up in Rennselaer Harbour—The first winter—First sledge expedition—Its danger—Return—The Esquimaux—The Humboldt Glaciers—Dr. Kane's and Lord Dufferin's descriptions of Arctic glaciers—Second sledge expedition—Dr. Kane breaks down—Dr. Hayes' journey—Morton's journey to the north—the strait open—High temperature and fertility of the northern shores of Smith's Sound—The Polynia and open sea—Ancient and modern opinions on it—Dr. Kane's boat journey for assistance—Second winter—Great distress of crew—Final sledge journeys—Ship abandoned—Journey south—Dr. RAE—Discovery of Franklin's fate—His report to the Admiralty—Enumeration of Franklin's honours and services—The government declines to send out any more searching expeditions—Lady Franklin fits out the Fox—McCLINTOCK—Lady Franklin's "Instructions"—The Fox's drift down Baffin's Bay—Enters Lancaster Sound—Fails to pass down Peel Sound—Enters Prince Regent's Inlet and Bellot Strait—Lies up for the winter in Port Kennedy—The three sledge expeditions under McClintock, Hobson, and Young—Montreal Island—A skeleton found—The final record found—Sir John Franklin the real discoverer of a navigable north-west passage—The Fox's return.

OUR limits have forced us to be content with little more than notices of the later expeditions into the polar regions, voluminous as the records of most of them are. This way, however, of telling a story tends to deprive its several parts of their characteristics, and the whole of its interest and life. To read that in such a year such a ship sailed, and was frozen into the ice so many days, months, or years, and that her crew, after discovering so many miles of

coast, sailed her safe home again, does, without more, pall when too often repeated about ship after ship, the only differences between the performances and fate of which consists in the names, idly read and soon forgotten, of themselves and their commanders.

It is proposed, in this place, to describe a little more fully the adventures, and mode of life and action, of one of the most original, and, in its own way, successful expeditions ever sent out. This is its proper chronological position in our narration; and, as almost the last, and almost the most daring of the many searches for Sir John Franklin, it seems not unfitting to dwell on it as an exemplar of those which went before. Its commander is now no more, and his country at present is occupied in a sadly different task from that of aiding England to search for her lost sons. It is, therefore, with a rather melancholy pleasure that we dwell on this voyage. God grant that Arctic search may not be the last occasion of kindness between England and the States of America. If it is to be so, there is all the more reason for giving so truly noble an act some prominence. All Europe gave England its sympathy; France and Russia their generous assistance; but the Americans outdid all others in the ardour and delicacy of the aid they contributed. It was a true courtesy that, finding an abandoned British vessel in the ice, refitted her, and restored her to the queen and people of England. It was a true national friendship, and a real sympathy with noble courage and faithfulness, that sent valuable vessels, and still more valuable lives, to the help (if it might be) of the perishing servants of another, and too often a hostile nation.

Two ships, the *Advance* and *Rescue*, had been, it

will be remembered, sent in 1850 from New York to join Captain Austen and the fleet that was collected in Lancaster Sound. Their efforts had failed owing to their being early caught in vast fields of ice, and not getting free till they nearly reached the Atlantic. Mr. Grinnell, the same princely merchant who chiefly, if not entirely, fitted out these ships, three years later placed one of them, the *Advance*, at the disposal of his government for the same service. The officer selected for the command was Dr. Kane, one of the officers of the former expedition. Feeble in health, but great in courage, perseverance, and talent for command, this simple surgeon (now with a lieutenant's commission), with a crew of fifteen men, in a little hermaphrodite brig of 144 tons, equalled any, and surpassed most, even of the giants of Arctic travel, the men of iron frames, and with vast appliances at command. His own record of what he did, and what he underwent, as it is one of the many beautiful, is one of the most wonderful of the many beautiful and wonderful books which the teeming Transatlantic press supplies.

Dr. Kane was fervently of opinion that Franklin was far north of any point that had yet been reached, and was imprisoned in a warm polar sea, abounding with fish and game. His proposed method of search was to travel along the land, as soon as his ship had carried him as far north as she could. This search, he believed, would most profitably be made under the lee, as it were, of overhanging Greenland on its western side, and that for this purpose Smith's Sound would be far preferable to any other channel. He further considered that the land, rather than the ice, should be the basis of operations, and that the first

object should be to travel due north as fast and as far as possible.

A.D. 1853.—On the 30th of May the *Advance* left New York, and on the 1st of July entered the harbour of Fiskernaes, the Danish port at the southern corner of Greenland. Dr. Kane had been presented by Mr. Hamilton, the governor of Newfoundland, with that most indispensable of indispensables for the Greenland traveller, a team of powerful dogs. To dogs as well as men the northern air operates, Dr. Kane found, as a sharpener of the appetite, and he began to be seriously uneasy as to how he should be able to supply his kennel with provisions. As they were going on they threatened to eat him out of house and home in a very short time. One of his objects was, therefore, to obtain an Esquimaux hunter to keep them, if he could. He soon selected a comfortable fat boy of nineteen, named Hans Christian; and never regretted his bargain from the time when his hesitation was dissipated by the aspirant spearing a bird on the wing.

After a visit to Lichtenfels, his account of which we have already extracted, Dr. Kane started fairly on his route up the western shore of Greenland. As he coasted along, he endeavoured to supply some of the many deficiencies which he confesses existed in his outfit. He bought dogs, especially, wherever he could. And when he could get any Danish or Esquimaux ladies both competent and willing, he had his furs and skins sewed up into skin dresses for the sledge parties. At last Wilcox Point, the southern horn of Melville Bay, was reached; and the *Advance* entered the region accurately, but vengefully called by the whalers, from its swarms of icebergs, Bergy Hole.

Here Kane found the ice breaking along the shore, and fearing its dangers, stood boldly westward out to the Middle Pack, across the mouth of Melville Bay, instead of along its shore. It needed some boldness. The sea was covered with tumbling masses of ice. When he fastened to one as large as an Alp, a shower of fragments, "dotting the water like the first drops of a summer shower," warned him off in time, and no more than in time, before the whole face fell where his ship had just been. When he worked out of a hole, within an hour it was a sheet of moveless pack. When he laid out a line for safety, the floe nipped it, and broke off three hundred and sixty fathoms. Chance bergs, wandering by, would snap his jib-boom, smash a boat, and pass on. Berg after berg, just as he made fast to them, began to drift south. At last a giant, with his foot so deep as to touch the steady northern current, was reached, and leaving a mile of black water in his wake, tore them on through the crashing cake ice, hurling the great mountains right and left, till, on the 3rd of August, at midnight, they were clear of the bay, and over the dark North Water saw Smith's Sound opening straight ahead.

On the 6th, the *Advance* passed Capes Isabella and Alexander, the portals to Smith's Sound. Even the sailors, he says, were impressed in passing these frowning Arctic pillars of Hercules. The look-out found all his powers of imagination so entirely destroyed, that when an officer remarked to him somewhat poetically, that the gulls and eider-ducks on the water were as enlivening as the white sails of the Mediterranean, he answered gravely, "Yes, sir, in proportion to their size."

Near Cape Alexander, Dr. Kane, with a view to a possible return in difficulties, buried one of his boats with a cargo of provisions, blankets, &c. He piled stones above her, and packing moss into the tracks, poured sand and water over all, hoping that the frozen mass would try even the claws and teeth of the polar bears. While thus engaged, he was startled and a little horrified to find that he was digging into the midst of some Esquimaux graves, where, each in his skin bag, with his tools and weapons round him, he found the poor bodies seated just as their relations had left them, perhaps only a few, perhaps fifty, perhaps a hundred, perhaps hundreds of years before. The smallpox had desolated this coast entirely, almost down to Upernavik.

The ice of Smith's Sound being driven south by a strong northerly wind, forced the Advance to seek shelter in a harbour appropriately named Refuge Harbour. While here, the burden of their fifty dogs began to be felt seriously. These important members of the expedition would not eat biscuit, could not eat salt meat, and grew altogether mutinous, even to threatening to eat cook, caboose, and all, if they were stinted of a comfortable meal of fresh meat per diem. Fortunately, a dead narwhal supplied them, as Dr. Kane exultingly records, with at least six hundred pounds of "good fetid wholesome flesh," which kept the cormorants quiet for a day or two. The rate at which they ate was something really frightful. Two bears lasted them only eight days.

In Refuge Harbour, and in every other convenient spot, cairns were built and notices put up; and then Dr. Kane set to to warp his ship along the treacherous

narrow shallow channel, which the pulsation, so to speak, of the ice sometimes leaves between the shore and the main pack. But amid all his anxiety, his dogs were, as his journal betrays, his chief vexation.

"More bother with these wretched dogs! worse than a street of Constantinople emptied upon our decks, the unruly, thieving, wild beast pack! Not a bear's paw, or an Esquimaux cranium, or basket of mosses, or any specimen whatever, can leave your hands for a moment without their making a rush after it, and, after a yelping scramble, swallowing it at a gulp. I have seen them attempt a whole feather-bed; and here this very morning, one of the brutes has eaten up two entire birds' nests which I had just before gathered from the rocks—feathers, filth, pebbles, and moss, a pocketful at the least."

But more serious troubles and anxieties soon put dogs and birds' nests into the background. Towards the end of August a gale arose from the southward. Dr. Kane's account of this is one of the most striking descriptions in his book; and, as a good example of what Arctic dangers are like, and what the courage of Arctic sailors is, we will venture on a longer extract than usual:—

"The walruses are very numerous, approaching within twenty feet of us, shaking their grim wet fronts and mowing with their tusks the sea ripples. . . . I have always heard that the close approach to land of these sphinx-faced monsters portends a storm.

"August 20, Saturday, half-past three, P.M.—By Saturday morning it blew a perfect hurricane. We had seen it coming, and were ready with three good

hawser out a-head, and all things snug on board. Still it came on heavier and heavier, and the ice began to drive more wildly than I thought I had ever seen it. I had just turned in to warm and dry myself during a momentary lull, and was stretching myself out in my bunk, when I heard the sharp twanging snap of a cord. Our six-inch hawser had parted, and we were swinging by the two others; the gale roaring like a lion to the southward.

"Half a minute more, and 'twang—twang' came a second report. I knew it was the whale-line by the shrillness of the ring. Our noble ten-inch manilla still held on. I was hurrying my last sock into its seal-skin boot, when McGary came waddling down the companion ladder:—'Captain Kane, she won't hold much longer; it's blowing the devil himself, and I am afraid to surge.'

"The manilla cable was proving its excellence when I reached the deck; and the crew, as they gathered round me, were loud in its praises. We could hear its deep Æolian chant swelling through all the rattle of the running gear and moaning of the shrouds. It was the death-song. The strands gave way with the noise of a shotted gun; and in the smoke that followed their recoil, we were dragged out by the wild ice, at its mercy.

"We steadied, and did some pretty warping, and got the brig a good bed in the rushing drift; but it all came to nothing. We then tried to beat back through the narrow ice-clogged water way, that was driving a quarter of a mile wide, between the shore and the pack. It cost us two hours of hard labour, I thought skilfully bestowed; but at the end of that time we were at least four miles off. A-head of us,

further to the north, we could see the strait growing still narrower, and the heavy ice tables grinding up, and clogging it between the shore-cliffs on one side, and the ledge on the other. There was but one thing left for us, to keep in some sort the command of the helm, by going freely where we must otherwise be driven. We allowed her to scud under a reefed fore-topsail, all hands watching the enemy, as we closed, in silence.

“At seven in the morning we were close upon the piling masses. We dropped our heaviest anchor with the desperate hope of winding the brig; but there was no withstanding the ice torrent that followed us. We had only time to fasten a spar as a buoy to the chain, and let her slip. So went ‘our best bower.’

“Down we went upon the gale again, helplessly scraping along a lee of ice seldom less than eighty feet thick; one floe, measured by a line as we tried to fasten to it, more than forty. I had seen such ice only once before, and never in such rapid motion. One upturned mass rose above our gunwale, smashing in our bulwarks, and depositing half a ton of ice in a lump upon our decks. Our staunch little brig bore herself through all this wild adventure as if she had a charmed life.

“But a new enemy came in sight a-head. Directly in our way, just beyond the line of floe ice against which we were alternately sliding and thumping, was a group of bergs. We had no power to avoid them; and the only question was, whether we were to be dashed in pieces against them, or whether they might not offer us some providential nook of refuge from the storm. But as we neared them, we perceived

that they were at some distance from the floe edge, and separated from it by an interval of open water. Our hopes rose as the gale drove us towards this passage, and into it; and we were ready to exult when, from some unexplained cause, probably an eddy of the wind against the lofty ice walls, we lost our headway. Almost at the same moment we saw that the bergs were not at rest; that with a momentum of their own they were bearing down upon the other ice, and that it must be our fate to be crushed between the two.

"Just then a broad sconce-piece, or low water-washed berg, came driving up from the southward. The thought flashed upon me of one of our escapes in Melville Bay; and as the sconce moved rapidly close alongside us, Mr. Gray managed to plant an anchor on its slope, and hold on to it by a whale-line. It was an anxious moment. Our noble tow-horse, whiter than the pale horse that seemed to be pursuing us, hauled us bravely on; the spray dashing over his windward flanks, and his forehead ploughing up the lesser ice, as if in scorn. The bergs encroached upon us as we advanced; our channel narrowed to a width of, perhaps, forty feet; we braced the yards to clear the impending ice walls.

"We passed clear. But it was a close shave; so close, that our port-quarter boat would have been crushed if we had not taken it in from the davits, and found ourselves under the lee of a berg, in a comparatively open lead. Never did heart-tried men acknowledge with more gratitude their merciful deliverance from a wretched death."

For six-and-thirty hours this kind of work went

on; and it was not till the much enduring little brig had been hoisted high and dry, up a steepish hill, and let down again so suddenly, that nothing but a large piece of ice prevented her heeling over into the sea, that the tried seamen could rest.

The effect of the gale had been to drive them many miles northwards; and now they found themselves on the edge of that strange roadway of ice—the ice-belt, or ice-foot—which skirts the Greenland cliffs, and turning out in it, set about towing their ship to the north-east. This weary and exhausting work, rendered tenfold more irksome by the now rapidly forming ice, made the crew, as Dr. Kane mildly puts it, “sympathize but little with this continued effort to force a way to the north.” All but one, Mr. Brooks, voted against going on, and recommended turning homewards; but Dr. Kane held his own, and, with praiseworthy docility, his men took to their work again as if no difference of opinion had occurred.

But Dr. Kane felt that, as the year wore on, this towing of a ship along shore, where she would ground two or three times in a day, was dangerous work; and so equipping one of his whale-boats as half sledge, half house, and half boat, he set out to search northwards for a safe winter harbour. He soon had to leave the water, and, with a sledge, pushed forward along the ice-foot, till he reached a point from which he saw the great Humboldt Glacier, and, far away to the north, Washington Land, with its projecting point, Cape Andrew Jackson, pointing westwards towards the corresponding Cape John Barrow, on the western side of the sound. Between these capes lay a tumbled mass of ice, and, even to his feet, the straits

seemed impassable. Reluctantly, the persevering captain ordered his ship to be warped further into the harbour where she lay—and where she lies now.

Then he began sending out parties with dogsledges, to lay down caches of provisions, chiefly pemmican, along the road which he hoped to travel to the north. While they were gone, he devoted all his energies to preparing his winter quarters, and making such arrangements for comfort and health as he could. One of these efforts was very nearly fatal to all concerned. Rats were the enemies to be attacked. They were proof against all devices. Hideous smells had no effect on them. An atmosphere of burnt brimstone, leather, and arsenic, which drove the crew out on deck for a whole night, found them in the morning as numerous and with as fine appetites as ever. So carbonic acid gas was decided on. The charcoal was lighted, and the hatches fastened down; but by some carelessness, the ship herself caught fire, and, in the suffocating agonies of the poisonous gas, it was with great danger and difficulty that it was extinguished. "If the sentimental asphyxia of Parisian charcoal," sensibly remarks Dr. Kane, "resembles in its advent that of the Arctic Zone, it must be, I think, a poor way of dying."

After learning to drive a team of dogs, and particularly to crack a whip sixteen inches long in the handle and six yards in the lash (no easy feat), and discovering that there were some hopes of reindeer, musk-oxen, hares, and foxes during the winter, Dr. Kane set off, about the middle of October, to search for one of his sledge parties, about whom he was getting anxious. He soon met them, all more or less frost-bitten, and heartily glad to get to hot

coffee and warm beds. They had been as far north as $79^{\circ} 50'$ N. lat., and had been half killed by the intense cold of Humboldt's Glacier.

Through the dreary winter, further north than men had ever, except in Spitzbergen by the warm Gulf-stream, wintered before, the brave Americans kept their spirits up as they might, honestly doing what work they could in a temperature in which even chloroform began to freeze, and whisky turned solid while under a sleeper's pillow. But the darkness was worse than the cold. On the 31st of December the most sensitive photographic plates gave not a trace of the effect of light, though exposed to the south at noonday. The miserable dogs literally lost their senses from *ennui* and darkness, and died from a sort of epileptiform madness. Dr. Kane determined that in future he would treat them more as the Esquimaux do, and let them have a little more light and human companionship. But it was too late, and out of nine Newfoundlands and thirty-five Esquimaux dogs, only six of the latter survived to the spring.

It is really difficult to conceive of existence in a temperature such as Dr. Kane describes. In the observatory, where, of course, an intense fire was kept up, this is his account of the cold:—

"I have been engaged in this way (warming a chronometer in his hand alternately, and looking through the telescope) when the thermometer gave 20° above zero at the instrument, 25° below zero at two feet above the floor, and 43° below at the floor itself; on my person *facing* the little lobster-red fury of a stove, 94° above; on my person *away* from the stove, 10° below zero."

A.D. 1854.—By March, the ice-foot, that singular structure, which in this latitude reaches a size unknown elsewhere, was twenty-seven feet out of the water and 120 feet wide. As the light increased, Dr. Kane took advantage of this glassy road to send out the first of his expeditions for that year. Mr. Brooks was in command, and they moved off with a sledge to the north. No other way of travelling, indeed, appeared possible; for, unlike Prince Regent's Strait, Wellington Channel, or Lancaster Sound, the shores of Smith's Sound are lined with enormous glaciers, and its waters are crowded with the bergs they discharge on their southern voyage. Indeed, it seems to be the great forge or workshop for icebergs.

In the middle of their preparations for a second expedition to follow the first, they were startled by the return of three of those who had already started, swollen, haggard, hardly able to speak, with the news that the rest were lying somewhere to the north and east, frozen and disabled. Up sprang the captain and the crew. A sledge was rigged; the only one of the returned party who had kept his senses or any of his strength, was packed up in a fur bag with eider-down round his swollen legs, and laid on the sledge, and they started to the rescue. For twenty-one hours, without stopping, the brave men stumbled on their terrible midnight march, so exhausted that the captain fainted twice on the snow, and powerful seamen were so overpowered with the extreme cold as to stand trembling and panting for breath. It was so cold that they could not melt the snow to drink. If they put it in their mouths it burned like caustic, and made their lips and tongues bleed.

Hans, the Esquimaux, struck the track at last, and they found the tent. With the thermometer sometimes at 87° below freezing point, they sewed up their wretched comrades in skin and furs, and after a short and earnest prayer, packed them on the sledge and started on their road back to the brig. They could not make more than a mile an hour. At last the deadly sleep came over them.

"Bonsall and Morton, two of our stoutest men, came to me begging permission to sleep. They were not cold; the wind did not enter them at all now; a little sleep was all they wanted." Presently Hans was found nearly stiff under a drift; and Thomas, bolt upright, had his eyes closed, and could hardly articulate. At last John Blake threw himself on the snow, and refused to rise. It was in vain that I wrestled, boxed, ran, argued, jeered, or reprimanded."

The captain packed them all up as warm as he could in a huddled mass, and with one man crawled on, delirious with cold, to a tent which he had prudently left on his way out, with some provisions in it. A bear walked quietly before them, and upset the tent just as they were going to enter it. After setting it up, they crept into their sleeping bags and slept till their beards froze to their blankets. Dr. Kane had to be cut out with a jack-knife.

The next day the bitter wind fell, and the men rejoining the captain, all crawled on together; and by a kind of instinct, for they were quite delirious, made their way straight for the brig. Most were speechless; and the captain himself gave orders and made speeches which, as he says, had he been sane, he should have remembered for their absurdity.

Dr. Hayes, the medical officer of the crew, rubbed them all round, gave them opium, and doctored them thoroughly. But they none of them seem ever to have quite got over the terrible shock they had received. The carpenter squinted, and was blind for some time. Others lost parts of their feet. Two died.

It was wonderful that any had returned. The rescue party had been out seventy-two hours. They had halted only eight hours in all, and had travelled between eighty and ninety miles, dragging a heavy sledge, with a mean temperature of $41^{\circ} 2'$. "We had no water," says Dr. Kane, "except at our two halts, and were at no time able to intermit vigorous exercise without freezing."

In April the crew had their first visit from the Esquimaux, a tribe that had never seen white men before. They were none the less bold or thievish for this, however; and Kane imprisoned one youngster for being concerned in cutting an India-rubber boat to pieces to get at the wood. The prisoner escaped, nevertheless, dogs and all, before the morning.

Once again the sledges started; McGary in charge of the first, on the 26th of April, and Kane with the second, on the 27th. The captain's object was to follow the ice-belt to the great Humboldt Glacier, and as soon as the coast turned westwards again, to try and cross the ice to the American side of the straits. Thence he would examine, as far as he could, the borders of the unknown sea in whose existence he, with most others, at that time so firmly believed. It will be remembered that the brig was ensconced within the southern horn of the great bay of which the Humboldt Glacier forms the apex.

Among the strange cliffs and peaks, and other Arctic wonders which arrested his attention as he made his way north, the greatest marvel was this mighty glacier. His description is worth extracting.

"I will not attempt florid description. Men only rhapsodize about Niagara and the ocean. My notes simply speak of 'the long, ever-shining line of cliff diminished to a well-pointed wedge in the perspective;' and again, of the 'face of glistening ice, sweeping in a long curve from the low interior, the facets in front intensely illuminated by the sun.' But this line of cliff rose in solid glassy wall three hundred feet above the water level, with an unknown, unfathomable depth below it; and its curved face, sixty miles in length from Cape Agassiz to Cape Forbe, vanished into unknown space at not more than a single day's railroad travel from the Pole. The interior, with which it communicated, and from which it issued, was an unsurveyed *mer de glace*, an ice ocean, to the eye of boundless dimensions.

"It was in full sight, the mighty crystal bridge, which connects the two continents of America and Greenland. I say continents, for Greenland, however insulated it may ultimately prove to be, is in mass strictly continental. Its least possible axis from Cape Farewell to the line of this glacier in the neighbourhood of the 80th parallel, gives a length of more than 1,200 miles, not materially less than that of Australia from its northern to its southern cape.

"Imagine, now, the centre of such a continent, occupied through nearly its whole extent by a deep unbroken sea of ice, that gathers perennial increase from the water-shed of vast snow-covered mountains, and all the precipitations of the atmosphere upon its

own surface. Imagine this moving onward like a great glacial river, seeking outlets at every fiord and valley, rolling icy cataracts into the Atlantic and Greenland seas, and having at last reached the northern limit of the land that has borne it up, pouring out a mighty frozen torrent into unknown Arctic space."

Lord Dufferin, in his "Letters from High Latitudes," gives an almost equally vivid description of the glaciers in the islands of Jan Mayen and Spitzbergen.

Of those in Jan Mayen he writes:—"The glaciers were quite an unexpected element of beauty. Imagine a mighty river of as great a volume as the Thames, started down the side of a mountain, bursting over every impediment, whirled into a thousand eddies, tumbling and raging on from ledge to ledge, in quivering cataracts of foam, then suddenly struck rigid by a power so instantaneous in its action that even the froth and fleeting wreaths of spray have stiffened to the immutability of sculpture. Unless you had seen it, it would be almost impossible to conceive the strangeness of the contrast between the actual tranquillity of these silent crystal rivers and the violent descending energy impressed upon their exterior. You must remember, too, that all this is upon a scale of such prodigious magnitude, that when we succeeded subsequently in approaching the spot, where, with a leap like that of Niagara, one of these glaciers plunges down into the sea, the eye, no longer able to take in its fluvial character, was content to rest in simple astonishment at what then appeared a lucent precipice of grey-green ice, rising to the height of several hundred feet above the masts of the vessel."

Of those in Spitzbergen he writes thus:—"This

bay (English Bay) is completely land-locked, being protected on its open side by Prince Charles' Foreland, a long island lying parallel with the mainland. Down towards either horn ran two ranges of schistose rocks, about 1,500 feet high, their sides almost precipitous, and the topmost ridge as sharp as a knife and jagged as a saw: the intervening space is entirely filled up by an enormous glacier, which, descending with one continuous incline from the head of a valley on the right, and sweeping like a torrent round the roots of an isolated clump of hills in the centre, rolls at last into the sea. The length of the glacial river, from the spot where it apparently first originated, could not have been less than thirty or thirty-five miles, or its greatest breadth less than nine or ten; but so completely did it fill up the higher end of the valley, that it was as much as you could do to distinguish the further mountains peeping up above its surface. The height of the precipice, when it fell into the sea, I should judge to have been about 120 feet.

"On the left a still more extraordinary sight presented itself. A kind of baby glacier actually hung suspended half-way on the hill-side, like a tear in the act of rolling down the furrowed cheek of the mountain.

"In this case so unaccountable did it seem that the overhanging mass of ice should not continue to thunder down upon its course, that one's natural impulse was to shrink from crossing the path along which a breath, a sound, might precipitate the suspended avalanche.

"These glaciers are the principal characteristic of the scenery of Spitzbergen. The bottom of every valley, in every part of the island, is occupied, and

generally completely filled by them; enabling me in some measure to realize the look of England during her glacial period, when Snowdon was still being slowly lifted towards the clouds, and every valley in Wales was brimful of ice. But the glaciers in English Bay are by no means the largest in the island. We ourselves got a view—though a very distant one—of ice rivers which must have been more extensive; and Dr. Scoresby mentions several which actually measured forty or fifty miles in breadth; while the precipice formed by their fall into the sea was sometimes upwards of 400 or 500 feet high. Nothing is more dangerous than to approach these cliffs of ice. Every now and then huge masses detach themselves from the face of the crystal steep, and topple over into the water; and woe be to the unfortunate ship which might happen to be passing below. Scoresby himself actually witnessed a mass of ice, the size of a cathedral, thunder down into the sea from a height of 400 feet. Frequently during our stay in Spitzbergen we ourselves observed specimens of these ice avalanches; and scarcely an hour passed without the solemn silence of the bay being disturbed by the thunderous boom resulting from similar catastrophes occurring in adjacent valleys."

But to return to Dr. Kane. His health did not enable him to carry out his intentions, or even to pass the face of the great glacier. He overtook McGary with the advance party, and all went on together for some time. But when they came to the caches of provisions that had been prepared with such prudent foresight for their northward journey, they found, to their disgust and disappointment, that the bears had been there before them, tearing up the ice-cemented rocks

they had piled together with such labour, pitching their barrels and cases about, cutting open thick metal coverings with their chisel-like claws, eating all the pemmican, trampling all the groceries into the ground, and, as if in triumphant derision, sliding down a smooth inclined rock close by in a sitting posture, till they had perfectly polished it, and left a good deal of themselves, in the shape of fur, behind.

Poor Dr. Kane broke down altogether. Fainting fits, delirium, and rheumatism, were poor preparations for his toilsome journey; and although, with unconquerable spirit, he tried to go on, packed up in the sledge, it was of no use, and he was obliged, with bitter disappointment, to return.

Still the problem of where Smith's Sound led remained unsolved. The theodolite showed that the coast trended east, and not west, as Captain Inglefield had supposed. Dr. Hayes was accordingly dispatched to cross the sound, and try to make his way north along the western coast. By June he returned. He had crossed the sound, and made his way as far north as Cape John Frazer, almost directly opposite the middle of the great glacier. Snow blindness, and shortness of provisions, turned him back at last.

The next party was under Mr. Morton, who, accompanied by three good men, and the Esquimaux hunter, were to go north as fast and as far as they could. On the 5th of June they started; and Dr. Kane and his shattered crew, lessened now by the death of two, remained to nurse themselves, and support life and health as well as they could with seals, walruses, and other fresh meat, as they might get it. The orders to the party were to make their

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way to the great glacier, and then, while some, if possible, scaled and surveyed it, Mr. Morton and the Esquimaux were to push on north.

The glacier defied all their efforts. These glassy walls were too high and too smooth for the most persevering and daring climber. They found again that the bears had torn up the northernmost cache, and had eaten all the ground coffee and old canvas, pawed over the salt meat, and disposed of every morsel of the pemmican. Here the main party returned, and Mr. Morton and Hans proceeded on the most wonderful journey, perhaps, that two men, or rather a man and a boy, ever performed in these latitudes.

They kept parallel with the glacier at about seven miles distant, and thus traversed Peabody Bay, threading their way among the huge icebergs, with which the great glacier studded the floe in every direction. By the time they reached the northern edge of the glacier, they sighted the northern, *i.e.*, the western shore of the sound. One singular thing Morton noticed. He shot one of two birds in a crack of the ice; and the other, instead of flying south, flew *north-east*. What, thought he, could take it in that direction at more than 80° of north latitude? More singularly still, the further north he travelled, the more sloppy and broken the ice became, till he was obliged to leave the sound and take to the ice-foot. A mile or two north still, the sound was nearly clear, and near the ice-foot, which was very narrow and friable, the tide was running like a mill-race. The northern tide carried up broken ice; but when it turned, as soon as what had gone north had passed back again, no more ice came from those northern regions than should, according to the general belief, have supplied

all Baffin's Bay with ice for years to come. And more wonderful still, the water was 36° *above* freezing point.

They reached Cape Andrew Jackson, and leaving the glacier and the ice-blocked sound behind them, careered forward at six miles an hour along the banks of a perfectly open channel. They saw the western coast quite clearly, and between it and them hardly a block of ice was to be seen. Presently the cliffs grew lower, and to their right a low rolling open country, not destitute of vegetation, appeared. Then they saw a flock of Brent geese, and myriads of ducks were sporting in the water. When disturbed, all these birds flew away to the north-east—whither? Eiders, dovekies, and terns swarmed, gulls and guillemots were in thousands: a fleet of brigs such as the *Advance* could have beat to the north with perfect ease. The wind was strong from the north, but not a piece of ice came south. The channel was here about thirty-five miles wide.

At last, on the 23rd of June, the ice-foot failed them, and they had to make their way over land. At last the sledge could go no further over the broken ground, and the energetic pair left it behind and pushed on, on foot. Killing a bear and her cub by the way they supped sumptuously, both they and their dogs.

The bays were green, and vegetation abundant. There was still some ice, though very rotten, in the deeper bays; and Mr. Morton used it to follow the curves of the precipitous cliffs, which here began to rise again. At last he reached an almost perpendicular wall of 2,000 feet high, and the ice failed him, the waves beating fairly against the foot of the rocks. He tried to pass round, but could not; and when he endeavoured to make his way over the cliff,

he found that he could only climb about 480 feet. He had seen no land beyond this point, even when out in the sound, and firmly believed that it turned directly east; in fact, that he had reached the north-western angle of the great island of Greenland,* if Greenland, properly so called, reaches so far north. The opposite, *i.e.*, the western coast, he could see, stretching north, as far as it was visible.

There was nothing for it but to return. But Mr. Morton had established that, north of the perennial ice (apparently supplied to a great extent by the Humboldt Glacier), which joins the sound at Peabody Bay, there is clear water, and a temperature so high, that the rocks and bays swarm with birds which cannot live except in open water, and the hills and plains are, even early in the year, covered with a vegetation of which the seeds survive the winter in abundance. Of his discoveries he brought back proofs to Dr. Kane, and his character entitles us to accept his descriptions and observations as strictly accurate. It was indeed the discovery of an opening into the Polynia, or open polar sea, by way of Smith's Sound, which Morton had made; and no one who reads the simple account of his journey, and looks at the beautiful drawing of its mysterious waters,† can fail to sympathize with Dr. Kane's intense, but ungratified longing to embark on that bright and unknown ocean.

It is no invention of Kane's or Morton's, indeed; for Barents, Scoresby, Wrangell, Penny, and Inglefield, all believed, and most saw, the same open water in other longitudes. The peculiarity of Morton's

* Dr. Kane seems to think that Greenland proper is bounded on the north by the great glaciers of Humboldt, and that this glacier connects it with another northern land.

† Facing p. 307, Kane's Arctic Explorations, vol. i

discovery is, that while those discoverers, the Dutch fishermen and the whalers, accidentally found themselves now and again in surprisingly open water, and believed in the Polynia from the fact that all the ice came from the south, and none from the north, Morton traced its coast for many miles, and from an elevation of, in all, 580 feet, looked due north, and saw nothing but a tumbling waste of waters, as free of ice as the Bay of Biscay.

Dr. Kane's theory is, that the Gulf-stream is deflected from Nova Zembla northwards, and thus very much elevates the temperature around the Pole; and also, that from the rapid and regular elevation of the land in these regions, the climate is becoming, in that middle region which divides the open and temperate sea of the north from the not more open and temperate sea of the south, far more severe, so much so, as to have turned what Greenlandic traditions and Greenlandic names still record to have been favourite hunting grounds and populous districts into intolerably Arctic deserts.

McClintock heard, some years after Dr. Kane's expedition, that the natives of Smith's Sound are well acquainted with the continuation of its shores considerably beyond the furthest point reached by Mr. Morton. Unfortunately, Kane seems never to have thought of getting them to draw the coast line as they knew it. These Esquimaux spoke of a large island near the west coast of the straits, which they called "Umingmak" (musk ox) Island, where there was much open water, abounding with walrus, and where some of their people formerly lived. Petersen, a Dane, one of Dr. Kane's men, who was afterwards in McClintock's employ, had actually con-

versed with two men who had been up to Umingmak Island.

McClintock also states that Esquimaux exist on the east coast of Greenland as far north as lat. 76°, and how much further north is not known. They are separated from the South Greenlanders by hundreds of miles of ice-bound coasts and impassable glaciers.

"Many centuries ago," says McClintock, "a milder climate may have existed, and probably did exist; and a corresponding modification of glacier, and a sea less ice-encumbered, might have rendered the migration of these poor people from the south to their present isolated abodes practicable; but to me it appears much more easy to suppose that they migrated eastward from the northern outlet of Smith's Sound."

It has been already mentioned, that the idea of the worst ice and severest cold being many degrees south of the Pole is as old as William Barents.

De Veer says: "It was by means of the ice that we first always perceived that we were near land, before we saw the land itself. At the east end of Nova Zembla also, where we passed the winter, the ice drifted away with a west and south-west wind, and returned with a north-east wind. Hence, it certainly appears, that between the two lands there is an open sea, and that it is possible to sail nearer to the Pole than has hitherto been believed; and this, notwithstanding that ancient writers say that the sea is not navigable within twenty degrees of the Pole, because of the intense cold, and that, therefore, nobody can live there."

The Dutch theory was this, that much ice came

out of the Tartarian and Cathaian rivers, where it collected as the snow collects in the Pyrenees, "and cannot melt by reason of the great quantity thereof, and for that the sun sheweth not high above those places, and therefore casteth not so great a heat, as it can easily melt; which is the cause that the ice lyeth there still as the snowe doth in the hilles of Spaine aforesaid, and that the sayd ice maketh it far colder there, than it is a great deale nearer the Pole in the large seas."

Some modern writers have not only disagreed with the theories of the old Dutchmen, and modern Russians, Americans, and Englishmen, but have evidently been inclined to doubt their facts. For instance, Mr. Lamont dissents thus. It is fair to hear both sides.

"From much reading on the subject, and much conversation with intelligent, practical men, well acquainted with these seas, as well as from my own opportunities of observation during my two visits to Spitzbergen, I may be permitted to express my thorough conviction that all idea of a great open sea around the Pole is entirely chimerical, and that nothing exists within a radius of 600 miles of the Pole but vast masses of eternal and impenetrable ice—unless indeed there happen to be land intervening. I am aware that the distinguished Dr. Kane held very strongly an opposite opinion; but the arguments in his book do not seem to me to be of the slightest avail against the overwhelming amount of evidence in a contrary direction."

It may be observed that the *evidence*, strictly speaking, is rather the other way. Scoresby saw no ice to the north of him. Nor did Morton. Inglefield

saw open water. The Dutch saw the ice drift *north*, and so on. But till some happy traveller has reached the Pole itself, the point will probably remain in dispute.

While Morton's Sea was washing the northern cliffs with its tepid waves, the ice in which the unhappy Advance was wedged was immovable. Dr. Kane, unwilling to leave his ship, and yet dreading another Arctic winter for his exhausted, scurvy-smitten crew, determined to try and travel south for assistance, hoping to make his way to Wolstenholme Island, opposite the mouth of Jones' Sound, off the north horn of Melville Bay, where the North Star had left most of her stores some years before, or even to Beechey Island at the mouth of Wellington Channel, where he might meet with some of Sir Edward Belcher's squadron.

Through the perils and excitements of this boat voyage our space will not allow us to follow him. It was entirely unsuccessful. He got free easily enough of the vast ice-field which, stretching right across the sound, locked the brig up in Rennselaer Harbour. He had only to sledge his boat thirty-five miles or so south-west. But after safely weathering a storm which kept McGary, an old Behring's Straits whaler, and the only man who could handle the steering oar in a heavy sea, at the helm for twenty-two hours on end, they found that Jones' Sound on the west, and Murchison Sound on the east, had been disgorging floes and bergs to such an extent as to block up the whole head of Baffin's Bay with an unbroken pack. They were shut in by a double and impenetrable bar.

The spirits of all began to fail as the second winter closed its deadly fingers round the doomed ship. Kane called the crew together, explained the state of things fully, and left it to them to decide, each for himself, whether they would stay by him and the brig, or (as they had been murmuring ought to be done) try to make their way south to Upernavik. Eight out of seventeen agreed to stay with him; the others started, with their fair share of provisions, on their journey. One returned in a few days. It was months before the others did the same.

Kane packed up the brig with moss and oakum, and made on his deck a little stifling den, as like as possible to the *igloë*, or ground hut of the Esquimaux. And soon after those gentry themselves appeared. As their first performance was, as usual, to steal, Dr. Kane pursued them, and catching three women, shut them up in the hold, and refused to liberate them till the whole tribe had entered into a solemn treaty to stand by their new friends, never to steal, and to hunt for and with them, and sell them dogs whenever required. To their side of this compact these savages kept to the letter; and, indeed, to their faithfulness and kindness, the fainting, scurvy-riddled men owed their lives.

The winter of this year was much earlier and threatened to be much severer than even that of the last, severe as that was; but, with increased skill in hunting, the help of the Esquimaux, and rat-soup, the crew hoped to hold their own against the terrible trials of darkness, cold, and scurvy.

About the middle of December, the wanderers who had started for Upernavik returned, shattered, wretched, and frost-bitten. The scurvy fixed its

fangs deeper and deeper in the sufferers' frames. The last act of the year 1854 was a desperate and fruitless attempt by the generous and self-sacrificing captain to find the Esquimaux and buy walrus beef for his men.

A.D. 1855.—Providentially for them, his health, aided by the unflagging energy of his mind, remained good enough to allow him to do double work—to look after all the sick, who, with two exceptions, were all the rest of the crew, and to cook and cater for them all round. But as January wore on, the want of fresh meat became unbearable. The sick men ate everything that could be called fresh, preserved specimens, puppies, and other things which the dogs had spared. Another and another attempt to reach the Esquimaux failed. A fat reindeer, a fox or two, and some rabbits, kept life going, and that was all. The disease steadily crept over all of them; and when, on the 8th of March, Hans, the Esquimaux hunter, was dispatched alone on a final search for help, all were literally dying, some quicker, some slower, but all dying, of one of the most horrible and lingering of deaths—want of food with potash in it.

Their minds wandered to the wretched fate of the Russians on Spitzbergen, who held out gallantly against all foes but scurvy. The poor captain recorded his thoughts thus:—"Suppose Hans fails; the thought is horrible. The Spitzbergen victims were at about this date in better condition than we are: it was not till the middle of April that they began to die off. We have yet forty days to run before we can count on the renovating blessings of animal life and restoring warmth. Neither Riley



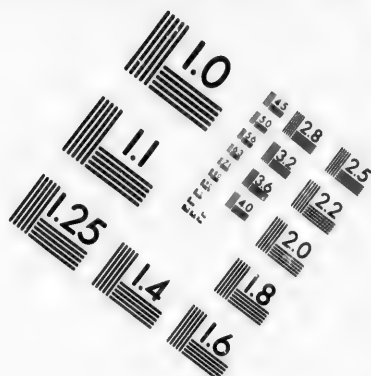
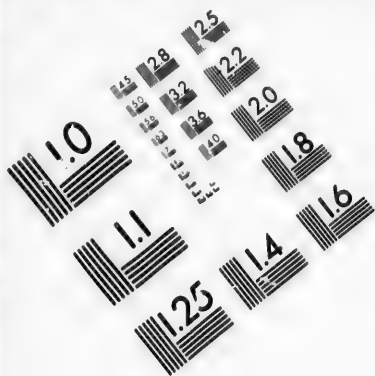
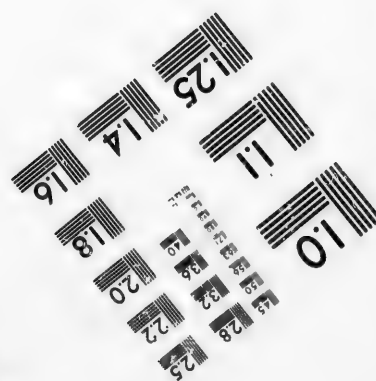
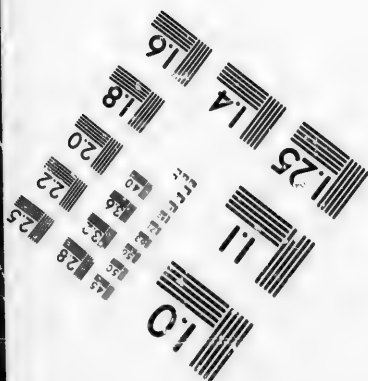
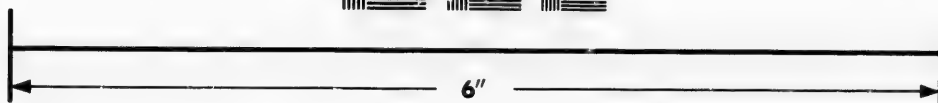
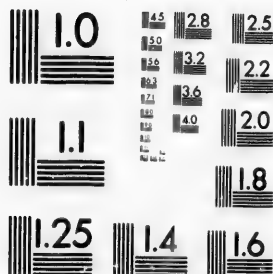


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nor Wilson can last half that time without a supply of anti-scorbutic food. Indeed, there is not a man on board who can hope to linger on till the spring comes, unless we have relief."

Fortunately, Hans did succeed in obtaining some meat, with the help of the Esquimaux. These poor people had suffered almost as much as the white men from the terrific winter. They had eaten all their stores, and, in the madness of hunger, even their dogs. When Hans reached them, the skin of a narwhal was all the food they had. The ice was so thick that they could not take the walrus or the seal in their ordinary way.

These only rose to breathe at certain holes or cracks, and could not break the ice anywhere else. The edges of these holes were too much for the slender lines of the Esquimaux, and they had lost many.

The assistance of a rifle that fired conical balls saved them as well as its owner, and an expert hunter returned with Hans to the brig; but round the wretched crew no game made its appearance; and, to add to all their troubles, the two strongest men mutinied, and, after several attempts, one of them succeeded in running away to the Esquimaux, with the intention of robbing Hans and Myouk (the new Esquimaux hunter) of their guns and dogs on his way. In this he did not succeed; but poor Hans fell sick among his own people, and while he was sick his shipmates nearly perished from hunger.

Dr. Kane searched him out and found him, still faithful, preparing for his return to the ship, though still "a little weak," as he said; which meant thoroughly used up, with Hans.

Another long journey was undertaken by the indefatigable captain to capture his deserter. This was necessary for the sake of his reputation among the tribes, on whom, and the remnant of whose dogs, his sole hopes of safety rested. He succeeded in this, and took the opportunity of obtaining tolerable supplies of walrus meat. Indeed, by the end of April the imminent danger from scarcity of food was pretty well over, for they could travel, and the walrus were beginning to frequent the ice again.

The leads of open water did not come near the brig as the spring advanced, and the ice around her was more than nine feet thick. The hope of her escape became smaller and smaller. Still, before he finally deserted his ship, and began to make his way south by boats and sledges, the indomitable leader set his heart on one more attempt to explore the northern channel which his followers had so nearly penetrated. He made an agreement with an Esquimaux chief to assist him, and, accompanied only by the faithful Hans, started with Kalutunah, his new friend, who was the fortunate possessor of more than half the dogs who had survived the murderous folly of their starving owners.

But all was of no use. Bears came across the path; men and dogs joined in the wild chase, mad with unaccustomed excitement. In vain Dr. Kane entreated. They must, the Indians said, provide for their families. Disheartened, Dr. Kane turned back at the great glacier, and once more rejoined his ship.

Once again, with borrowed dogs, the brave captain made an attempt to complete his search, with Morton as his companion. But it was of no avail. Both

broke down. Neither their strength nor their resources were now sufficient for so arduous a task. "The operations of the search," says Dr. Kane, "were closed." And with all his wonted energy he set himself to prepare for the homeward journey.

A.D. 1853.—At last, after interminable journeys, and almost insuperable difficulties, his sick and stores were packed up, his provisions prepared, and the party started over the heaving, melting ice floes, on their southerly route. Their first day's journey, on June 6th, was ominous. Mr. Ohlsen, the carpenter, in saving one of the boats from falling into a hole in the ice, did himself a mortal injury. He was a powerful man, but the desperate exertion was too much for him, and he died in three days. Hans, the hunter, had left them as their danger of starvation disappeared. The oily charms of a northern belle had touched his soft heart; and, faithless to a more southern attachment, the stanch Moravian remained among the heathen. The last that was heard of him by Dr. Kane was that he had been seen on a native sledge with a maiden by his side, driving towards Murchison Sound. "Alas!" says Dr. Kane, with ungallant energy, "for Hans, the married man!"

At last the edge of the ice was reached and the boats launched. And now the comforts of prudence were felt. Two years before, they had *cachéd* a quantity of provisions at Life Boat Cove. Their stores had escaped bears and savages, and their dwindling provisions were seasonably re-enforced.

On the 18th of July all their faithful friends had collected at Cape Alexander to bid them good-bye. Each had his little present—a knife, a file, a saw, a

bit of soap. They had been staunch and true friends, and to them it was owing that any one of their pale-faced allies was then living. "Numberless articles of inestimable value to them," says Kane, "have been scattered on the ice unwatched; but they have not stolen a nail." This was accounted for by a rude savage in a touching sentence: "You have done us good," he said. "We are not hungry; we will not take (steal). You have done us good. We want to help you; we are friends."

Dr. Kane's last legacy to them was an urgent advice to them to leave their northern regions and travel south, where they might be, as he told them, safe from the terrible famines; and where, as he doubtless hoped, they might be brought within the sound of that news which is glad tidings to all men, savage or civilized.

Through the hardships, starvation, and dangers of the poor Americans' long boat voyage we cannot follow them. At last, after eighty-four days' beating about the open sea, the weary seamen rowed their battered, leaky boats into Upernavik harbour, safe, after trials such as few have ever experienced, met and surmounted with a cheerful courage and piety not often equalled.

The first Christian soul they met they asked, "Had Sir John Franklin been found?" And his answer told them that their hope had been all delusion. The traces and proofs of Sir John Franklin's fate had been found a thousand miles south of where they had been searching. All their sufferings had been in vain, except to show how bravely and patiently Christian men can do their duty, praying their Father in heaven night and morning to bless

and preserve them, even in a six months' night, in the very jaws of death, in cold inconceivable and hardly bearable.

The news that Dr. Kane heard was, that, not in any hitherto undetected corner of these icy wastes, not up any of the channels which it tasked all an Englishman's or an American's resources and patience to penetrate, not in any mysterious polar sea, but in one of the best-known districts of all that have ever been visited, within a few miles of where expedition after expedition had been prowling—there Sir John Franklin's crews had died in heaps, in the agonies of hunger, protracted only by that last hideous resource that is too dreadful to enlarge on.

The discovery fell, as was right, to the most patient, untiring, and devoted of all the searchers—if comparatives or superlatives can be fairly used where all were equally earnest and equally brave. For years, with instinctive pertinacity and a conviction that he was on the right track, Dr. Rae had been searching every nook and cranny of Boothia, King William's Land, and Victoria Land. Somewhere in the route that Franklin's orders pointed, he felt certain that Franklin and his men, or their corpses, would be found.

In 1854, according to what might almost be called his custom, he was searching and surveying the shores of Boothia. In the midst of his task, he fell in with a party of Esquimaux. From them he heard that some of their countrymen had, in the spring of 1850, seen a large party of white men travelling towards Fish River. As they travelled they fell and died. Thirty dead were found lying on the ground. Five others were found roughly buried.

They had, it was said, plenty of warm clothing, plenty of guns and ammunition; but of food, none.

The substantial truth of these awful tidings was only too clearly proved by the relics, spoons, bits of plate, parts of telescopes, and coins which the natives wore. Hastily buying these, Dr. Rae at once abandoned the task he was on; and rightly thinking that to put an end to suspense was his first duty, returned to England.

The following is the report to the Admiralty, which he forwarded as soon as he arrived:—

“REPULSE BAY, *July 29, 1854.*

“SIR,

“I have the honour to mention, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that during my journey over the ice and snow this spring, with the view of completing the survey of the west shore of Boothia, I met with Esquimaux in Pelly Bay, from one of whom I learned that a party of white men (Kablounans) had perished from want of food some distance to the westward, and not far beyond a large river, containing many falls and rapids. Subsequently, further particulars were received, and a number of articles purchased, which places the fate of a portion, if not of all, of the then survivors of Sir John Franklin’s long-lost party beyond a doubt—a fate as terrible as the imagination can conceive.

“The substance of the information obtained at various times and from various sources, was as follows:—

“In the spring, four winters past (1850) a party of

white men, amounting to about forty, were seen travelling southward over the ice, and dragging a boat with them, by some Esquimaux, who were killing seals near the north shore of King William's Land, which is a large island. None of the party could speak the Esquimaux language intelligibly; but by signs the party were made to understand that their ship or ships had been crushed by ice, and that they were now going to where they expected to find deer to shoot. From the appearance of the men, all of whom, except one officer, looked thin, they were then supposed to be getting short of provisions, and purchased a small seal from the natives. At a later date of the same season, but previous to the breaking up of the ice, the bodies of some thirty persons were discovered on the continent, and five on an island near it, about a long day's journey to the N.W. of a large stream, which can be no other than Back's Great Fish River (named by the Esquimaux, Dootko-hi-calik), as its description, and that of the low shore in the neighbourhood of Point Ogle and Montreal Island, agree exactly with that of Sir George Back. Some of the bodies had been buried (probably those of the first victims of famine). Some were in a tent or tents, others under the boat, which had been turned over to form a shelter, and several lay scattered about in different directions. Of those found on the island, one was supposed to have been an officer, as he had a telescope strapped over his shoulders, and his double-barrelled gun lay underneath him.

"From the mutilated state of many of the corpses, and the contents of the kettles, it is evident that our wretched countrymen had been driven to the last

resource, cannibalism, as a means of prolonging existence.

"There appeared to have been an abundant stock of ammunition, as the powder was emptied in a heap on the ground by the natives out of the kegs or cases containing it, and a quantity of ball or shot was found below high water mark, having probably been left on the ice close to the beach. There must have been a number of watches, compasses, telescopes, guns (several double-barrelled), &c., all of which appear to have been broken up, as I saw pieces of those different articles with the Esquimaux, together with some silver spoons and forks. I purchased as many as I could get. A list of the most important of these I enclose, with a rough sketch of the crests and initials of the forks and spoons. The articles themselves shall be handed over to the Secretary of the Hudson's Bay Company on my arrival in London.

"None of the Esquimaux with whom I conversed had seen the whites, nor had they ever been at the place where the bodies had been found, but had their information from those who had been there, and who had seen the party when travelling.

"I offer no apology for taking the liberty of addressing you, as I do so from a belief that their lordships would be desirous of being put in possession at as early a date as possible of any tidings, however meagre and unexpectedly obtained, regarding this painfully interesting subject.

"I may add, that by means of our guns and nets we obtained an ample supply of provisions last autumn; and my small party passed the winter in snow-houses in comparative comfort, the skins of the deer shot affording abundant warm clothing and

bedding. My spring journey was a failure, in consequence of an accumulation of obstacles, several of which my former experience in Arctic travelling had not taught me to expect.

"I have, &c.,

"JOHN RAE, M.D.,

"Commanding Hudson's Bay Company's Arctic Expedition."

The first and keenest feeling that was excited by this most painful news was bitter regret that so many expeditions had been so near the sufferers in vain. In 1848-9 Sir James Ross actually followed the course they took, though whether before or after them was doubtful. Kennedy, Bellot, Rae, and Collinson had again and again been within a few miles of where this miserable catastrophe happened—not, perhaps, in time to save the wanderers' lives, but in time, had they gone a few steps further, to prevent the lavish expenditure of life, health, time, and money, in the unavailing search.

It is most singular that none of these explorers, nor yet Captain Austen's parties, who in 1850 so thoroughly explored Cape Walker and the adjoining coasts, nor Captain Forsyth, who in the same year examined Fury Point, should have come across any trustworthy record of their track. Rae had indeed found the butt-end of a flag-staff, and a wooden stanchion, with government marks on them; and Captain Collinson had picked up a companion door. But, with no names on them, and recollecting the eccentricities of Arctic currents, there was little information to be got out of these relics.

The chief difficulty was to account for what the lost sailors could have been doing, and where they

could have been, between the summer of 1846, when they were at Beechey Island, and August, 1850, when they were falling down dead at the mouth of the Fish River. How they can have evaded the diligent searchers who were always in Lancaster Sound, and up and down Peel Sound and Prince Regent's Inlet, as well as the wandering Esquimaux, is marvellous. But they did. Probably, what ruined their last hope of relief was the general hold which the idea of the Polynia had taken not only of the public but also of the professional mind. The great polar basin, and the vision of Sir John Franklin imprisoned there, drew all eyes, and perhaps many expeditions, away from the desolate rocks where his men were horribly and slowly perishing.

Of their fate, and its nature, Rae's report, and the relics he brought home, left no doubt. And government accordingly abandoned all further attempts to clear up the minutiae of that terrible catastrophe. Nor could any one blame them for so doing. Up to Franklin's departure they had spent £336 3s. 7d. in searching for the north-west passage. Since his departure, the government searching expeditions had cost the country the enormous sum of £900,000. And of late years it too plainly appeared that however fortunate many commanders had been, terrible dangers and difficulties still surrounded the traveller in these regions. In short, as an American officer somewhat oddly put it, "If Sir John Franklin is gone to heaven, poor man, why then perhaps seeking after him will be our shortest way of getting there."

Accordingly, the Admiralty finally determined to abandon the search, and leave the bodies of her

Majesty's faithful servants, and the two brave old ships, where they were. It was not without regret that this decision was come to, however proper it was admitted to be. The mere official narration of the services of the lost officers amply justified this regret. To take an extract from one example, the commander's:—

"Sir John Franklin, Knight, K.R.G., K.C.H., D.C.L., F.R.S., born in 1786, at Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, brother of the late Sir William Franklin, Knight, Chief Justice of Madras. Entered the navy in October, 1800, on board the *Polyphemus*, 64, Captain J. Lawford. Served as a midshipman in the action off Copenhagen, 2nd of April, 1801. Sailed with Captain Flinders in H. M. sloop *Investigator* to New Holland, on a voyage of discovery, joining there the sloop *Porpoise*; wrecked on a coral reef, near Cato Bank, on 17th of August, 1803. (After serving through the whole of the great war) . . . He was signal midshipman on board the *Bellerophon* at the battle of Trafalgar, on the 21st of October, 1805. Escorted the Royal Family of Portugal from Lisbon to South America, as lieutenant on board the *Bedford*, 74, on the 11th of February, 1808. Served in the expedition against New Orleans, in 1814, where he was wounded, and officially recommended for promotion. Appointed to the brig *Trent* on the 14th of January, 1818, to accompany the *Dorothea*, Captain Buchan, to Spitzbergen. In April, 1819, started in command of the land expedition to the mouth of the Coppermine. Appointed to the rank of commander on the 1st of January, 1821, and to post rank on the 20th of November, 1822. In 1825-7 commanded the expedition to the mouth of the Mackenzie River, in co-operation with Captains Beechey and Parry. From

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1830 to 1834 commanded H. M. S. *Rainbow* on the Mediterranean station. In 1835 he was appointed Governor of Van Diemen's Land." Ten years after, he started on the expedition from which he never returned—an almost appropriate close to so busy and energetic a life. He died in his harness.

The Admiralty declined to imperil any more lives within the deadly Arctic Circle, now that there was no further hope of saving life.* But it urged the Hudson's Bay Company to send yet once more, where their gallant servant had marked down the objects of his patient search. Relics, at least, of the lost seamen might be found. An unacknowledged hope lingered, perhaps, in many hearts, that some haggard survivor of the crews might be hanging about the icy banks of the Fish River.

A.D. 1855.—The great corporation generously and gladly complied with the request, and dispatched Mr. Anderson to explore Fish River. All, however, that he was able to discover was that (according to some Esquimaux he met with) some of the crews had actually reached Montreal Island, in the jaws of the Fish River, and had even ascended the river to Franklin's Rapids. Where the ships were, and what had become of the majority of the men, was as painfully mysterious as ever. All the information that had been obtained depended on the reports of savages, who were never remarkable for their accuracy of statement, and had been notoriously lying, and invent-

* The words of the first Lord's refusal were, that "The members of her Majesty's Government having come, with great regret, to the conclusion that there was no prospect of saving life, would not be justified for any objects which, in their opinion, could be obtained by an expedition to the Arctic seas, in exposing the lives of officers and men to the risk inseparable from such an enterprise."

ing stories of the fate of Franklin and his men, ever since the expedition had been searched for. This information was certainly corroborated by the relics which Dr. Rae had brought home, but it was not proved. All they proved was, that some terrible disaster had befallen at least a considerable part of the missing crews.

There was one heart in England which, faithful even to death, could not bear this suspense. The patient, noble wife, who had so long hoped against hope, wasted no more time in unavailing entreaties to government, but freely sacrificing, it is believed, by far the largest part of her remaining property, proceeded to fit out a last expedition, with the one commission of going straight to the west coast of Boothia, and searching till some clear evidence was obtained of what had become of her husband and his companions.

Of the expedition, its labours, risks, and delays, and its ultimate success, two most complete accounts have been given to the world; one by its commander, and the other by one of his subordinates.* From these most able and popular publications, this, the last Arctic searching expedition, is also probably the best known of any. Only a short abstract, accordingly, will be needful here.

The commander selected was Captain (now Sir Leopold) McClintock. The ardour with which volunteers sought the honour of serving under him was the natural reward of his previous high character and uniform energy and success in all he had undertaken in Arctic enterprise, and fully justified the choice.

The Fox, a screw yacht of 177 tons burden, was

* See "Cornhill Magazine," vol. i. p. 96.

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purchased and entirely refitted. Her slender stem was strengthened into a solid iron chisel, as it were. All the splendid and sumptuous fittings made way for cross beams and iron bars. The engines, screw, and even the rig of the vessel, were altered into more suitable form for her perilous journey. All that the liberality of government and private individuals could do was lavished on her equipment and supplies. Not less carefully was she fortified against the scurvy than against the ice.

Lieutenant Hobson was the second in command, and Captain Allen Young was sailing master.

The course proposed was, first to reach Beechey Island, and fill up stores from Sir E. Belcher's dépôt, and thence to sail down Peel Sound to the Great Fish River. If this proved impossible (and it will be remembered that it was not yet known whether Peel Sound was only a sound or a strait), the yacht was to descend Prince Regent's Inlet, and, traversing Bellot Strait, to make her way to King William's Land (not then known to be an island) and search on in that direction to Fish River. If the yacht could not follow the whole of this proposed course, sledge journeys were to be made, till every strait, and bay, and headland had been examined.

We cannot refrain from inserting here the beautiful and touching letter which was all the "instructions" that Captain McClintock could prevail on Lady Franklin to give him :—

“*ABERDEEN, June 29, 1857.*

“MY DEAR CAPTAIN MCCLINTOCK,—

“You have kindly invited me to give you ‘instructions,’ but I cannot bring myself to feel that

it would be right in me in any way to influence your judgment in the conduct of your noble undertaking; and, indeed, I have no temptation to do so, as it appears to me that your views are almost identical with those which I had independently formed before I had the advantage of being thoroughly possessed of yours. But had this been otherwise, I trust you would have found me ready to prove the implicit confidence I place in you by yielding my own views to your more enlightened judgment; knowing, too, as I do, that your whole heart also is in the cause, even as my own is. As to the objects of the expedition and their relative importance, I am sure you know that the rescue of any possible survivor of the Erebus and Terror would be to me, as it would be to you, the noblest result of our efforts.

“To this object I wish every other to be subordinate; and next to it in importance is the recovery of the unspeakably precious documents of the expedition, public and private, and the personal relics of my dear husband and his companions.

“And lastly, I trust it may be in your power to confirm, directly or inferentially, the claims of my husband’s expedition to the earliest discovery of the passage, which, if Dr. Rae’s report be true (and the government of our country has accepted and rewarded it as such), those martyrs in a noble cause achieved at their last extremity, after five long years of labour and of suffering, if not at an earlier period.

“I am sure you will do all that man can do for the attainment of all these objects: my only fear is that you may spend yourselves too much in the effort; and you must therefore let me tell you how much dearer to me even than any of them, is the

preservation of the valuable lives of the little band of heroes who are your companions and followers.

"May God in his great mercy preserve you from all harm amidst the labours and perils that await you, and restore you to us in health and safety, as well as honour! As to the honour, I can have no misgiving. It will be yours as much if you fail (since you *may* fail in spite of every effort) as if you succeed; and be assured that, under any and all circumstances whatever, such is my unbounded confidence in you, you will possess and be entitled to the enduring gratitude of your sincere and attached friend,

"JANE FRANKLIN."

Of the exquisite courtesy and the feminine delicacy which dictated this wise and generous letter, it itself is the best evidence. The noble confidence it so touchingly expresses was amply vindicated.

The Fox left Aberdeen on the 1st of July, 1857, and in a few days plunged into the wilderness of mingled ice and driftwood which hangs about Cape Farewell and the mouth of Davis' Straits.

She worked her way up the west coast of Greenland, calling at all the ordinary ports, for the purpose of buying fresh provisions up to the last moment. She also ran into Godhaab to land and send home an invalid who had begun to show symptoms of serious illness; and then, narrowly escaping being wrecked on the Koku Islands, where good pastor Egede first landed, steered north for Waygats Strait, which separates Diskoe Island from the mainland, in order to get coal for the engines from a great mine there. After coaling, they touched at Upernavik, and then saying good-bye to civilization, joyfully turned the

yacht's head to the west, to run across Baffin's Bay towards their destination. But here their prosperity left them. The ice was all jammed into the north of the bay. The Fox got frozen in, during a gallant attempt to cut, bore, blast, or warp through it; and from September 7th, 1857, to April 17th, 1858, she never moved from her involuntary moorings. For eight heart-breaking months she drifted helplessly south, far south of the Arctic Circle which she had so gaily entered. During the 242 days she had been impacted in the ice, she had travelled no less than 1,385 miles, the longest drift, without exception, on record.

The journey had to be begun all over again, and once more the Fox made her way up the coast to Melville Bay. At Cape York, its northern horn, they met some of Dr. Kane's natives, and learned from them that Hans was getting wofully tired of his new home, and longed to return to South Greenland. These poor people had evidently been trying to take Dr. Kane's advice, and had been wandering southwards.

A.D. 1858.—This time the Fox was more fortunate, and making the North Water, sailed across the head of Baffin's Bay, and on the 14th of July reached Cape Horseburgh on the other side. They took an old Esquimaux woman on board as pilot, and proceeded to Cape Riley, near Beechey Island, where the Breadalbane had been lost, and her coals and stores had been formed into a dépôt. The Fox coaled up, and departed on her errand, Captain McClintock having first performed the sacred duty of erecting a monumental marble tablet to Sir John Franklin and his comrades. Lady Franklin had

sent this out by the first American expedition in 1855. They never succeeded in reaching Beechey Island, and left the stone at Godhaven. Captain McClintock took charge of it, and erected it, with a smaller one, to the memory of poor Bellot, on this desolate promontory, round which Sir John so often sailed. Other records were there already; memorials of those who died in Sir E. Belcher's expedition, and not far off the graves of those of Franklin's crews who died in their first winter quarters. And now the name of the most famous of all the Arctic martyrs was added.

On the 16th of August, the Fox left Beechey Island, and steered due south down the hitherto unpenetrated Peel Sound. Nor was it destined to be penetrated now.

"On the 17th," says the officer to whom we have referred, "we were sailing down Peel Sound with a fresh wind, and carrying every rag of canvas. Passing Limestone Island and Cape Granite, we began to think we should go right through, for as yet no ice could be seen a-head; but the southern sky looked bright and icy, while, in contrast, a dark gloom hung over the waters we had left to the northward. Still we sailed on merrily, and were already talking of passing the winter near the Fish River, and returning the following year by Behring's Straits, when 'Ice a-head!' was reported from the crow's nest; and there it certainly was, a long, low, white barrier, of that peculiar concave form always indicating fast ice. The straits had not broken up this season, and we could not pass that way. We were bitterly disappointed, but not disheartened, for we had yet another chance of

getting to our longed-for destination by way of Bellot Straits."

Bellot Strait was supposed to be a narrow strait leading in a south-westerly direction from Prince Regent's Inlet to Peel Sound. So McClintock's resource, which he forthwith adopted, was to sail back, up Peel Sound, till he once more reached Lancaster Sound, and then retracing his course eastward, till he reached Prince Regent's Inlet, to go down that passage to the mouth of Bellot Strait.

Prince Regent's Inlet was clear of ice, and the Fox soon reached Brentford Bay. There it was soon perceived that a passage to the west existed, and that the ice, in mountains big enough to capsize a line of battle ship, was swinging backwards and forwards through it, with the violent tides. These tides are described as being more like the "bore" in the Hooghly than any ordinary tide.

Again and again McClintock tried to force a passage, but it was little short of suicide to drive his little yacht into the midst of such whirling masses of ice. The strait, he ascertained, was about twenty miles long, and scarcely a mile wide in its narrowest part, and in its narrow jaws the ice was heaped together in a most hopeless-looking way. Beyond it, only just beyond it, to the west, lay the field which he was to explore.

Other possible passages to the west were searched for, but without success; and for the fifth time the Fox attempted the obstinate strait, at last successfully. But its western entrance was still ice-blocked; and finding the young ice beginning to form, McClintock pitched upon a safe little harbour within the strait, named it Port Kennedy, packed up his ship, and prepared for a thorough sledge and land search, as

soon as the returning spring gave him light enough to see his way.

Meanwhile, all hands set to work preparing provisions and equipments for the travelling parties. The deer were travelling south, and, as they passed, as many as possible were shot. Ptarmigan and white hares were not neglected, and, with bear and seal flesh, both dogs and men were pretty well provided for for some time to come.

Captain McClintock's scheme was as follows. He intended to send out three separate sledge parties, each of four men, to follow different routes. He himself, of course, commanded one, Lieutenant Hobson another, and Mr. Allen Young the third.

The destination of the first was the mouth of the Great Fish River, including the examination of the coast of King William's Land, both in going and returning.

The second was intended to follow the western coast of Boothia, as far as the magnetic pole; and then, crossing over James Ross Strait, north of King William's Land from the magnetic pole to Gateshead Island, to explore Victoria Land due west.

The third was to take a still more northerly district, and travel along the west coast of Prince of Wales' Land, from Cape Swinburne to Point Osborne. Thus, every inch of coast from Cape Walker to the Great Fish River, which was now known to have been Franklin's course, would be examined; and unless the ice had literally engulfed all record of the missing crews, it would be impossible to fail in finding some relic which would at least put their fate beyond a doubt. At the same time the survey of the coast of Arctic America and its adjacent islands would be completed.

Lieutenant Hobson, with great difficulty and danger, managed to place out some depôts of provisions along the track which both he and the captain were to follow. And then the whole ship's company waited patiently for the hard frost, which would soon glue every tumbling strait into a smooth and easy road for their winter and spring journeys.

A.D. 1858.—While thus waiting, death visited them again. They had already lost their second engineer, in consequence of a fall. And now the first engineer, Mr. Brand, followed him. He was a steady, serious man, and the fate of his subordinate seems to have weighed on his mind. He went out shooting on the 7th of November, and after talking to Mr. Hobson of poor Scott, the man who had died, went to bed. Next morning he was a corpse. Once more the crew had to attend a shipmate to his grave among the ice-hummocks. "We were all on board," says an officer, "as one family; and any one taken from us was missed as from the fireside at home. It was long before the sorrowful feeling in the ship could be shaken off."

They soon found that, admirable as their winter position was for the purpose they had in view, yet it had its disagreeables. The strong tides up and down Bellot Strait kept a great deal of water open, in spite of the severe cold; and the open water generated mists of a most biting and penetrating kind. And to add to this most serious discomfort, the strait was hardly ever without its own local winds—so severe occasionally, while the weather was comparatively still elsewhere, that it was dangerous even to go to the observatory two hundred yards away, holding on to a rope, which had been stretched

breast-high the whole way from the ship to it. A savage north-wester, a cold, driving mist and snow, and the thermometer down to 80° below the freezing point, are not favourable conditions for a night walk; and all their walks were now by night, as the sun had long left them.

Still the health of the crew remained good, and all the dogs were alive, and in first-rate condition, with the exception of one unhappy lady, who being given to gnawing her cords in sunder, had been muzzled. Her relatives, in pity for her undeserved disgrace, put her out of her pain, and as she could neither bark nor bite, ate her up to a considerable extent before morning.

Some preliminary expeditions were made in February and March, chiefly with the object of searching for natives, and obtaining, if possible, trustworthy information from them as to the whereabouts of the wrecks. Mr. Young returned on the 3rd of March, having carried out a depôt of provisions to the shore of Prince of Wales' Land. He saw no natives. The captain was more fortunate. He crossed Boothia to the west, sledges and all, by the help of a long lake, which stretched almost across it south of Bellot Strait. While completing his survey of the coast, somewhere about the magnetic pole, he happened, on the 1st of March, to look round, and saw four men, who had evidently been walking after them for some time. A moment's casual glance detected a naval button on one of their seal-skin coats. A little unnecessary cautious questioning, (for they were quite frank in their answers,) elicited the fact that some white men had been starved on "an island where there were salmon" (Montreal Island), and that a

ship with three masts had been crushed by the ice out in the sea to the west of King William's Land. All the crew, it appeared, had landed safely, and had not been in any way molested by the natives.

A.D. 1859.—The journey had taken up twenty-five days; and to complete the 120 miles of the coast of America, an accurate survey of which was still wanting to the chart, 420 miles were traversed. On the 14th of March the party returned to the ship in good health.

Only one of the missing vessels had been accounted for by these Esquimaux reports. All the relics that could be bought for needles and knives had been obtained. But the other vessel had still to be traced, and, if possible, the real fate of the crews discovered; and accordingly it was resolved to carry out, in their entirety, all the projected lines of search. Not the least important part of Captain McClintock's personal preparations, and one which he was pardonably proud of, was the acquirement of the double accomplishment of being able to eat frozen blubber and fresh fox.

Before he started, too, he sent a party to the inexhaustible Fury Beach, where a mountain of the Fury's stores still remained as good as ever, to bring back some sugar, almost a necessary of life in these scurvy-haunted latitudes. Mr. Young counted, peeping through the heaps of snow, no less than thirty-four large casks of flour, five of split peas, five of tobacco, and four of sugar.

The three parties were provisioned for eighty-four days. On the 2nd of April McClintock and Hobson moved off from the ship to make their final effort. Young followed on the 7th. In a few days McClin-

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tock came up with the natives he had met with on his former trip. In the course of conversation he learned the additional fact that, besides the ship which had been forced on shore on King William's Land, and from which they had obtained most of the wood and iron they were then using, there had been another ship seen at first, and that she had sunk in deep water. At this loss of their perquisites the natives expressed themselves much grieved. They were also rather unwilling to give any information about the stranded ship. It was discovered, moreover, that they had followed the party back to the ship in the spring, *lifting* the dépôts which their dogs' noses enabled them to find out. A repetition of this calamity (for calamity it might be of the most serious kind) was rendered difficult, if not impossible, by purchasing the only remaining dogs. The stolen goods had, it appeared, avenged themselves, as they comprised two revolvers, of which one, being loaded and capped, was, it was suspected, the cause of the absence of a compatriot who was reported to be "very sick."

It seemed pretty certain that both the ships had been on the west coast of King William's Land. McClintock generously gave up the chance of success to his lieutenant, who, it will be remembered, was to have crossed over at once to Victoria Land and searched there. Now he was directed, in the first place, to go to the west coast of King William's Land, and search for the ship and for records, before he attempted to carry on this original plan, and complete Captain Collinson's survey of the coast of Victoria Land.

A.D. 1859.—On the 28th of April, accordingly, Mr.

Hobson parted company with the captain, and went straight to where the ships had been seen. McClintock, meanwhile, modified his original plan, and went down the *east* side of King William's Land towards the Fish River.

On the 7th of May he fell in with a good many natives, from whom he bought a great many relics; plate engraved with the crests or initials of Franklin, Crozier, Fairholme, and McDonald, buttons, knives, and so forth. They told him it was five days' journey to the wreck, but that very little of her remained, as most had been cut or burnt away for use. The white men, they said, had dropped by the way as they walked; some had been buried, but many had not.

At length McClintock reached Montreal Island, and after searching it and the neighbouring mainland without finding anything but a few pieces of copper and iron, started on his return journey. There were marks on the rocks of the island which showed that a considerable sea often ran there quite sufficient to wash away anything on the shore that was not far above high-water mark.

At last, near Cape Herschel, while they were minutely examining every yard of the south coast of King William's Land, McClintock came suddenly on a skeleton. It was not that of an Esquimaux, but a tall, straight-limbed European. His dress seemed to be that of a steward or officer's servant. The poor man lay on his face with his head southwards. He had chosen a bare ridge above the high-water mark as the easiest walking, and had, as the Esquimaux had said, "fallen down and died as he walked along."

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Nothing more was found except a brush and comb, and a frozen pocket book; and McClintock pursued his way to Cape Herschel, where he hoped to find a letter from Hobson, who would have reached this point by the west coast of King William's Land. He found nothing there; for the great cairn, originally built by Simpson, and in which, in all probability, the retreating crews had deposited their records, had been rifled by the natives. A few miles beyond the cairn, however, he found a cairn built by Hobson, containing a note from him, which must have made the brave captain's heart leap within him. The lieutenant had found *the* record they had been searching for. The dark and terrible mystery was solved.

Hobson, after leaving his commander at Cape Victoria, had crossed to Cape Felix. There he found a cairn, round which were quantities of clothing, blankets, &c. There was no record here. But a few miles further on, at Point Victory, he found, hidden in a cairn, the first, and probably the last, authentic account of the fate of the expedition.

It was written on one of the Admiralty printed forms. The first filling up was by Lieutenant Gore in these words:—

28th May, } H.M.S. "Erebus" and "Terror," wintered in the ice in lat.
1847. } 70° 05' N. long., 98° 23' W.

Having wintered in 1846-7 at Beechey Island, in lat. 74° 43' 28" N., long. 91° 39' 15" W., after having ascended Wellington Channel to lat. 77° and returned by the west side of Cornwallis Island.

Sir John Franklin commanding the expedition.

All well.

Party consisting of two officers and six men left the ships on Monday, 24th of May, 1847.

G. GORE, Lieutenant.

CHARLES F. DES VŒUX, Mate.

K K

The date of their wintering at Beechey Island should, of course, have been 1845-6.

It may safely be said that no Arctic sailor ever achieved a more splendid success than the gallant old seaman. He had followed his instructions to the letter. Far from wandering away into any polar sea, he had, when he found he could not pass Cape Walker, merely gone up Wellington Channel to avoid insurmountable obstacles. He is thus the discoverer of the new channel between Bathurst and Cornwallis Islands. As soon as he had thus doubled the hindrance, whatever it was, he descended Peel Sound, and was only arrested when literally within a mile or two of the channel, by the north coast of America, along which ships and boats had repeatedly made their way to and from Behring's Straits. To Sir John Franklin, therefore, alone belongs the honour of having discovered a north-west passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, every foot of which has been traversed by vessels.

But round the margin of the paper which contained this triumphant entry, was written in another hand:—

April 25th, 1848.—H.M. Ships "Terror" and "Erebus," were deserted on the 22nd of April, five leagues N.W. of this, having been beset since 12th of September, 1846. The officers and crews, consisting of 105 souls, under the command of Captain F. R. W. Crozier, landed here in lat. $69^{\circ} 37' 42''$ N., long. $98^{\circ} 41'$ W. *Sir John Franklin died on the 11th of June, 1847; and the total loss by deaths in the expedition has been, to this date, nine officers and fifteen men.*

(Signed) F. R. M. CROZIER,
Captain and Senior Officer.

(Signed) JAMES FITZJAMES,
Captain H.M.S. Erebus.

And start (on) to-morrow 26th for Back's Fish River.

There was some other marginal information, which speaks of "the late Commander Gore."

Island

Less than a year had changed the most prosperous expedition that has left England for the polar regions into one the fate of which makes our ears tingle and our flesh creep. They had but a few miles to go, and all was safe. But we know that their provisions *could* only hold out to July, 1848. The ice never let them go again. And in the spring poor Captain Crozier was trying to save his starving men, 105 souls in all, by the desperate expedient of a provisionless travel to the mainland. Not an ounce of solid food seems to have been found among the piles of abandoned goods. Tea and chocolate in plenty, but no meat nor flour.

What our unhappy countrymen went through after that touching and manly paper was signed and deposited in its cairn, God only knows; what agony of hunger, what frenzy of despair. We can, as we turn our minds from the thought with a shudder, only remember and believe that He was with them in their desperate extremity, ready, willing, and able to help and save to the uttermost. His will be done.

McClintock followed Hobson's steps carefully, examining every creek and bay, and keeping a watchful though hopeless look-out for the wreck.

Near Cape Crozier, the easternmost point of King William's Land, a boat was discovered by Hobson, and subsequently examined by Captain McClintock. Hobson saw a stanchion sticking up above the snow. On clearing the snow away, he found two skeletons lying in the bottom of the boat. One lay under a heap of clothing. Watches, plate, money, and books lay about in heaps; but no record of the condition or fate of the retreating crews. It was quite clear that

the Esquimaux had not visited this part of the shore since the departure of the crews from the ships. There were two guns, loaded and cocked, leaning against the boat, and telling a fearful tale of hopeless, hollow-eyed hunger, waiting eagerly for any passing thing with life to shoot and devour.

The whole coast of King William's Land having been thus minutely explored, McClintock turned his steps towards his ship, with this sorrowful conviction impressed on his mind, as it had also been on Lieutenant Hobson's, that if Franklin had known of King William's Land being an island, and that the eastern channel was generally open, he would not have been lost, but would have come gloriously home through the passage of which he was the undoubted discoverer, by way of Behring's Straits. Through Victoria Strait it is barely, if at all, possible to take a ship. A constant stream of heavy polar ice sets down it from the north-west, and striking the western face of King William's Island, blocks up the whole strait. But King William's Island acts as a breakwater for the eastern channel, which McClintock found covered only by young ice, and during summer open and safe. Sir John's charts gave him no suggestion as to the existence of this strait, and he therefore gallantly drove his ships into the pack he might have avoided, and perished in the attempt to force his way to the open water before him.

In an ordinary season Captain McClintock seems to consider that there would be no great difficulty in sailing from England to Behring's Straits by way of Prince Regent's Inlet, Bellot Strait, the east coast of King William's Land, and Dease and Simpson's Straits.

A.D. 1859.—The captain found on his route notes from Hobson, to the effect that he was seriously ill of scurvy, bed-ridden, and helpless. All the work was done. No wreck was to be found. She had probably sunk, or been swept over by the ice. Nothing more, therefore, remained to be done; and on the 19th of June he came in sight of the lonely little frozen yacht that he and his weary seamen had come to regard as their home and haven of rest.

Mr. Young was still absent, engaged in his share of the search. He had been obliged to return once already from ill-health, but had started again in spite of the doctor's urgent protests. He had discovered that Prince of Wales' Land and Victoria Land were not one island, but that a channel, now called McClintock's Channel, divided them into two; and nothing could hinder him, as soon as he was well enough to stir, from starting again to explore further. Captain McClintock soon began to get uneasy, and, like the faithful and energetic leader that he was, set off himself to look after his missing colleague. He soon found him, perched on a rock, weak and ill, and much depressed at having no tidings to give of Franklin. On this head his commander soon cheered him; and he and his party devoted themselves successfully to venison, ducks, beer, lemon juice, apples, cranberries, and all other possible anti-scorbutics, including pickled whale-skin.

Young's journey was one long dull tramp over low and dreary shores. He explored both shores of Peel Sound, till he arrived at the points reached by Sir James Ross in 1849, and Lieutenant Browne in 1851. He also travelled along the northern shore of McClintock Channel, but was quite unable to cross it

to Victoria Land. It is, in fact, one constant ice stream, down which the vast fields of polar ice, broken into thousands of tumbling hummocks, are constantly pouring against King William's Island, and in the direct current of which the Erebus and Terror were fixed, and ultimately perished.

A glance at the map will show that, with the exception of the mysterious regions north of Wellington Strait, this southern shore of McClintock's Channel is all that remains unexplored of the shores of the Arctic regions north of America. It was with a justifiable exultation and pride that the captain and crew of the Fox, when the summer released them, on the 10th of August, 1859, steamed out of their safe winter anchorage on their homeward journey.

"The men," says Captain McClintock, "have received my hearty thanks for their great exertions during the travelling period. I told them I considered every part of our search to have been fully and efficiently performed. Our labours have determined the exact position of the extreme northern promontory of the continent of America. I have affixed to it the name of Murchison, after the distinguished President of the Royal Geographical Society—the strenuous advocate for this 'further search,' and the able champion of Lady Franklin, when she needed all the support which private friendship and public spirit could bestow."

It was not long before they reached Greenland, and after a visit to Godhaven to take in stores and refit, the gallant little Fox shaped her course for home. On Saturday night, the 17th of September, 1859, she reached England, the most successful, almost the most longed for; perhaps, too, the last of all the

hundreds of ships that Europe has sent into the icy wildernesses to seek the road to the golden Indies, to trace the shores of unknown seas and channels, or to search, with a keener interest and perseverance, for those who were lost and not found.*

* Mr. Hall, the commander of the last Arctic expedition (1862), which, as has been previously mentioned, came upon some traces of Frobisher's second expedition, has been fortunate enough to meet also with relics of Sir John Franklin's expedition. The *Montreal Gazette*, of September 12, gives the following account of this, the latest discovery relating to the lost ships: "Mr. Hall learned that, a few years since, a party of Innuits (natives) had seen two Codluna (white men's boats) and found on one of the *Lower Savage Islands* (which commence near the mainland on the north side of *Hudson's Straits*) what they termed 'soft stones.' One of the Innuits who had become possessed of a gun and ammunition from the Hudson's Bay Company, recognised them as bullets. Sir John Franklin, not knowing how long he might be detained in the Arctic seas, carried out a large quantity of ammunition; and Mr. Hall has not a particle of doubt that the crews of these two boats, in their endeavours to get down through Hudson's Straits and on to Labrador, had thrown out these bullets, so that their progress might not be impeded."

It would appear from this, if Mr. Hall's assumption is well grounded, that some of the retreating crews made their way much further south than has as yet been supposed. If it be so, the small number of the records and relics that have been found about King William's Land and Montreal Island is accounted for. The question also arises again whether it is not possible that some of the crews may be living among the savages in the desolate and unknown wilds to the north of Hudson's Bay, or even in Labrador itself.

CONCLUSION.

"WHAT was the good of it all?" is the thought with which most of the strange, and often sad stories of Arctic toil and suffering are laid down. The book is closed, and as the reader reproduces to himself, a little more vividly, the dreary scenes he has just quitted, an added tinge of gloom deepens over them. He pictures to himself the desolate shore ; no bright waves lapping on its shingle, no foam breaking over its cheerless rocks ; nothing but the ghastly glitter of the cruel ice, glued into every creek and bay.* He thinks of the long night, wherein, month after month, the only change is from deadly quiescence to the still deadlier whistle and rattle of the sweeping storm, that freezes the marrow and the blood. And as he conceives more clearly the vision of that howling wilderness, with the one small vessel fixed in its merciless grasp, and of the patient hollow-eyed crew in their stifling den,

* But here, above, around, below,
 On mountain or in glen,
 Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
 Nor aught of vegetative power
 The weary eye may ken.
 For all is rock at random thrown,
 Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone ;
 As if were here denied
 The summer's sun, the spring's sweet dew,
 That clothe with many a varied hue
 The bleakest mountain side.

faithful to the end, perhaps through suffering, loneliness, and anxiety, more than he likes to realize too vividly, perhaps with stealthy sickness gnawing their lives away, perhaps with imminent death staring them in the face, he says with a sigh and a shudder, "Alas! what was the good?"

Still more strongly does this sad feeling arise as we close any faithful record, however brief and imperfect, of the whole history of Arctic discovery. The energy seems wasted. The hopes have all been disappointed. It seems altogether like a failure; brave, creditable, noble, but still a failure.

A little thought will suggest many considerations which should mitigate this bitter verdict, and justify us in regarding this episode of our history, not perhaps with the exultation with which we recall more successful triumphs, but still with a thankful pride.

Of course, all feel that the positive discoveries have their value, and that, a very great value. The whale and seal fisheries were worth giving a great price for; and the most unscientific readers can understand, and will acknowledge, that scientific problems have been solved, facts accumulated, and information of all sorts obtained, the ultimate usefulness and worth of which to mankind it is difficult to estimate or overrate. We can all feel that the discovery, for instance, of the magnetic pole, or the extension of the isothermal lines, may be of the greatest utility, though it requires a trained as well as a powerful intellect to foretell what the ultimate results may be. Such discoveries may be as important as that of the mariner's compass, for all we know. No one is inclined to deny this. It is rather the terrible cost of suffering, and disappointment, and life at which they have been won, than

any doubt of the value of the various practical discoveries, that makes us regard Arctic discovery as a somewhat melancholy subject, however creditable or interesting.

Still, it is not a melancholy thought to remember that for hundreds of years, off and on, the leading nations of the earth have had an object for as harmless and generous a rivalry as that between school-boys for a prize. The green islands of the southern seas might engender the bitterest envy and covetousness, and be the scenes of all fiendish passions. To gain power and influence at the capitals of barbaric princes might fill rival courts with malignant jealousy, and rival politicians with unscrupulous hatred and fear. But no monarch grudged another a successful struggle into the ice. No minister intrigued to prevent a search towards the Pole. The inhospitable wastes of Arctic lands are clean from the torrents of blood that cry still to God from the lovely shores of the Antilles, from Florida, from Peru. Long ago, Arctic discovery begot the spirit which sent the Advance and the Rescue into Lancaster Sound.

Nor surely, for England, is it a small matter that in times of peace, there was always open an adventure as dangerous as any privateering. After the great struggles which made her the mistress of the world, Rome laid by her arms. Barbarians supplied her legions more and more. The legionary's equipment was lightened. He could not carry the weight his predecessor carried. Who knows how much Arctic and Antarctic explorations, and similar pursuits, may have helped to save England, the mistress of all the seas of the world, from some such ignoble catastrophe.

Again, it is a bad day for any man when he can no longer feel for anything but what is pro-

fitable; when the meat has become more than the body, the raiment more than the life; when he can no longer kindle into enthusiasm; when he has no more heart towards what is great or noble for its own sake. It is as bad a day for a nation when such a curse falls on it.

That curse has not fallen on England, while her bravest fighting men beg and pray to be allowed to go out into the ice, and suffer and starve, and if need be, die, to win the credit for the dear old country of having found a north-west passage, along which, once perhaps in twenty years, wind and weather and ice permitting, an Arctic ship may slip without being crushed; nor while that country trembles and quivers with affectionate interest in them and their task, from the Lizard to John o' Groat's. No country is dead in luxury and money-making that produces such men, and feels so for them.

And again, it is surely difficult to estimate the benefit to a people of having its keenest interest excited about men of the stamp and character of our Arctic sailors. It is something to have had, for forty years, the most popular adventures carried on, and the most popular books of travel written by men who, while they were British seamen, were not ashamed to act and speak like Christians and gentlemen.

It is impossible to tell how much of this character of theirs arose from that same apparently profitless and disappointing nature of their work of which we have spoken, and of which we are now trying to make the best. It is impossible to say how much a man is influenced by his work, how much it forms his character as he labours at it. Thus much we know:

this work was not for profit, but for barren honour ; and the men who did it turned into the bravest, quietest, most God-fearing race of sailors the world has seen. They knew, down to the cabin boys, that they were not periling their lives for any mercantile profit, nor in any ambitious attack on others, but simply for honour ; and they did their duty and obeyed their orders in a different spirit from that which existed elsewhere ; and that spirit, the spirit of joyful, willing, sympathizing obedience, has reacted, and will doubtless react on other duties, and perhaps in sterner tasks.

But was it only barren honour for which they were working ? Was it not rather the completion of a duty ? God has given man the earth in which he lives, and bidden him survey it, and possess it in the length and the breadth of it. It is his business to constitute himself what his Maker has appointed him to be—the real master, ruler, and possessor of the world. Nor does his obedience to this command to labour in his appointed calling, not merely for the meat that perishes, but in simple obedience to the command, lack its own reward. Let us quote more eloquent and weighty words than any of our own can be. “ Could the body of the whole earth, or indeed the whole universe, be submitted to the examination of our senses, there is no question but it would appear to us as curious and well contrived a frame as that of the human body. We should see the same concatenation and subserviency ; the same necessity and usefulness ; the same beauty and harmony in all and every of its parts that we discover in the body of every single animal.”*

* Addison.

How deplorable a sight it is when the heir of vast estates and lofty station shrinks from taking his duties and responsibilities upon him manfully, and lets his life drift away from him in debasing self-indulgence or cowardly seclusion! Would not that people lie open to the same reprobation who shrank from carrying out their appointed part of the great task of mankind?

Granting this one element, the element of duty, the cold splendour of mere earthly honour fades away from the history of Arctic discovery. The nation heard in its ears, dimly but really, as from above, the Divine mandate, and obeyed. Her faithful servants obeyed her with such faultless, unwavering fidelity, because—not very clearly perhaps, but still in their heart of hearts—they felt she was obeying a higher command than any self-imposed call of vanity or profit.

From this point of view what a glory irradiates the somewhat dreary story it has been our lot to tell! How precious a possession is the memory of this long and gloomy task at last completed! Lives lost in the performance of duty are not lost. Treasure, affection, nay, the very heart's blood poured out like water in doing what our Father has set us to do, are not wasted. Fate conquering the steadfast man was the essence of ancient tragedy. The Christian man overcoming fate itself is the glory of that simpler but nobler tragedy which each one of us has to live out himself, has to help his country to live out.

Our duty in the northern seas has been nearly done. Through storm, through starvation, through scurvy, through cold unbearable, our sailors have worked on, and their work is *done*; not *half* done, not

abandoned because it brought in no profit, not left unfinished because the cost of life and money were too great; but done, done with all our hearts and souls, to the very end.

To be able to believe that the work we have been doing is the work that God has given us to do, and to be able to say like our Saviour, "I have finished it," is the greatest happiness for any on earth. It must raise the standard of right among a people when they can say one to another with their hearts full, "He did his duty to the end," even if they have to add, "He died doing it."

And if they did die among the Arctic snows, starving, frozen, it is all over. And what is there so blessed in all the world as rest after labour, that rest of which surely Sir Philip Sidney must have been thinking when he wrote those tenderest of all tender lines—

"Come sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe;
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low;
With shield of proof shield me from out the presse
Of those fierce darts despair doth at me throw.
Oh, make me in those civil wars to cease:
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me sweet pillow, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,
A slumberous garland, and a weary head."

It is not too fanciful, surely, to think, and be glad when we think, that there is one chapter in our troubled national history which reads almost like an allegory of what our hearts and consciences tell us our own lives should be.

Thus we take leave of Arctic explorations. The broad channels, crowded with stately fleets of Indianmen, laden with silk, and gold, and spice, has

dwindled to a tortuous and barely navigable track, blocked with unmanageable ice, vexed with furious storms, and deadly with intolerable cold. No man has yet reached the Pole. No colonies have been founded amidst the northern ice by England; but we can close the record of her efforts, and know that they have not been wasted. We can follow our countrymen with the sympathizing admiration they deserve. We can thank God for their good example, and resolve to do our duty as they did theirs, in the same spirit and in the same strength.